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- 16 Suck My Fucking Valentine
  Hell-Marked Moments From Our
  Greeting Card Division
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  Blown Alone: Test-Driving the
  Motorized Orgasmic Release Device
  by Dave Carnie
- Gangland Justice
  Reymundo Sanchez Earned the Name
  "Lil Loco" by Gunning Down Gang
  Rivals, but Some of His Bloodiest
  Confrontations Were With His Own
  Brothers in Arms.

90 Dogged, Dumped and Biting Back

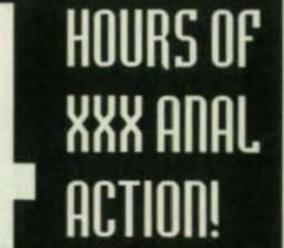
Memoir by Reymundo Sanchez

Ten Years Ago, Jessie Wynn Married a U.S. Congressman. After a Decade of Alleged Adultery and Abuse, She's Campaigning Against Him.

Report by Keith Bearden



## DACKDOOD Video Collection #2





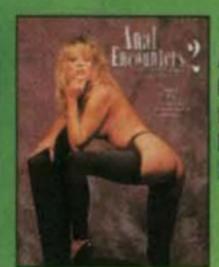
The Perfect Video For Backdoor Fansl

Between The Cheeks III - Tony Tedeschi dreams of Ariel Daye inviting Tom Byron and Marc Wallace into her front and backdoors for a D.P. drilling! When Rebecca Wild and Lacey Rose get hot, it takes Marc's slick strokes to calm them down. He buries his beef in Lacey's backdoor while Rebecca nibbles his toes! Non-stop action with Brittany O'Connell, Rebecca Bardoux, Nicole London and more! 82 X-rated minutes.



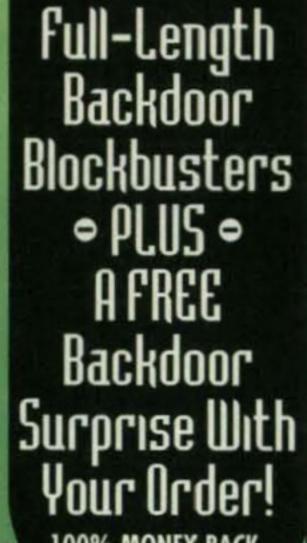
13 Backdoor-lovin' Beauties Bare All For The Camera!

Tales From The Backside - Lili Mariene,
Rosemarie, Debbie Rush, Kyoto Sahn and more
bask in the pleasures of box and bum orgasms
galore! An absolute must for anal fans. Lots of
3-way action and great special effects! 9 XXX
scenes in ail! 80 X-rated
minutes.



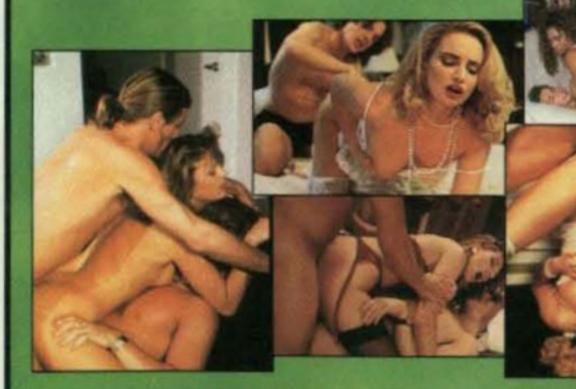
It's XXX With A Backdoor Twist!

Anal Encounters #2 - Superstar Cameo certainly isn't shy! See how she takes on two beefy studs for her very first double penetration! With Melissa Melendez and more in buns-up bliss! 76



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# BitsCrPieces

#### ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

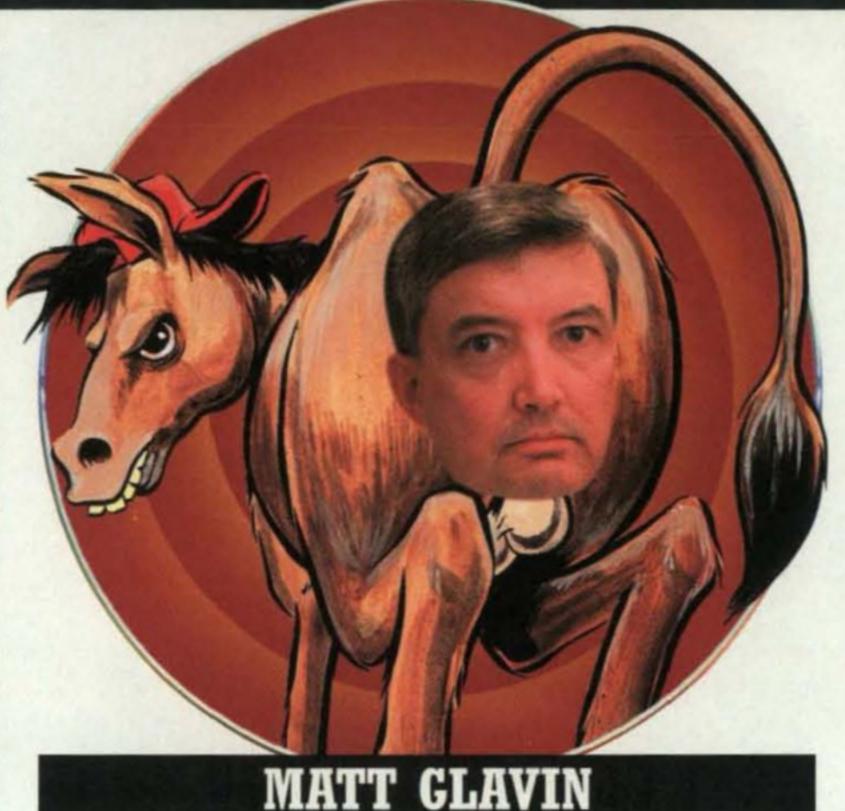
throw turds, and prick-fondling homos who grope strange men's dicks in public parks shouldn't throw hissy fits at a President's private humjobs. For these and other reasons, shit-hurling blowhard Matt Glavin has been crowned HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for February 2001.

Until recently, Glavin, 47, was president of the Southeastern Legal Foundation (SLF). As head of the Atlanta, Georgia-based SLF, Glavin fancied himself a die-hard defender of the Constitution who was running a "public-interest law firm."

Glavin's Constitutional zeal flared up exclusively along Republican party lines, shrilly hectoring against voluntary busing, affirmative action, domestic-partner benefit initiatives and allowing queers who give public-park handjobs into the Boy Scouts.

The Foundation's tax-exempt status requires nonpartisanship, which didn't deter the group from cementing its position as a scrotum-nuzzling lapdog of the GOP by including a memo from RNC Chairman Jim Nicholson in a fundraising mailer against statistical sampling in the 2000 census.

Glavin—who inherited the SLF presidency from Republican Georgia congressman and abortion purchaser Bob Barr—also claimed to be a watch-guard against attorney misconduct, but SLF lawyers often display a sleaziness that would shock an ambulance-chaser. After intimidating the DeKalb County, Georgia, school system into abandoning its busing program with the



threat of litigation, the Foundation tried to squeeze \$15,000 in legal

"We actually have saved DeKalb County tens of thousands of dollars by not filing the lawsuit," Glavin reasoned.

fees from the board.

The SLF's \$2-million annual budget comes from private donations, much of the loot kicked in by drydrunk billionaire Richard Mellon Scaife, who's doled out millions to right-wing groups in failed attempts to discredit President Clinton.

Giving Scaife his money's worth, Glavin has spent the past two years carping for the disbarment of Bill Clinton. Glavin contends that since the President equivocated about Monica Lewinsky's blowjobs during the Paula Jones lawsuit, Clinton

should lose his law license.

"It is not to punish the President, but rather to protect the integrity of the judicial system," was Glavin's far-fetched rationalization after filing an ethics complaint in 1998. "Everyone who cares about the law should push for his removal from the bar."

If judicial integrity truly concerned Glavin, he would condemn the trumped-up, Scaife-funded Jones suit itself. He would then indict Kenneth Starr, whose \$40-million witch-hunt was at odds with the SLF goal of "challenging reckless government spending."

Unbiased legal experts concur that disbarment is unwarranted. Glavin retorts that Clinton's political status necessitates "a higher standard."

In 1999, Bob Barr, a former U.S. attorney and current Republican congressman, was proven to have withheld information about adulterous sex while under oath. Glavin has yet to demand the disbarment of Barr, whom he calls "one of the heroes of the conservatives."

In May 2000, Glavin was charged with public indecency in a gay cruising spot in the Chatahoochee National River Park. Glavin reportedly conversed with an undercover officer while "masturbating his erect penis through his shorts" before fondling the cop's groin "in a very lewd and sexual manner." It was the second such offense for Glavin, a married father of two who pleaded no contest to a similar charge in 1996.

"I adamantly deny these charges," Glavin bleated after being outed in October, but he resigned from his SLF post "to protect my family and the foundation." The closet queen pleaded guilty a week later.

Glavin stands to spend a year in jail, where he can fully indulge his cock-lust. The whimpering fag, who asserts that queers are morally inferior, could also reflect on questions such as, "Does my zealous intolerance stem from repressed-homo self-loathing?" Or: "Could I have better protected my family by not soliciting a stranger's semen?"

He might ask, "Did I condemn Bill Clinton because I wished it was my tongue catching Oval Office jizz?"

Glavin will likely never broach these quandaries. Such selfevaluation requires balls, and Matt Glavin is all Asshole.

#### FARTS IN THE WIND

Jesse Ventura: Pro wrestler turned Minnesota Governor Ventura is no stranger to preposterous statements and surreal logic. Even so, when he told students at Minnesota State University at St. Cloud in September that his political trials have taught him what it's like to be black, he outdid himself. Comparing the

self-chosen pursuit of public office with forced oppression only makes Ventura as brown as any full-of-shit Asshole.

Mark David Chapman: Just prior to his first parole hearing after his 1980 murder of John Lennon, Chapman gave a Court TV interview in which he blamed his homicidal rampage on the fact that

he "didn't feel any love from" his father. Chapman went on to opine that "I think [Lennon] would be liberal...he would probably want to see me released." Actually, if Lennon, who was abandoned by his own father, were channeled, he'd more likely say, "Speak for yourself, Arsehole."

#### **HUSTLER's Valentine Bonus for Loving Couples**

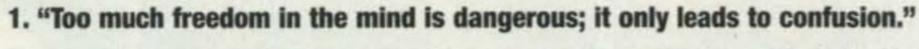
## The Britney Spears Pop-Cover



1. Carefully cut along the dotted lines. 2. Attach about ten inches of string between holes A and B. 3. Blow a load on Britney.

#### Bet You Can't Tell the Difference

Who Said It—Adolf or Dr. Laura?



- 2. "I believe today that my conduct is in accordance with the will of the Almighty Creator."
- 3. "Our whole public life today is like a hothouse for sexual ideas and stimulations."
- 4. "Those who accept the responsibility are entitled to the power."
- 5. "A woman's world is her husband, her family, her children and her home."
- 6. "Those who have strong, God-centered lives have hope borne out of a relationship with God and their belief in ultimate justice."
- 7. "Procreation has little to do with [a woman's] needs; it has everything to do with the child's needs."
- 8. "Anyone who destroys [God's] work is declaring war on the Lord's creation, the divine will."
- 9. "Certainly, there's no question that our popular culture is a lot coarser than it used to be....

  Words and images that used to be taboo are now considered fit subjects for popular
  entertainment and amusement."
- 10. "It is not the mission of art to wallow in filth for filth's sake."

Schlessinger

11. "By virtue of what I do and how I live, I give evidence of God's presence on earth."

Shickelgruber

Until Dr. Laura stops sounding like a shrill version of her Nazi mentor, we're all obligated by God to preach, teach and nag her into acceptable behavior. Luckily, that kind of censorious posturing is easy.

ANSWERS: 1. Dr. Laura 2. Hitler 4. Dr. Laura 5. Hitler 6. Dr. Laura 7. Dr. Laura 8. Hitler 9. Dr. Laura 10. Hitler 11. Dr. Laura

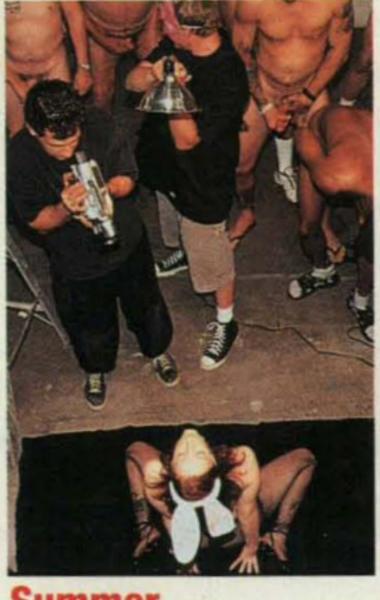


#### Japan's Two Greatest Exports, Together

## Bukkake Haiku



Spring
Springtime, Earth's rebirth.
A yellow bird learns to fly.
Sperm covers girl's face.



Summer
It's hot on the set.
Sad mooks waiting in a line.
The Valley's nowhere.



Autumn

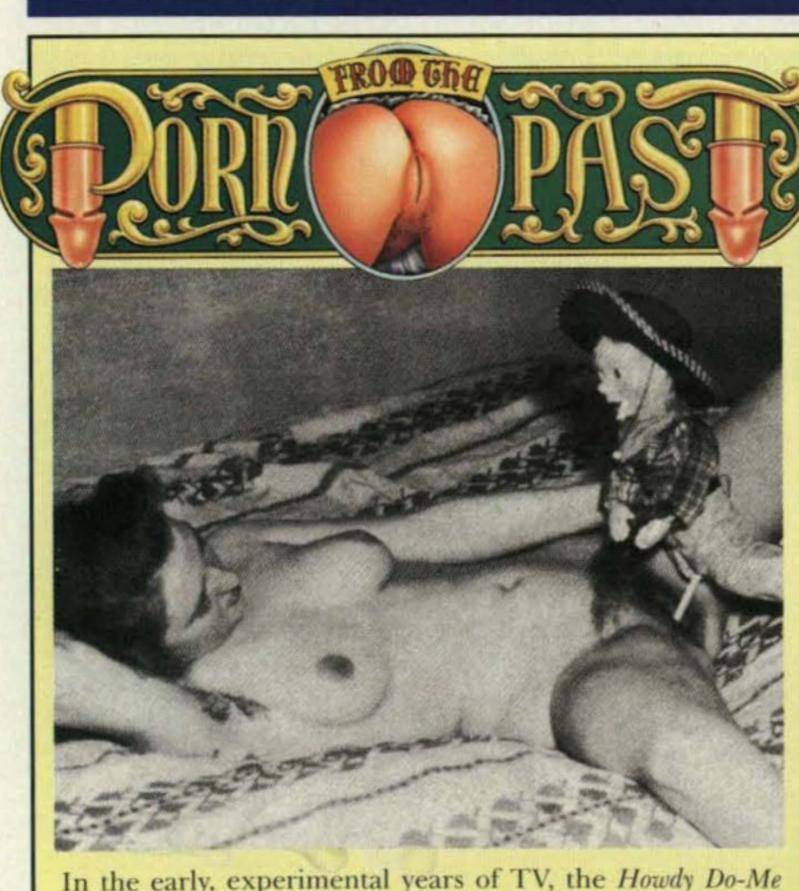
A hundred cocks shoot.

Semen falls like autumn leaves.

Splooge splooge splooge miss.

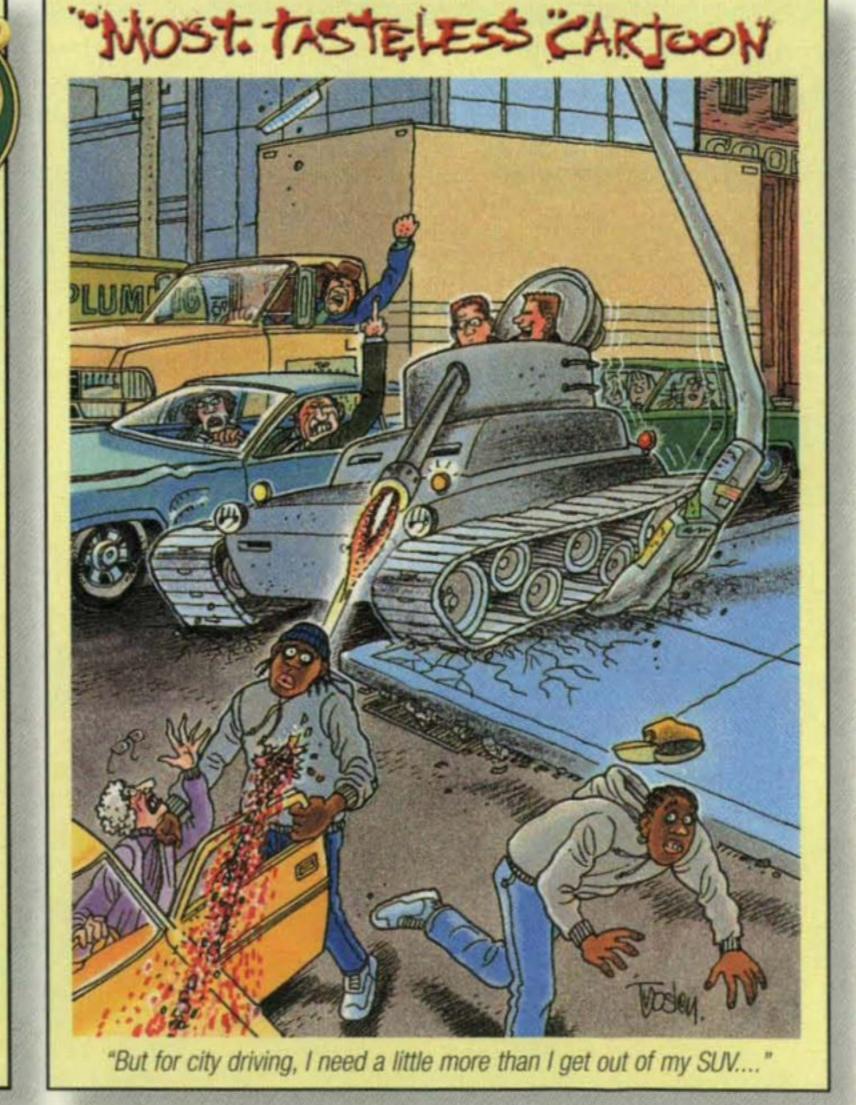


Winter
A semen blizzard.
Icicles drip from eyelids.
My God! That stuff burns!
-Stephen Johnson



In the early, experimental years of TV, the *Howdy Do-Me* show offered surprisingly mature fare for its time. Once the Television Code cracked down, America missed seeing a rambunctious, wooden boy fuck a different nasty slut every week—at least until Charlie Sheen came along.

Joe S., of Fort Huachuca, Arizona, says howdy-do to \$150 for this portrait of a puppet-dick taker. Send your old, spurious insertions to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.



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# FERMACK

#### Melinda Madness

Your centerfold, Melinda (Melinda: Wandering Wench, December 2000) looks like a real stuck-up bitch. She probably thinks that she's the cat's meow just because she has perfect tits, beautiful blond hair and a delectable twat. If I had the chance, I'd cram my cock into that elitist gash's throat, chew on her clit, fuck her ass raw, then blow a steaming wad all over her face. Please put that hoitytoity whore in a hard-core pictorial so I can see her taught a lesson in humility. —R. T.

Ann Arbor, Michigan

You're projecting a shitload of baggage onto poor Melinda. She's actually a sweetheart. Until we book Melinda for a studio boning, you might want to vent your pentup balls with an issue of HUSTLER'S TABOO, where carnal punishment is par for the course. Call (800) 566-5760 to order a subscription.

Saint's Alive

Geez, Louise! That Sylvia Saint is as hot as they come (Sylvia & Devon: Sun-Strokers, December 2000). Thanks for showing my favorite porn star fucking, sucking and taking a load on the chin.

—M. P.

Eugene, Oregon

No kidding, M. P., December's covergirl is one amazing piece of ass. For more of the blond bombshell, refer to the May 2000 issue for one of our favorite Honeys in a centerfold layout, Sylvia: Pleasure-Bound.

#### My Beautiful Paulette

I've been a loyal subscriber to HUSTLER for years. Your magazine never fails to amaze me with its great articles and ultrahot ladies. My personal favorites are the boy/girl picto-

rials, especially Alex and Paulette: Sex in the Sticks (September 2000). When I first saw Paulette fingering that dude's erect prick, my cock immediately rose to full mast. Paulette is one hot babe, and I'd love to pound her sweet holes till dawn. Please consider bringing the amazing Paulette back for another photo-shoot. —R. B.

via Internet

For your information, Paulette works in XXX video under the moniker Sophie Evans. Check out our recent Quiff Notes (January 2001 HUSTLER) for an ode to this gorgeous chick's prick-handling skills and a heads up on her raunchiest titles.

Girl Greats

Thanks for Shay & Victoria: Pissing Bandits in the September 2000 issue of HUSTLER. I've been so busy whacking off to those gorgeous,



Melinda: Wandering Wench

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blond dykes that I just now made the time to write this letter. Keep giving me more of the best lesbo girls, and I'll keep buying your publication. —P. S. via Internet

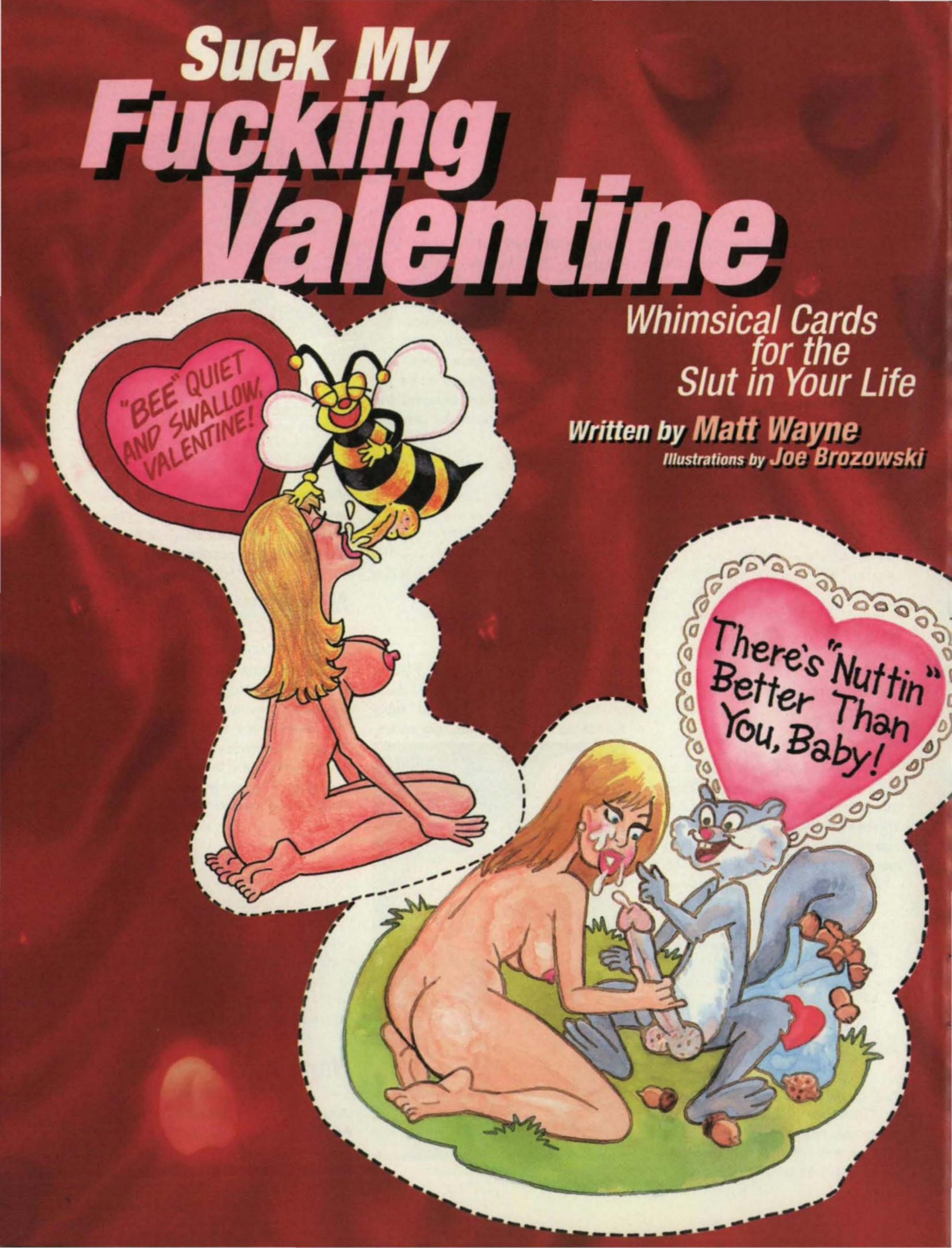
Naughty

Nikita is my kind of girl (Beaver Hunt, December 2000). When I saw that shot of her handcuffed wrists covering her supple tits, I nearly creamed my shorts. She reminds me of that hot actress Jennifer Connelly, but still has the naughty-girl look in her eyes that drives me crazy. I'd give my left nut to have her bound in my bedroom. —D. B. Atlanta, Georgia

We agree, D. B. (with the possible exception of that testicle-forfeiture thing). Nikita is cute as hell, but then again, we're smitten by every Beaver who comes across our desks. That's why your feedback is so important. Without reader input, we'd never be able to pick the Beaver Hunt finalists; so keep your commentary coming, and we'll continue to bring you homegrown snaps of the best girls America has to offer.

Hard Times

Just a short note to thank you for the entertainment that your numerous publications have provided me over the past 25 years. (continued on page 18)







(continued from page 15) HUSTLER is, and will always be, my favorite magazine. Nights here in prison can be pretty lonely, and HUSTLER has helped me keep my sanity. The jokes, cartoons and controversial opinions exercise my mind, while the gorgeous women of Beaver Hunt keep my cock company. Prison is a real hellhole; thank God HUSTLER is chock full of friendly fuckholes. -T. V.

Dannemora, New York

### **Filth**

I am currently an inmate in FMC Lexington, a federal institution. As you know, some asshole in Congress passed legislation that prevents pornography from being sold to inmates in federal custody. I wish somebody would fight for an inmate's right to decent stroke mate--D. A. rial.

Lexington, Kentucky

We feel your pain, D. A. The kind of shit

on the inside is bad enough, but to be denied HUSTLER is cruel and unusual punishment. We recommend taking matters into your own hands. Hit the prison library, learn about your rights and make the system work for you. Also, the next time you're on the outside, let the abundance of HUSTLER in the free world remind you to be more careful. We'd rather see our brothers hanging out in the bars than behind them.

## House

I've been reading HUSTLER on and off for years now. I have a new idea for your magazine. How about a 3-D XXX pictorial? I don't know if anyone's tried this already, but if National Geographic can do it, why -S. R. can't HUSTLER?

Lake Station, Indiana

Remember that old myth that masturbating causes blindness? If we start including those crappy, blue-and-red glasses with that most inmates go through while they're every issue of HUSTLER, that ugly rumor

might become a reality. Until the technology improves, we'll keep our girls anchored to the page. The only thing that needs to stick out when you're perusing HUSTLER is your dick.

### Ladies

If you can show piss and male cumshots, then why can't you show female jizz? I love to sit in front of the mirror and see my juice flow as I fuck myself. My husband loves to watch my girl-soup drip down my ass crack too. They rarely show she-squirts in movies, but when they do, my husband and I become so riled up that we have to fuck then and there. Please try to put more oozing, orgas--S. B. mic pussies in HUSTLER. Gilmer, Texas

As you know, the squirting female orgasm is as elusive as an honest politician. Luckily, HUSTLER captures twat in all states of moistness. From Lynn's taint dribble (Lynn: Girl Friday, May 2000) to the greasy glisten of Vera's furburger (Vera: Clam Dance, September 2000), we consistently provide readers with juicy stroke fodder. In this very issue, you'll find two waterlogged layouts: Juliet Splays Christina (page 96) and Livia and Valentino: Going for the Ginch (page 20). You can also feel free to personally add to the flow. Have your hubby snap a few pics of your supersoaker, fill out the form on page 124, and share your gash geyser with the world as a Beaver Hunt contestant.

## Moronic

Your magazine has to stop supporting interracial sex. Any woman who would fuck a boot-lipped nigger should be hung. Her coon boy-toy should be staked to an anthill until **J.** 0. dead.

via Internet

Those fellas who crank out the Idiot's Guide computer books have been doing an incredible job. If they can train a slackjawed yokel like you to (continued on page 31)





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### Livia doesn't give a shit about

Valentino's aquatic training.
The selfish cooze demands man flesh to ream her slash immediately. Rejecting sports dedication for quim, Valentino pounds Livia's wet pussy. The controlling slut may hold sway over Valentino's cock, but the stud doesn't mind. After all,

shooting a thick wad in an eager chick's yap is better than swimming laps any day,

especially if

the bitch Swallows.



Photography by Clive McLean



















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If aberrance were illegal, people who write angry, ill-informed letters to magazines would be in jail right next to every pervert publisher.

(continued from page 18) waddle up to a keyboard and spout his inane opinion in an E-mail, they can teach anyone anything. Do us a favor; grab a copy of *The 21st* Century for Ignorant Hicks, and try to catch up to the rest of us.

#### Bible Beater

Surely we are all sinners. Repent, HUSTLER staff, and become born again. Jesus said in John 14:6, "I am the way, the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me." Accept the Lord into your lives; that's the only way you will be able to avoid the wrath of God. —E. L. Plymouth, Massachusetts

Thanks for your concern, E. L. It's nice to know that someone cares about our eternal souls. One good turn deserves another; so here's some advice from the tapeheads in our *Erotic Entertainment* department—avoid the overrated *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*.

## She

Men's magazines treat women like meat and exploit them as sex objects. These publications just assume that all women are stupid and all men are chauvinist pigs. The men who make pornography hate women; that's why they belittle them whenever they can. It's going to be a woman's world; males had better learn to show them respect, because they have minds of their own.

—N. S.

Addison, Illinois

It looks like the feminazi pod people have claimed another victim. Your argument is way off base. An overwhelming love and obsession for all things female drives the porn industry. Sure, some purveyors of smut may not be the most well adjusted characters, but that's no crime. If aberrance were illegal, people who fly off the handle and write angry, ill-informed letters to magazines would be in jail right next to every pervert publisher.

#### Darling Nikki

Are my eyes deceiving me or is that my favorite porn star, Nikki Dial, in the "I Can't Believe It's Nut Butter" (Bits and Pieces, December 2000) ad parody? Is that an old picture, or is she back in the business? —M. O. Hickory, North Carolina

Good eye, M. O. Nikki Dial phased herself out of the hard-core world several years ago and focused on dancing. Sadly, Nikki has no intention of returning to blue movies, but her recent travels to Southern California and appearances in HUSTLER (see also "Cunty Soak," Bits & Pieces, October 2000) do offer a glimmer of hope. Cross your fingers and maybe Dial will come back to the fold.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.











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# Be Mine,

HOT LETTES

I don't believe in love. All I know is desire and raw, nasty lust. I want cock, huge and rigid. I need dirty, loveless sex. I'm a beautiful woman. My tits are large and buoyant, my hair thick and radiant, my teeth gleaming white. I have more suitors than I can count. Sadly, for every 20 men who throw themselves at my pretty feet (with dainty, painted toes), I'm lucky if one of the jokers is capable of providing me with filth. The little men are so consumed by the yearning to win my heart, they miss the point entirely. I need to be thrown down and fucked until I fear my pussy might give out. Romance is nothing. My black heart beats for prick alone.

Valentine's Day brings out the worst in men. Already-soft jacks become intolerably mushy. My house is inundated with flowers and chocolates; the smell nauseates me. I want to hide from the delivery boys, but I can't for fear one might be perfect—so perfect he'd smash roses and bonbons under his booted foot while he drilled my asshole.

My messenger of carnal wrath arrived today. His face was obscured by an absurdly large bouquet of tiger lilies, but I could see his eyes. They glinted through the velvety, orange petals like cold, black marbles. We watched each other for a long time, neither one moving or speaking. I eventually instructed him to place the flowers on the table and asked him to sit down for a moment. He sat stiffly on the sofa in his starched tan uniform.

"I've been waiting for you," I murmured, my legs suddenly weak.

"That right?" he sneered.

His voice was deep and crackly. His name tag read SLOAN. I laughed awkwardly and unbuttoned my white-silk blouse. My round mams quivered in anticipation under my black-lace bra. Sloan stared, unmoved. I pulled my fitted, gray wool skirt to the floor and stepped toward him in my underwear and black high heels. Sloan extended his arm and stroked my thigh with clinical indifference. My clit stiffened and

butted against my black-satin panties. Sloan's face betrayed no emotion, but a monstrous bulge throbbed in his stiff, pressed uniform. I unhooked my bra and cupped my bare globes, flicking my hard, pink nipples with my long fingernails.

"Fuck my ass," my voice trembled.

I crouched on all fours and held my breath. The couch groaned as Sloan rose to his feet. His footsteps were heavy and deliberate. I gasped when his leathery palm landed on the small of my back. Sloan lowered his fly, the slow, measured zzzzip echoing through the room.

"You're one of those bitches," Sloan growled as he slid my undies to my knees, the tip of his mammoth prick sniffing my butthole. "You want a mean man. A beast. You're an ice-cold snatch. That's why you like it up the ass."

"Fuck you," I panted, my backside twitching impatiently. "Shove it up there like you mean it."

Sloan spit bull's-eye into my anus. He forced a harsh thumb inside and kneaded the entrance to my sphincters. His touch was rough and malicious; I clenched for fear of losing control of my bowels. Suddenly, his cock plunged balls-deep in my ass. Sloan burrowed as deep as possible and then some, holding the length of his hefty shaft all the way within my backside until I thought I would explode. Just as I was about to combust, Sloan eased back, sliding his schlong out so only the tip remained wedged in my booty. I choked and whinnied like a pony. Sloan held his prong motionless for what felt like an eternity. My face flushed and burned with impatience.

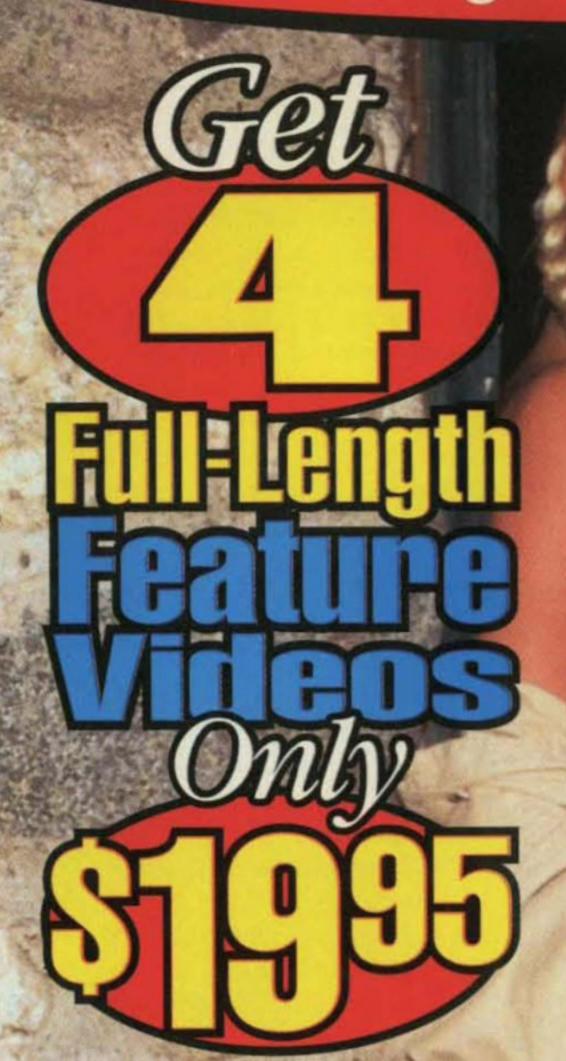
"Do it, cocksucker," I hissed.

Sloan twisted my long, shiny mane of hair in his fingers and yanked. My head flew backward as (continued on page 43)



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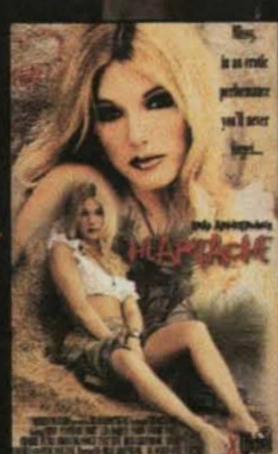


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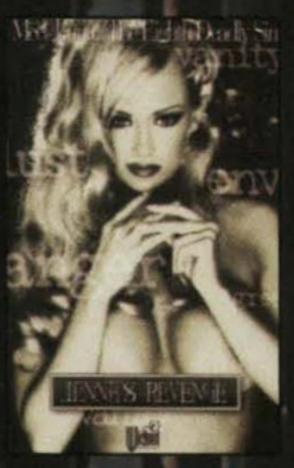


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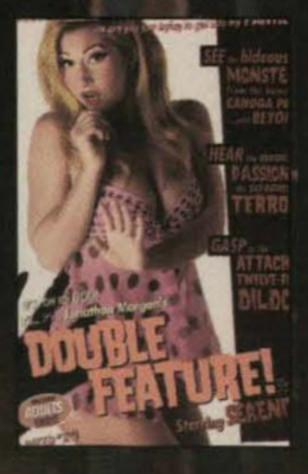
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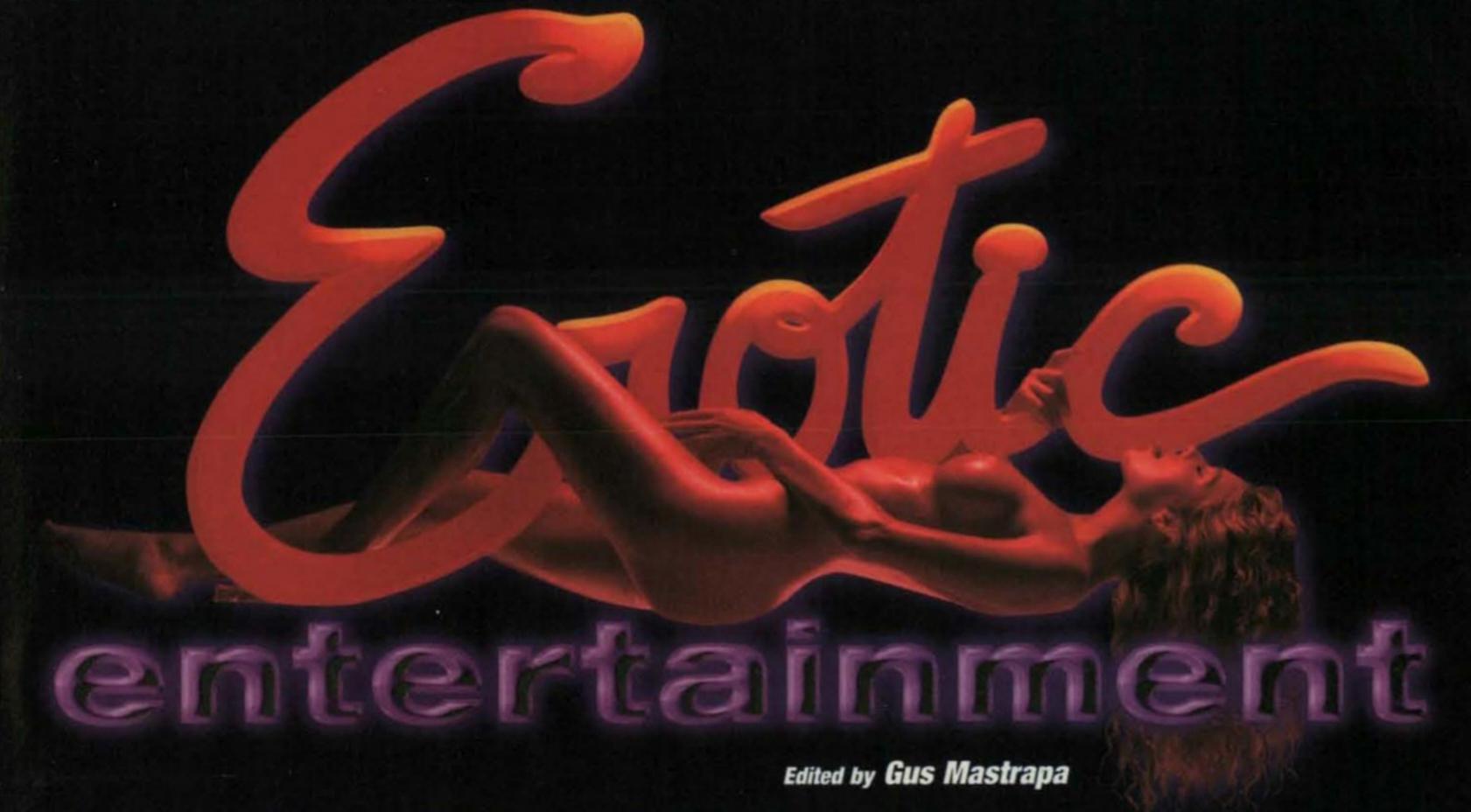
112 X-rated Minutes

AAAA 1/2
Addi Video News

#### FEATURING

Film Entertainer
of the Year" and
Nightmoves "Best Actress
winner — Serenity









Directed by Jim Powers. Starring Mirage, Eva Moore, Allana Evans, Gwen Summers, Brigette Kerkove, Zarina, Gauge, Susan Storm, Holly Landers and Laura Lee. Videocassette: J.M. Productions.

Gag Factor is more a collection of messy face-fucks than a blowjob video. Despite (or possibly because of) the overabundance of thrusting pricks, dripping slobber and slurping sounds, this all-oral outing proves pleasantly stimulating. In the opening scene, Jim Powers's camera stalks the sleeping Mirage (a/k/a Brianna Banks). The blond screw-hole wakes. A startled "Who are you?" is all she can manage before a tool is rammed into her maw, shutting her up for the duration of the scene. The stiffie ricochets off Mirage's teeth, batters her tonsils and lodges itself in her windpipe. To cap off the raunchy oral scene, the prick lets loose a salvo of ball batter deep in the cockgobbler's gullet. Almost every vignette ends with a back-of-thethroat cum-shot in which the splooge is hacked, coughed or burped back up as evidence. Fans of nasty fellatio will drool over Gag Factor.

-Nicholas Veridian





#### HUSTLER's Favorite Shithole Sweethearts

In the early days of XXX, when asspumping was scarce in (straight) porn, it didn't take much for a starlet to earn the moniker "Anal Queen." All a girl had to do was shoot a couple of pipeplugging scenes to obtain her crown of sphincters. Today, when the majority of starlets offer their shit pipes for reaming as a matter of course, the title is kicked around like a Hacky Sack at a Phish concert, leaving fans of onscreen anality wading through a murky pool of shams and also-rans. As the foremost opinion-slingers in the world of pornography, HUSTLER's Erotic Entertainment staff has invested countless hours of all-anal research to unearth today's greatest poop-chute girls and determine what separates these-A1 assholes from the run-of-the-mill rectums.

What is it that Envy and Vivian Valentine, our favorite sodomites, have in common? The answer is simple: a love for butt sex and a cool demeanor. It doesn't matter how elastic or tight the rectal rings are; when it comes to ass-humping, it's all about attitude. Take Envy, who hails from Europe (where the women have been succumbing to pooper plugging since the Moors raped their way across the Continent). This slender sphincter princess stands out from her Old World sisters in one distinct way: Envy doesn't screech, cry and holler her way through every butt-fuck scene. While most Eurotrash broads (as evidenced in any title from the Private video line) wrack their faces into a distorted mask of pain and scream bloody murder as their colons are



spelunked, Envy smiles slyly, savoring each stroke of man-meat that breaches her winker. Admittedly, the sinister pleasure derived from witnessing a painful, rear-end violation can be sadistically arousing, but true mistresses of the anal arts, such as Envy, bring much more nuance to the table when their initial wince at insertion slowly morphs to a smile. (Catch Envy's shit-packing grin in such titles as Action Sports Sex #5 or Air Tight 6.)

The same can be said of Yankee tramp Vivian Valentine, who captures our hard-earned respect every time she raises her bulbous butt in the air and spreads her cheeks wide. One look at Valentine's face during a ballsdeep session of colon stroking displays her true colors. As Vivian purses her lips, revealing both the satisfaction and pain that the starlet is experiencing (e.g., her bun-splitting performances in Young and Anal #14 and Fresh Flesh #7), it's plain to see that she's a real trouper who likes it in the pooper-and she doesn't issue histrionic shrieks that send the viewer reaching for the mute button instead of more relevant protuberances.





# Perfectly Flawless

Directed by Nicholas Steele. Starring Ava Vincent, Charlene Aspen, Felicia Ryder, Maya Divine, McKayla, Joey Ray, Damien Michaels and Mark Davis. Videocassette: Adam & Eve/Ultimate Pictures.

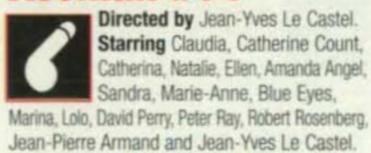
Perfectly Flawless is a muddled heist flick starring some of the best pussy in the business. It's not often that so exceptional a cast of fuck goddesses is assembled for a porn video, which makes director Nicholas Steele's fumbling all the more disappointing. Steele deserves some credit for tackling a high-tech story, complete with night-vision goggles and security lasers. Unfortunately, all this gadgetry has nothing to do with fucking. Moreover, the sex suffers from flashy overediting that detracts from the tape's spankability. This shortcoming is epitomized in the final scene, in which Ava Vincent strips out of a sexy prowler outfit to tackle Joey Ray's flesh pole. Steele cuts away from the top-notch anal action to show the gem Ava was trying to lift. The choice between Ava's ass rings and a diamond should be a no-brainer. Perfectly Flawless is anything but. -N. V.

# Super Quick

Directed by Beau Damascus. Starring Kurious, Kaylynn, Gauge, Alana, Kasorn Swan, Kelli Sparks, Brandon Iron, John Strong, Mojo, Derrick King and Arnold Schwartzenpecker. Videocassette: Kick Ass Pictures.

When Brandon Iron is accidentally toasted by a laser cannon, he acquires strange powers that make him Super Quick. Kurious is cast as a gorgeous nurse, the only person who knows the hero's true identity. Administering a full checkup, Kurious gobbles Brandon's knob, displaying her mutant cocksucking abilities. In fast-forward fury, Iron bangs the nubile tramp on a hospital bed before gobbing her face with radioactive ooze. Kurious exhibits her heroic rod-riding technique in multiple scenes and never fails to satisfy. With the help of his insatiable sidekick, Iron vanquishes hilarious costumed villains and screws the stuffing out of a handful of villainesses. This gonzo-goof offering delivers a unique dose of fetish-tinged action in a stylish package. Both humorous and raunchy, Super Quick is more fun than a night of S&M with Wonder -N. V. Woman.

## The Anabolic Assman #14



Videocassette: Anabolic Video Productions.

The Anabolic Assman #14 is a spectacular tribute to the art of anal reaming. A refreshing change of pace from the typical all A-holes tape, this Teutonic gonzo effort samples the full range of butt sex. The fine group of top-shelf Eurotrash in this offering from director Jean-Yves Le Castel runs the gamut of sodomitic experience. Some sport gaping shit rings that open wide to welcome every cock, while others bear tight puckers that emit shock waves of pain at the merest intrusion. A high twat-toprick ratio also makes for improved viewing. Best of all, each of the assholes in the tape, no matter what their pain threshold, takes manmeat with a minimum of the earpiercing, fake screeching that infects many European efforts. The Anabolic Assman #14 is the pinna--N. V. cle of low-down smut.

# Watchers

Directed by Michael Raven. Starring Sydnee Steele, Katja Kean, Tavalia Griffin, Julie Meadows, Brigette Kerkove, Shay Sweet, Shelby Myne, Chenin Blanc, Dillion Day, Pat Myne, Eric Masterson, Chris Cannon, Mr. Marcus, Randy Spears and Mike Horner. Videocassette: Sin City Video.

In Watchers, director Michael Raven juggles storyline and sex with an ease that should make other pornmakers jealous (or consider leaving the business altogether). Kicking off with a scorching orgy scene that takes advantage of Brigette Kerkove's anal skills, this blue movie refuses to become stuck in any rut that's not located in some slut's nether region. Chris Cannon enjoys a back-alley blowjob; Mr. Marcus bangs a pair of cult members; and a couple of dykes attack each other with latex toys. The nonsex scenes are stylish, compelling and, most importantly, brief. The flick's only weakness is the female lead, Sydnee Steele. Steele's a serviceable fuck star, but she lacks the pussy power to generate the anticipation that could have made the finale a ballbuster. Still, Watchers is immensely watchable and very whackable. -N. V.





The World's Biggest Footjob Gangbang



Directed by Mark Archer. Starring Brittany Andrews, Aurora, Randi Storm and a disturbing collection of 80 foot-obsessed

gang-bang enthusiasts. Videocassette: Toe-to-Toe Video.

Providing an appropriately grandiose entrance, the mass of humanity on hand for The World's Biggest Footjob Gangbang parts like the Red Sea for fetish goddess Brittany Andrews. The statuesque blonde strips, unveiling her freakishly pendulous udders and, most importantly, her carefully pedicured feet. The 80 footjob junkies line up to squeeze their puds between Brittany's oiled tootsies and spunk into a pair of glass slippers. The frenzied atmosphere leads to the inevitable "knocking over of a spermfilled receptacle," but the tireless fluffing provided by Aurora and Randi Storm keeps the boys in line. After 100 oozing pop-shots (some guys went for seconds), Brittany does a victory lap in the jizz-filled glass slippers, securing her spot in the record books. The World's Biggest Footjob Gangbang is amusing, but only diehard foot fanatics will find it arousing.

-Clive Thurstwood

# Six Degrees of Seduction #2



Directed by Michael Adam. ) Starring Amber Sexxxum, Azlea Antistia, Tina Cheri, Melody Love, Wendi Knight,

Kiki Daire, Jade Marcela, Holly Hollywood, Tice Bune, Mark Cummings and Nacho Vidal. Videocassette: Metro Inc.

True to the clunky pretensions of its name, Six Degrees of Seduction #2 is a collection of slick porn vignettes that ape the noirish style of latenight, basic-cable detective shows. Amber Sexxxum is a granite-titted fuck doll working at a "smut" magazine run by Tice Bune, who angrily insists that she provide him with stories to whack off to. Amber dutifully sits down with her notebook and composes six tales that are graphically brought to life for the viewing audience. In a nasty segment titled "Color Me Bad," Tina Cheri is strapped into a zero-gravity sex swing and yanks a string of love beads out of her twat before fucking Mark Cummings. Thus primed, Cheri squirts paint from her nether holes onto the pristine white walls of her digs. Other than Cheri's debasement, Six Degrees of Seduction #2 rarely rises above the level of serviceable sleaze. -C. T.

## The World's Luckiest Jock



Directed by Jim Malibu. Starring Shelby Myne, Donita Dunes, Nicole London, Ava Vincent, Charlene Aspen, Monique DeMoan,

Kim Eternity, Envy, 93 other cheerleading tramps and Eric Everhard.

Videocassette: Vivid Raw.

Eric Everhard proves he can go the distance when 101 cock-starved harlots put his stamina to the ultimate test and earn him the title The World's Luckiest Jock. From the moment the opening credits fade, the screen is filled with ravenous sausage-sucking, ferocious pussypounding and the improper use of gym equipment. Displaying exemplary time-management skills, Everhard violates three or four coozes at once, using every available appendage to grope, probe and ream his costars before spraying his ball ballast on their writhing forms and moving on. The slits from gargantuan-titted range spunk-chuggers such as Donita Dunes to lithe fuck bunnies such as Ava Vincent, but they all display an admirable thirst for degradation. The World's Luckiest Jock only suffers for the limited time available for each gash, which may disappoint some fans. —С. T.

## Dirty Little Secrets #2



Directed by Zakk Wylde. Starring Amber Michaels, Adriana Sage, Ryan Conner, Regan Starr, Adajja, Charlene Aspen, Selena Del Rey, Tice Bune, Alex Sanders and Pat Myne.

Videocassette: Elegant Angel.

Dirty Little Secrets #2 tries to portray the ubiquitous gash Amber Michaels as mysterious and seductive as she muses about her "secret" desires, but settles for insipid. Amber whispers inanities such as, "Did you know the mouth is an erogenous zone?" These platitudes are punctuated with sights such as Regan Starr cooing, "You're making me feel like a princess" as Tice Bune jackhammers her butthole into a gaping abyss. Ryan Conner displays her D.P. skills in a commendably nasty scene distinguished by hokey sci-fi production values. Amber holds off showing her talent until the end of the video, when she feverishly couples with Selena Del Rey. Viewers will rejoice as the pair skillfully keep four dildos going at once. These virtuosic displays of immorality help make Dirty Little Secrets #2 worth keeping. —С. Т.



Spitting
Saliva
Soaks
XXX
Soaks

In Stanley Kubrick's classic film Dr. Strangelove, the unhinged General Jack D. Ripper bemoans the Communist plot to "sap and impurify" his "precious bodily fluids." It's difficult to imagine how the secretionobsessive military man would react to the copious volume of saliva splashing from today's blue movies, where inhuman amounts of drool drip from chins, balls and pricks, and spit is volleyed between actors like sitcom banter.

This propensity toward slobber began innocuously, at least by pornography's standards. The spitlube, a utilitarian exhibition of MacGyver-esque ingenuity, is still employed by fuckers too engrossed by their work to reach for the Astroglide.

Pioneers of depravity such as Rocco Siffredi turned the expulsion of spittle up a notch by bringing the ultimate expression of disgust, disdain and disrespect to the gaping sphincters of his conquests. By planting a goober in the face of a girl while banging her brains out, some swordsmen discovered a way to amp a scene's nastiness. Not to be outdone, the dirtiest of the dirty wenches not only took the hawkings in stride, but welcomed them into their open mouths. More aggressive gash, such as Chloe and Taylor Hayes, give as good as they receive, returning spit-fire with their own sputum salvos.

The latest offshoot of the XXX trend toward expectoration comes from sloppy suckers such as Kurious, whose moisture glands produce a tsunami of slobber as she gags herself on a prong.

This new breed of slabbering oral artistes is helping to usher in new, spit-slick lows to raunch. Though the cum-shot has long been an industry standard, the relatively benign wave of spittle making its way to the screen is hard to swallow for some old-school smut pros. Veteran director Mike Carpenter is on the fence when it comes to hypersalivating blowjob queens. "It reminds me of a hippo coming out of the water with its mouth wide open," says Carpenter, "but if the girl's hot and really into it, it's all good."



Shasta: Bubbles are fun!



Pavlov's later, more controversial experiment.



Women have a special connection.



# Weekend in Diego



Directed by Bill Dollars. Starring Linda Diego, Tina Cheri, Heather Lee, Brianna Banks, Envy and Ryan Conner.

Videocassette: Dreamland U.S.A.

All-girl action is a hit-or-miss proposition. Weekend in Diego falls prey to many of the same pitfalls that plague most lesbo tapes, but still manages to eke out a few admirable cunt-lappings. The video succeeds when it keeps the requisite pseudo-orgasmic screamfests and pointless dildo fellatio to a bare minimum. Linda Diego, a black-haired beauty with a taste for quim, is the common thread that runs through each of this flick's five vignettes. As the hostess. Diego tastes every twat in the cast and luxuriates under each starlet's tongue lashings. Diego's ubiquity robs the picture of potency, since the title cooze seems to hog all the good orgasms. When it becomes evident that the undulating climax delivered to Diego in the opening scene lasts the duration of the movie, the viewer will want to cut this Weekend in Diego short.

-N. V.

# **Guilty Pleasures**



Directed by Michael Zen. Starring Serenity, Kiki Daire, Amber Michaels, Keisha, Heather Lynn, Alec Metro,

Chris Cannon and Mickey G. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

Apple-faced, bubble-butted Serenity just doesn't cut it as a calculating ice queen in this selfimportant offering from Wicked Pictures. Trying to come across like an episode of Dynasty with full penetration, Guilty Pleasures features wealthy step-siblings Alec Metro and Serenity trapping unsuspecting porn meat in their treacherous games of sex and wealth. Smoldering work from Amber Michaels saves this tape from drowning in its own turgid plot. Amber impressively stomachs a fuck from greasy Metro on a staircase, and works Serenity up for a hot threesome with Chris Cannon. The two slits treat Cannon to a sweaty round of pole-riding, topped off with a tit-basting splash of splooge. Tragically, Amber has one of the worst tit-jobs on tape, but her whorish energy makes this hardbodied

—С. T.

## Indigo Nights



Directed by Dino Ninn. Starring Vicca, T. J. Hart, Alexandra Nice, Nicole Sheridan, Monica, Lee Stone, Evan Stone, Voodoo, Herschel Savage, Dic Tracy and

Brick Majors.

Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

Vicca plays her own sister in Indigo Nights, a true-detective cliché travesty. Herschel Savage affirms his status as the fifth Baldwin brother, playing a gravel-voiced club owner who hires one twin as a stripper (and fucks her) shortly before the slit is murdered. Detective T. J. Hart goes undercover, spreading her fuck flaps wide and helping Vicca solve the murder. The real mystery here is why the white-hot Nicole Sheridan is so underutilized in this bloated fuck flick. Sheridan appears as a stripper who drags lucky spectator Voodoo out of the audience and unleashes her raw, choad-slurping brilliance on the cheery Latino. After stuffing Voodoo's hefty schwang deep in her fur trench, the exuberant cooze drains every drop of the stud's man syrup. Solid pussy work from T. J. Hart also keeps Indigo Nights from being a total snooze. -C. T.

### Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



#### Fully Erect

Catalina Cum-Ons (Elegant Angel) Chloe, Inari Vachs, Ian Daniels

HUSTLER XXX #1 (HUSTLER Video) Suzan Strong, Katy, Yann Scott

Les Vampyres (Metro Inc.) Jewel Valmont, Syren, Joel Lawrence

Welcome to Chloeville (Elegant Angel Video) Chioe, Lola, Anthony Crane



#### Three-Quarters Erect

American Cocksucking Championship #6 (Legend Video) Alexandra Quinn, Adriana Sage, Samantha

HUSTLER XXX #2 (HUSTLER Video) Rita, Nicolette, Zoltan

Inside Porn (Wicked Pictures) Temptress, Silvia Saint, Randy Spears

Jekyll & Hyde (Vivid Video) Taylor Hayes, Kate Moore, Frank Major

**New Wave Hookers #6 (VCA Pictures)** Ginger Lynn, Kylie Ireland, Voodoo



#### Half Erect

Chasing Stacy (VCA Interactive) Stacy Valentine, Jeanna Fine, Jamie Gillis

The Goddaughter #5 (Arrow Productions)

Asia Carrera, Kim Chambers, John Decker

Mr. Beaver Checks In (HUSTLER Video) Daniella Rush, Chanel, Frank Thring

Professor Mike's Straight A Students (All Good Video)

Anastasia Blue, Mikio Lee, Jon Dough

The Violation of Amber Lynn (J.M. Productions)

Amber Lynn, Gwen Summers, Mirage



#### One-Quarter Erect

Big Island Blues (Vivid Video) Lexus, Suzy Cat, Peter North

Call Girl

(Private/Penthouse Movies) Silvia Saint, Briggite, Caroline, Frank Gun

Different Strokes #6 (Odyssey Group Video) Eva Moore, Nicole London, Steve Austin

Dirty Dancers #18 (Fallen Angel) Heaven Leigh, Alexandra Silk, Jake Ryder



#### Totally Limp

Eye Contact #4 (Xplor Media) Chella, Sierra, Samantha Sweet

Kid Vegas: Watch Me Camp, Bitch! (X-Traordinary Pictures) Kid Vegas, Johnny Toxic

# Rating Guide



**Fully Erect** 

Superior. A top production.

Three-Quarters Erect Above average. Hard-on material.



Half Erect

Standard fare. Has moments.



**One-Quarter Erect** 

Poor. Don't expect much.



Totally Limp

A waste of time and money.

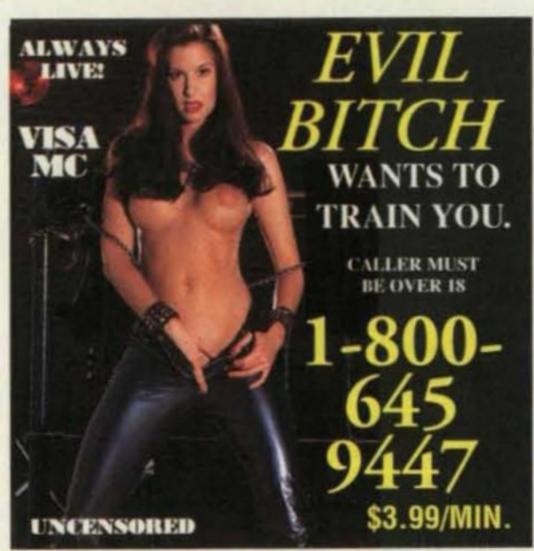
cooze one of life's Guilty Pleasures.

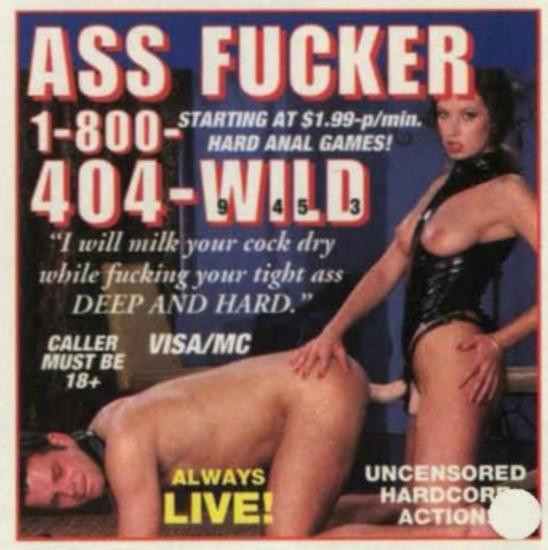




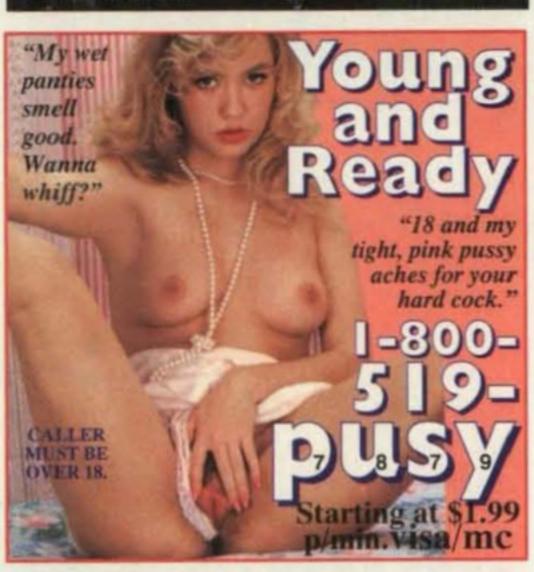


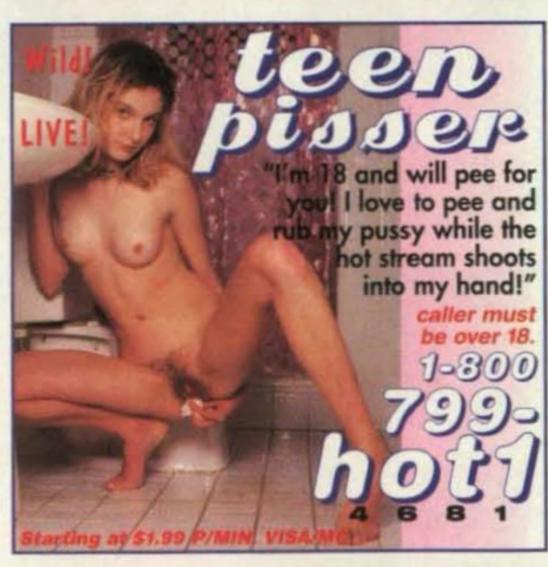




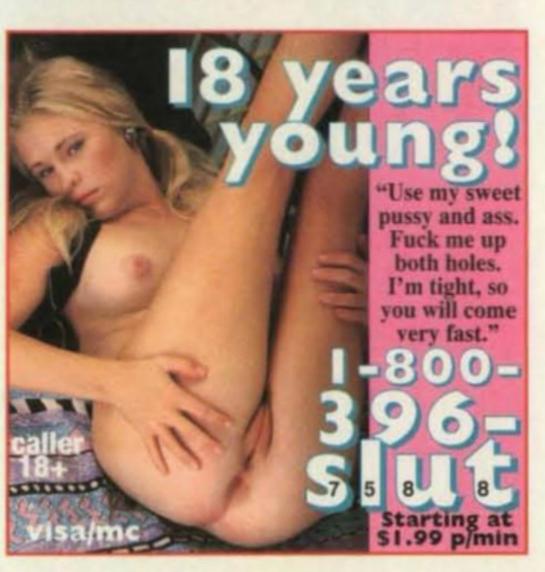




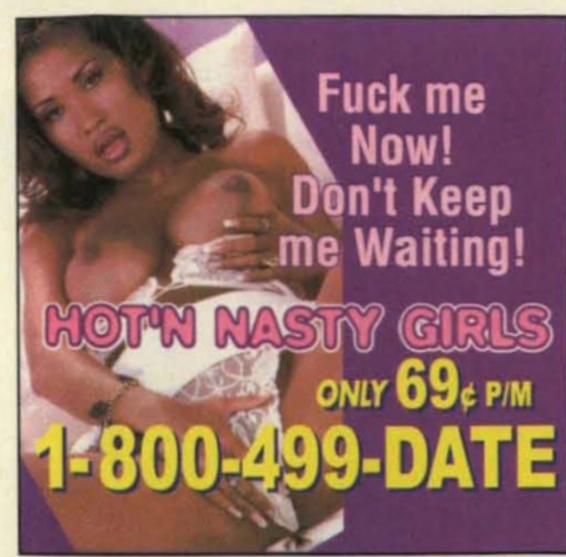
































# **Hot Letters**

(continued from page 33) his dick sank back into my butt, to the fucking hilt. I rolled my hips and moaned. Some profound, mean itch in me was being scratched. I slammed my behind hard against Sloan's rocklike pelvis.

"Fuck it, fuck it, fuck it," I chanted, my breath bellowing from my lungs in demonic bursts.

Sloan jackhammered furiously and jabbed three fingers into my sloppy gash. My buns smarted as the bastard slapped them with his free hand. Sloan's teeth clamped into the back of my neck like a rabid dog.

"I'm coming, woman," Sloan muttered between clenched teeth. His thrusts were rhythmic and relentless. My fingernails gouged the hardwood floor as I struggled to retain balance. A seething load of ball gunk exploded in my shitty parts. Sloan's fingers continued to throttle my twat; an orgasm swelled in my vage. My body quaked out of control. I threw my head back and emitted halting, soblike screams.

"The bessst!" I cried, my voice thin and hoarse.

Sloan fell off me and tumbled to the floor on his back. I rolled onto my side and curled into a ball. My ass ached; murky jism bubbled from my rectum.

"All right then," Sloan sighed and stumbled to his feet, buckling up his trousers and smoothing his rumpled black hair.

"You know I never want to see you again," I wheezed, flopped like a rag doll on the hardwood. "I got what I wanted, and now it's over."

"Whatever you say, whore," Sloan snorted.

The mysterious fucker swaggered out the door, knocking a vase of irises from the dining-room table to shatter on the floor. I crawled to the window to watch his van drive away. That's what a man is, I mused, nodding and rubbing my tingling snatch. Take a lesson from Sloan, boys. Not all girls want flowers. Some girls just want meat. —H. T.

Madison, Wisconsin

# Double Chocolate

It's true that black honey is the sweetest. I grew up as a minority white boy in a mostly black neighborhood. All through high school I gazed in admiration at the parade of Nubian princesses that traipsed down the halls and gathered in rowdy, giggling clusters in the cafeteria. All I wanted was a taste of chocolate love, but I was a real geek back then. Even if I'd had the nerve to approach one of the young black beauties, they would've laughed me out of school. Those babes dated the dark, lean basketball players with the long cocks.

By some miracle, I filled out quite a bit after high school. I'm a damned virile guy now, and have no trouble making time with the ladies. Trouble is, they're always white girls. Mostly blondes. Recently I realized that I'm big and bad enough now to quit putzing around with these lily-white bitches. It was time to attain my lifelong dream of sacking a soul sister. So that's exactly what I did. In fact, I sacked two.

I went to high school with Darshelle and Jasmine. Now the best friends style hair at the Midnight Lady salon. I always walk by their shop on my way home from work. I used to avoid entering the Midnight Lady out of shyness. Not anymore. I strolled into the beauty parlor like I owned the place.

It was 6:30 on a Thursday evening, and business was slow. A lone prune of a woman sat under a dryer reading Jet. Darshelle swept hair from the floor, her juicy bubble butt wiggling gently. Jasmine slouched at a podium over the appointment book and chewed a long, acrylic nail. She noticed my presence and corrected her posture.

"May I help you?" Jasmine smiled.

Her lips were red and shiny. Her soft black hair was twisted in an elaborate knot on her head. A lean, supple foot peeked around the podium, its delicate, pink-tipped toes wiggling in a highheeled sandal.

"Terrence Meilke," I announced, extending my hand. "I went to Randolph High with you ladies."

"Terrence," Jasmine reminisced. "Were you in my health class? You're so much bigger now."

Jasmine's caramel-colored hand was warm and silky in mine. I sprang a boner and winced.

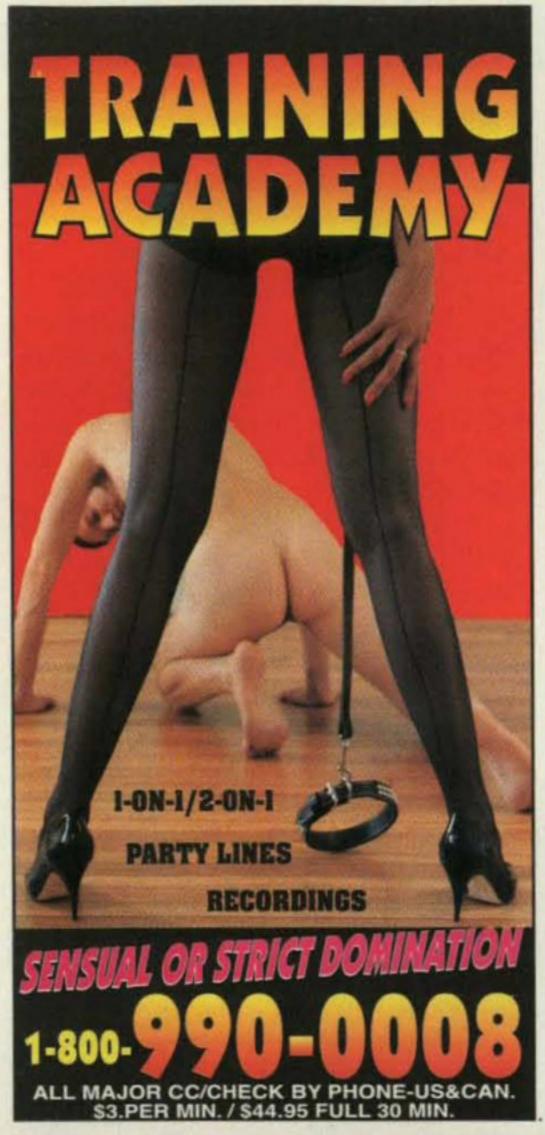
"That was me," I grinned and squirmed, hoping to conceal my throbbing erection. "I was always a great admirer of you and Darshelle. I was hoping you lovelies would accompany me to dinner."

"That might be nice," Jasmine replied, licking her plump kisser and agitating my hard-on. "I'll have to check with my girl. Have a seat."

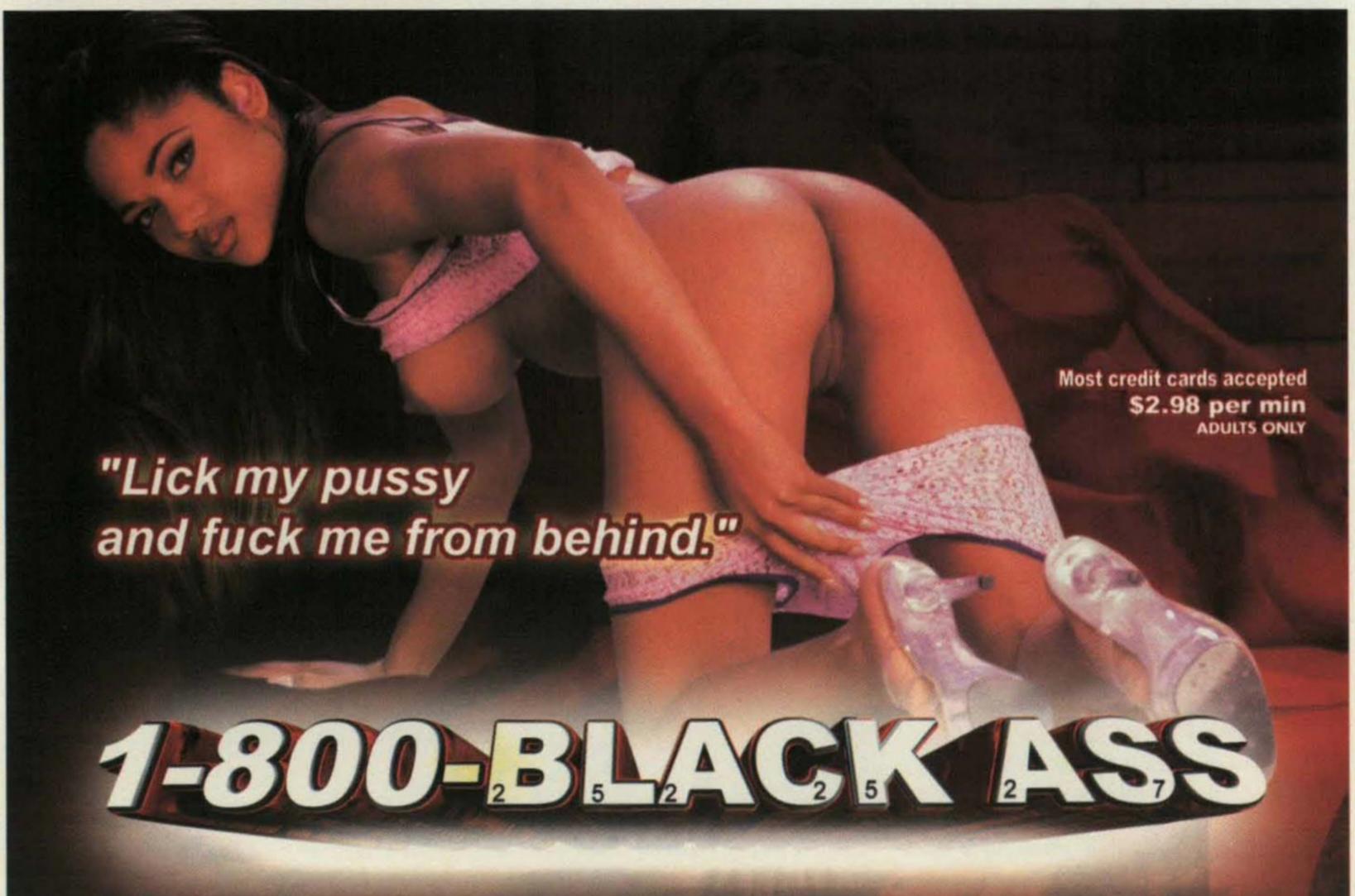
I flipped through hair magazines



"In our proposed divorce settlement, Mr. Buttafuoco gets to keep the house, car and boat. Mary Jo gets to keep the bullet in her head."







# **Hot Letters**

while Jasmine and Darshelle huddled. Shit, I think this is actually working, I marveled. Darshelle approached me, her ample hips rolling. Her skin was darker than Jasmine's; her mouth was the color of blackberries.

"Good to see you, Terrence," Darshelle purred. She had a voice like the luscious-lipped disc jockey in The Warriors. I used to jack off staring at that woman's mouth. "We have to close up shop here before we go out. You mind hanging around for a bit?"

I shook my head, too thrilled to speak. Did I mind? I'd pay good money to watch that pair of cocoa hotties fill shampoo bottles and sharpen scissors.

Jasmine removed foam curlers from the old lady who'd been drying up and led Grandma out the door, locking it behind her and flipping on the CLOSED sign. Darshelle cranked the stereo. Smokey Robinson echoed through the salon. Jasmine danced slowly toward me, her inconceivably high, round ass swaying hypnotically. My cock stiffened again.

"Let's stir things up before dinner, white boy," Jasmine cooed, unbuttoning her tailored blouse to reveal her petite, golden-brown titties. "I never had ghost dick before. Show me how y'all do it."

I stood up and unzipped my britches. My furious dong leaped from my open fly. Darshelle sauntered over and slung her arm around Jasmine's shoulder, enjoying the show. I staggered toward the mahogany goddesses, prick in hand. Darshelle shed her top. Her heavy breasts stared at me through deepbrown nipples. I grasped Darshelle's smooth, dark shoulders and slurped her teat while slipping my hand into Jasmine's panties and fondling her pussy. Jasmine's warm muffin was shaved bald and oozing girl syrup. Darshelle cupped my cock.

"Mighty hefty," she observed, her satiny palm sliding up and down my achy shaft.

Jasmine wiggled out of her blackleather skirt and dropped to her knees. She tugged Darshelle's pants to her ankles and ran her strawberry tongue through her girlfriend's trench. Darshelle moaned and yanked my hammer harder. Jasmine flicked her deadly fingernails against Darshelle's puffy clit and lunged at my honker, deepthroating it in one swift gulp. Darshelle plunged to the floor and sank her tongue into Jasmine's slot. The sight of

Darshelle's prone, glistening slice was too much to resist. I gripped her supple waist and plunged my eager wanker into her warm berry pie.

"Daammmn, whitey," Darshelle wheezed, arching her back and gritting her teeth. "That thing runs deep."

I sawed Darshelle's sweet slot. She burrowed her tongue into Jasmine's tunnel, snuffling and grunting like a baby hog. Jasmine rolled onto her back and bucked ferociously against Darshelle's face. Jasmine's pussy was spread wide and sopping wet; the mere sight made me want to blast ball juice into Darshelle. I held my breath to contain myself; first I needed a taste of Jasmine's cinnamon-flavored cooch. I gripped Darshelle's arms and rolled carefully onto my back, maintaining penetration, and swiveled Darshelle to face me. She threw her weight against my body and rode buck wild.

"Sit on my face, Jasmine," I heaved through Darshelle's forceful thrusts.

Jasmine squatted on my head, her deliciously fragrant, drippy poon hovering over my mouth. A gob of juice spattered my lips. I lapped desperately at Jasmine's honeypot while she smeared her sweet mess into my face and hollered. Her body shivered and jerked.

A fresh splash of nectar blasted my face as she came. Darshelle continued to thrash on my schlong.

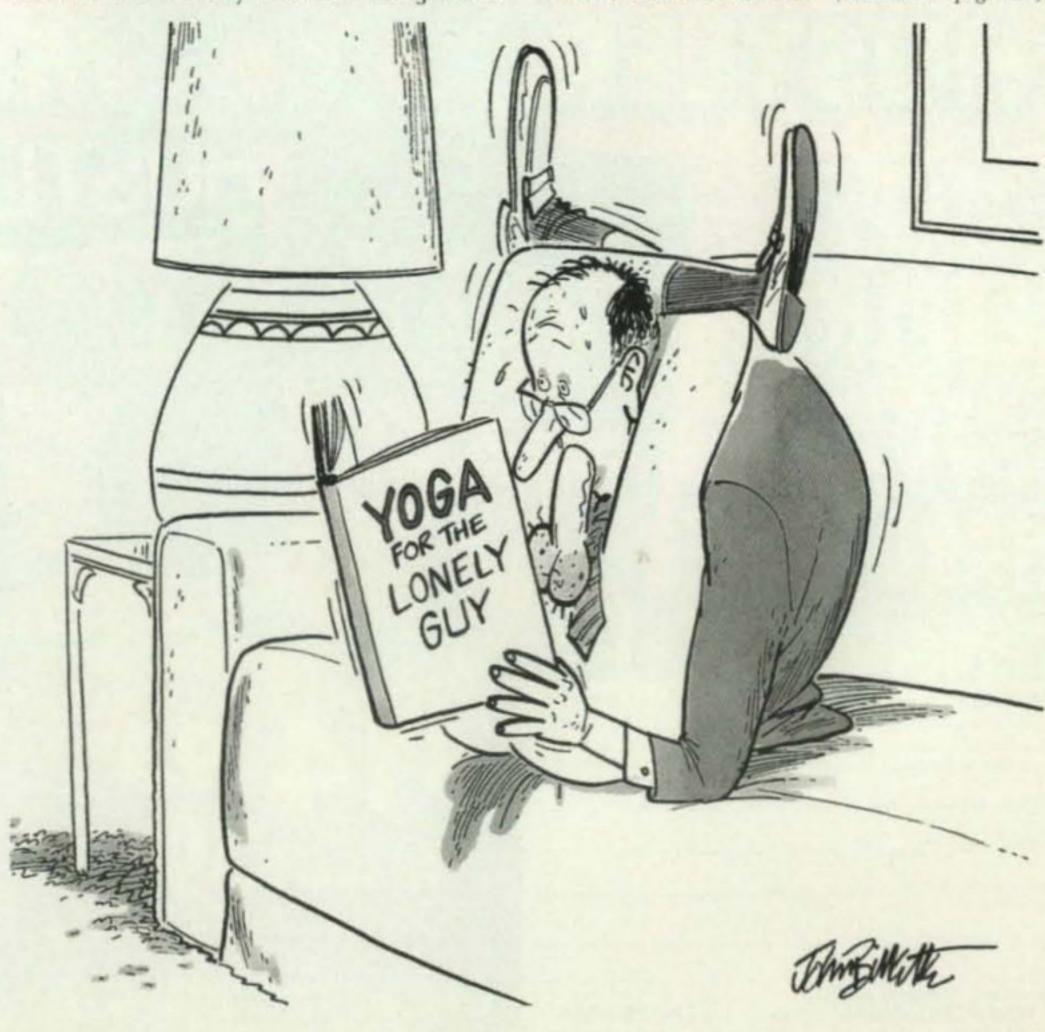
"God-damn," exclaimed the chocolate hottie.

Her hips gyrated so rapidly, all I could see was blurred motion. Darshelle quaked; her cunt swallowed my whopper balls-deep as she convulsed with orgasmic bliss. Her mighty heaving spun my cock out of control; my prick lurched and sprayed semen deep into Darshelle's sticky hole. The darkskinned sweetie collapsed against me. Jasmine rested her soaking-wet pelvis on my neck. I couldn't breathe, and I didn't care. I would have died a happy man.

The three of us ate ravenously that night at the Fish Market. I thanked the good Lord that I'd finally had black. It's no lie, brothers. Taste it and see; you'll never go back. -L. S.

Birmingham, Alabama

My girlfriend Taimi is one lucky lezzie, and so am I. I know how to work a pussy, and Taimi knows how (continued on page 157)











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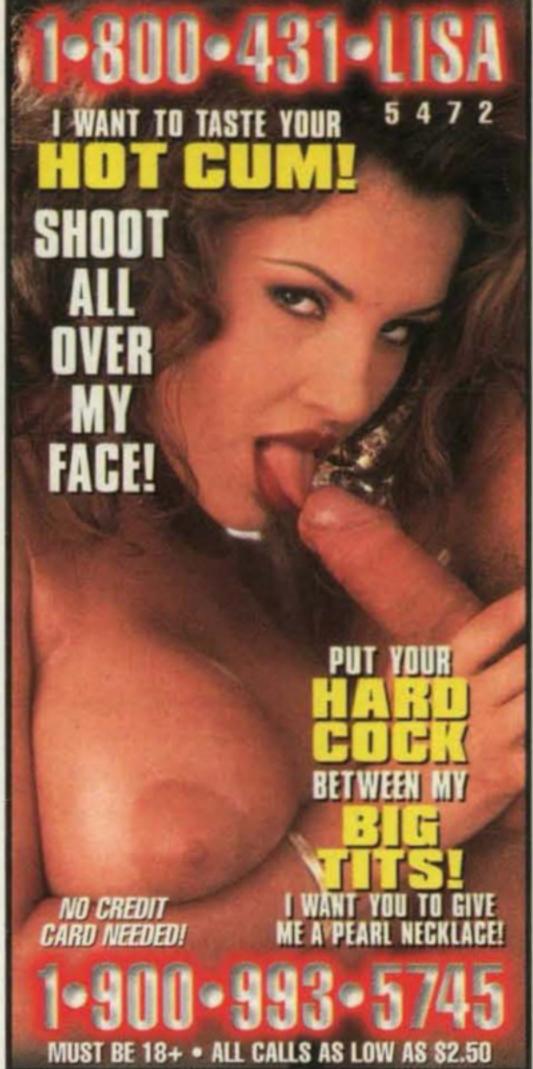
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# Dear Slife

This month in her regular column, porn legend Jeanna Fine responds to readers seeking erotic enlightenment. She invites you to drop her a line and join her on the fearless quest for the fucking truth.

# Fine Tells the Fucking Truth

Jeanna

# Color Blind

My wife is curious about fucking a black man, but we live in a backward town. We're afraid that if word leaked out that my wife was looking to cross color lines in the bedroom, we would be retaliated against by racists. How can we fulfill my wife's fantasy without ending up with a burning cross on our front lawn?

—C. A. via Internet

What people say is often the opposite of what's going on in their bedrooms. I too come from a small town. When I first started my career in XXX, I received a warning from a local, urging me not to have sex with black men. At the same time, my hometown video store reported that my interracial tapes were renting better than my all-vanilla titles. Nonetheless, your most hassle-free option is probably to keep your miscegenational experimentation on the D.L. by remaining discreet and sneaking your new friend in under the cover of night.

# All of the Above

I understand that hermaphrodites are born with both sex organs, but what's the deal with she-males? Are they surgically altered, hormone enhanced, or is there no difference between these two sexual distinctions whatsoever? Please help me clear up these confusing classifications. —F. M.

Cheyenne, Wyoming

According to the Jeanna Fine dictionary, a she-male is girl on top and man on the bottom, kind of like an intergender version of the mythical satyr. Like many of the transvestite hookers you see on the street corners, they have been surgically altered, or have stuffed their chest and tucked in whatever the hormone therapy has left intact downstairs. Sure, this practice is a tad deceitful, but goes a long way in reaffirming your own normalcy.

# Tight Squeeze

My girlfriend is only 5-1 and weighs 105 pounds. When we have sex, I have to be very careful not to hurt her. I'm the first guy she's been with, and I've discovered that she never feels any pleasure from straight sex. The only time she comes is when I put a vibrator on her clit. Could the pain and frustration that my lover experiences when I bone her be interfering with her ability to come? Please, help me learn how to make my girlfriend better enjoy fucking.

—R. H.

via Internet

I hate to say it, R. H., but size really doesn't matter in this case; it sounds like your girl-friend is addicted to her vibrator. Because tool-brought orgasms are so intense and no-nonsense, many girls fall prey to the wiles of their instantly gratifying allure. While this may be difficult (at least for her), I suggest removing the batteries and burying her buzz stick, not in her, but deep inside your bedroom closet. Your woman needs to learn her way around her snatch in a more intimate way. Let her fingers do the walking; with patience and diligence, she'll come around to au naturel orgasms.

# Closet Queen?

My girlfriend of seven years and I made a bet recently. The loser would be forced to wear the other's undergarments. Wouldn't you know it? I lost. I wound up wearing her ruby-red silk panties for a whole day. That night, I went over to her apartment and was surprised to find her wearing a big, strap-on dildo. She told me to suck on it, and I did. She didn't fuck me in the ass or anything, but I'm still a little worried. I was really turned on, but the question still nags: Will cross-dressing

and dildo-sucking turn me into a homo?

—Z. T. via Internet

You're probably not gay. Statistics show that a fair amount of cross-dressing men are heterosexual. They just love the touch of women's garments. As far as the dildo goes, it was attached to your girlfriend; so you're as straight as any dong-smoking arrow could be. If you were hoovering a living, breathing, throbbing member, that would be another story.

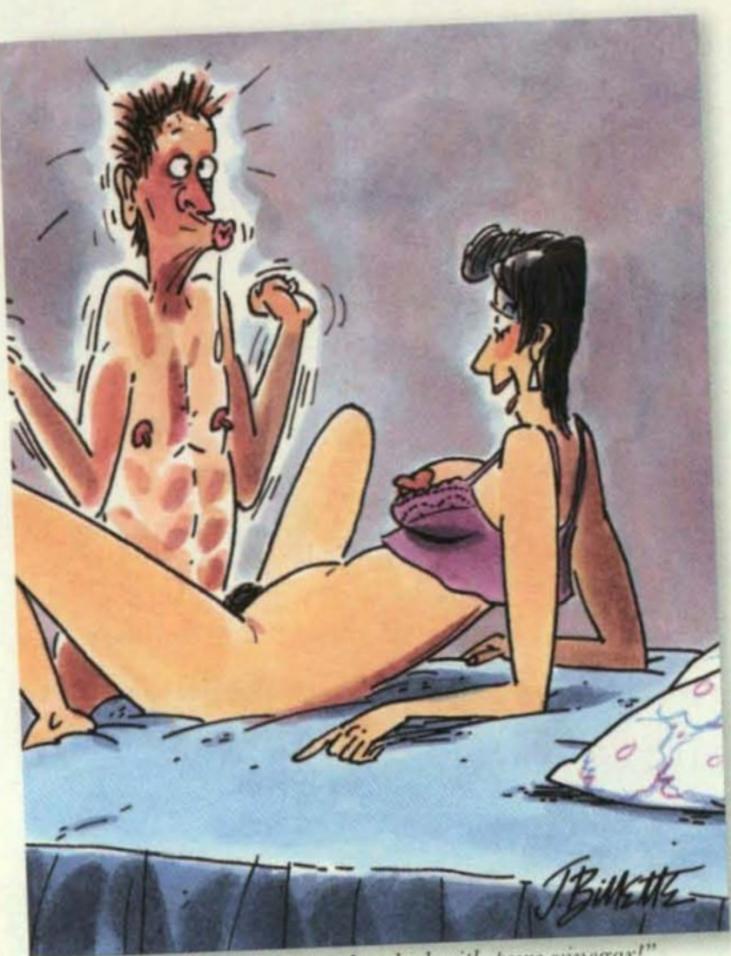
# Stinky Dong

My husband and I have started to try out some new, kinky stuff in the bedroom. We are interested in buying a big, double-ended dildo, but we're sick of the strong, plastic smell and taste that most sex toys have. Do you know of any toys that aren't so foul to the nose and taste buds?

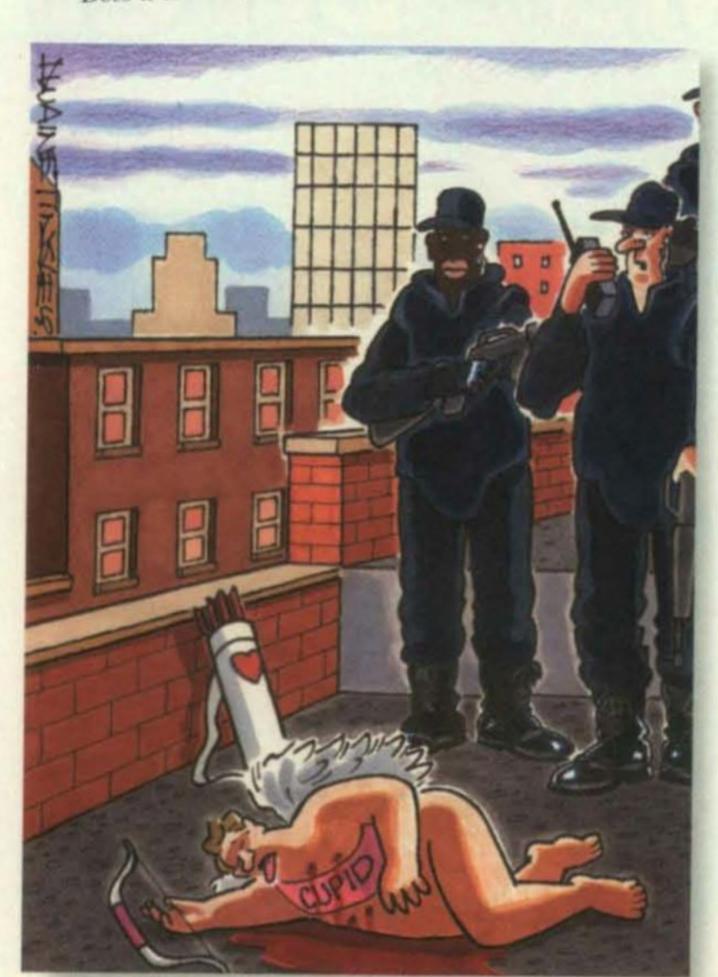
—S. A. Palm Coast, Florida

I have a big, black silicone dildo that is one of the joys of my life. It's completely seamless, and smell is never an issue. The material warms up to my body and isn't as porous as the yucky rubber ones. I received mine from the San Francisco sex shop Good Vibrations (http://goodvibes.com). Any reputable sex shop should have similar models in stock, or at least know where to order them.

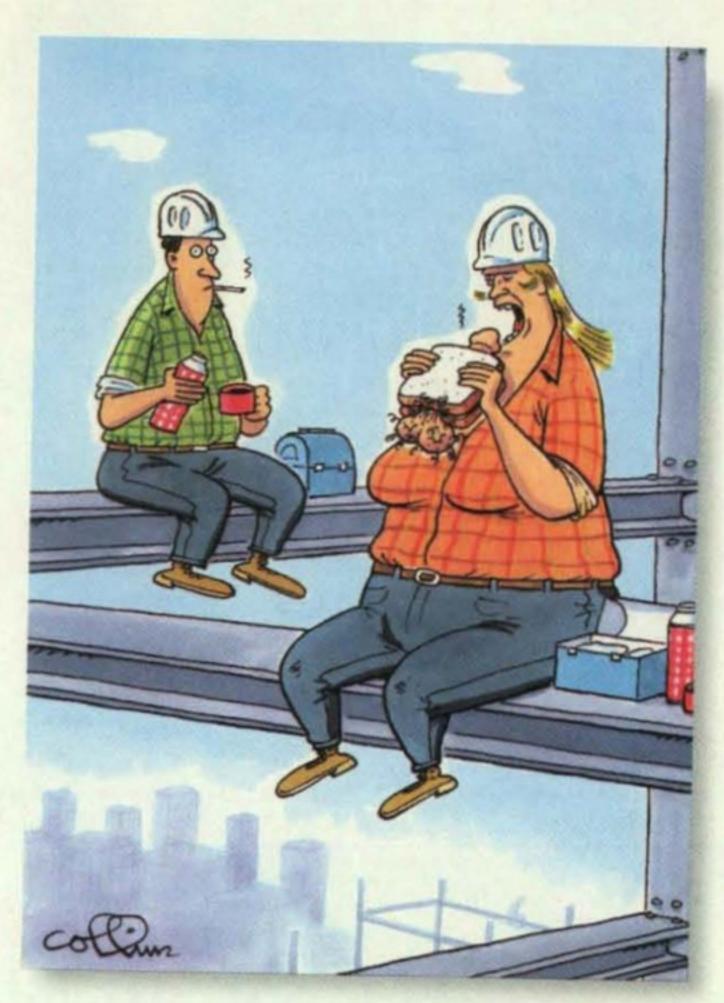
# Lease Eactaons

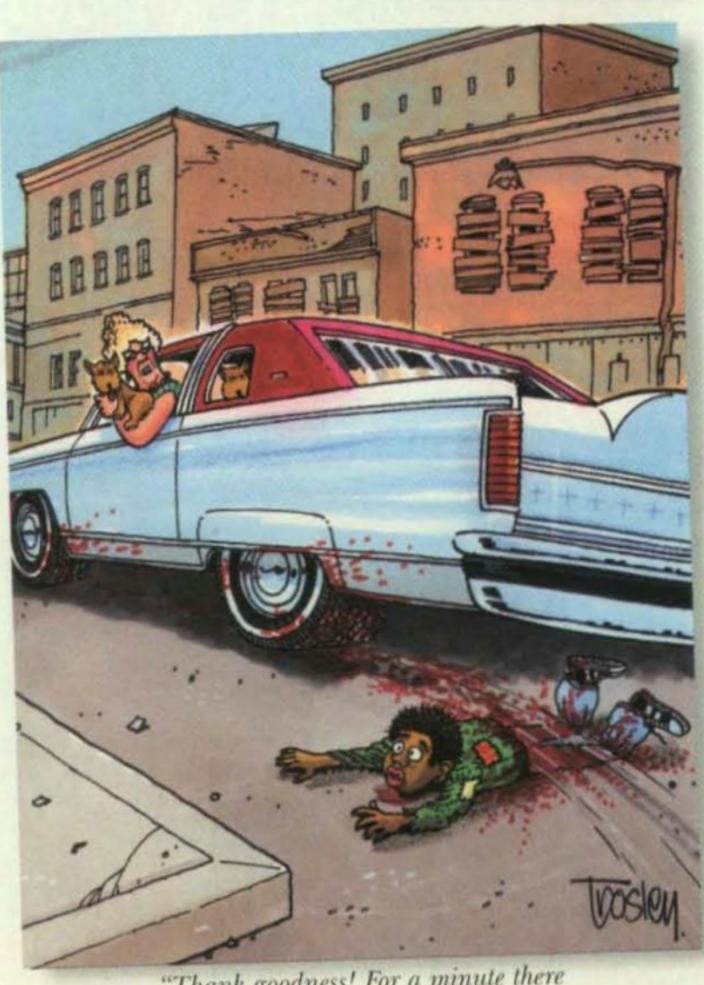


"Does it taste clean? I douched with pure vinegar!"



"All secure.... Took out the sicko who was shooting those arrows...."





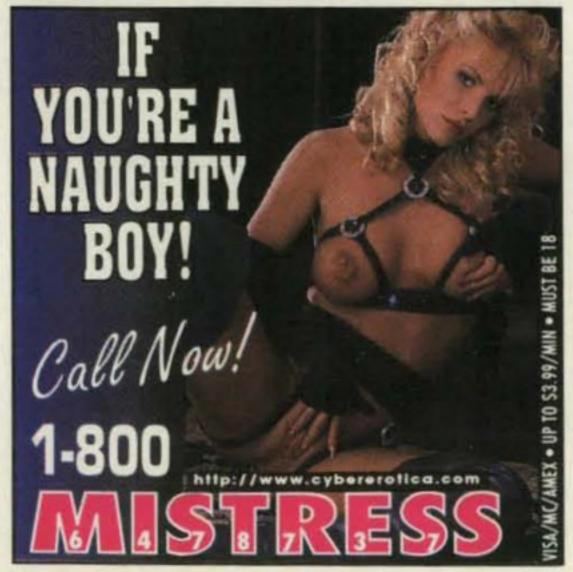
"Thank goodness! For a minute there I thought we hit a dog."

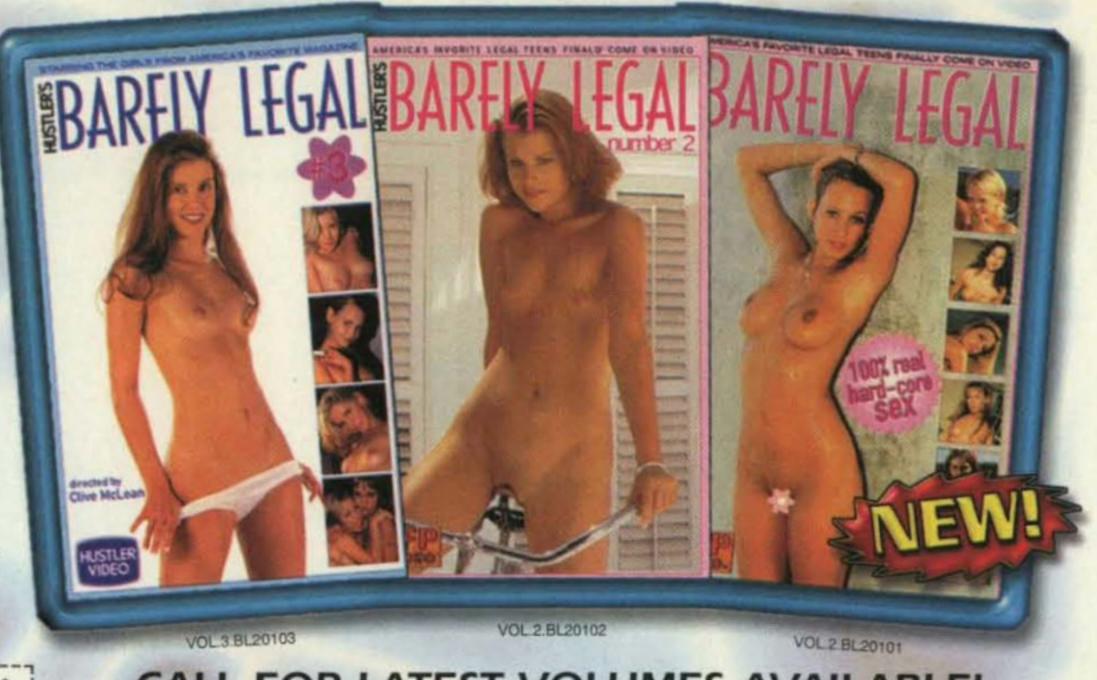


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# Dear Slut

# Mother Fucking

After recently giving birth to my third child, I had my tubes tied. Ever since then, I have become a sex freak. I've always been really square when it came to sex. Now, all I want to do is give my husband blowjobs and fuck him for hours. Oddly, my husband is tiring of my endless sexual desire, and that makes me feel like a slut. Should I try to slow down, or do what my twat tells me and start fucking the shit out of any dick that's willing?

> -J. A. Texarkana, Arkansas

Please don't look outside of your home for sex. You may satisfy the hole between your legs, but the giant gash you inflict upon your relationship will be much worse. Remember, your tubal ligation has brought on a psychological change. Help your husband feel the same excitement that you feel now that pregnancy is a nonissue. Hold out for a while. Once your husband and you are on the same wavelength, you'll both be riding the sexual tsunami again.

Reality

I just started dating a stripper that I met at a local bar. At first everything was cool. She gave me blowjobs all the time and let me fuck her in the ass and come on her face. She's also really easygoing, loves to drink and party, and is gorgeous—the perfect girlfriend. The one drawback is that she's a total flake. Her car is constantly in the shop; so I always have to drive her places. She can't manage to pay any of her bills on time; so her phone is always disconnected. What's the deal? She makes twice as much money as I do. Are all strippers such a mess? Should I just stick to -D. N. dating civilians? Dayton, Ohio

Most men would give their left nut for your "problem." A total package as perfect as you're looking for just doesn't exist. How

happy you're going to be dating a dancer depends on your priorities. If what you really need from a mate is efficiency, promptness and an attention to detail, perhaps you should consider dating an accountant or a lawyer. I suspect, though, that you're attracted to the danger, mystery and sexual abandon of your stripper-chick friend. You can't change the zebra's stripes—by your description, why in God's name would you want to? Let your anal-retentive tendencies complement her devil-maycare attitude. The sex alone sounds worth the hassle. Otherwise, if you can't take the heat, stay out of the pussy.

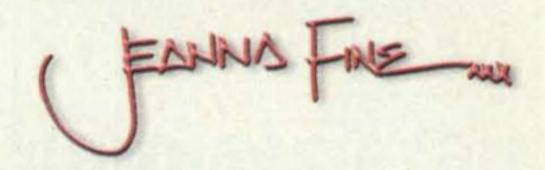
Skin

I'm 18 years old and uncircumcised. I'm totally cool with being intact, but recently discovered that my dick is different from other uncut pricks. When my penis is erect, my foreskin cannot be pulled back. I can peel the skin back when flaccid; so cleaning isn't a problem. Is my nonretractable sheath going to cause me problems Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut@lfp.com.

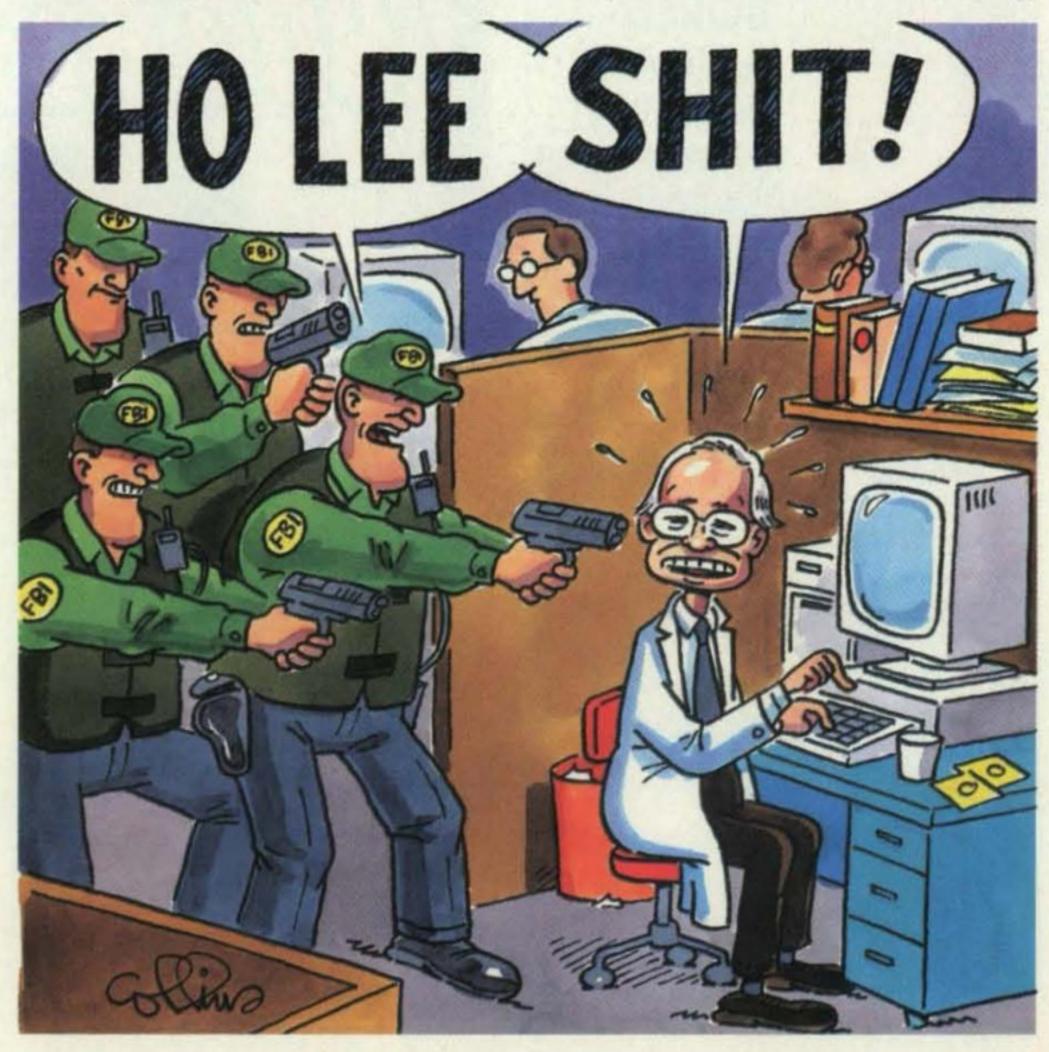
in the future? I've just begun to grow attached to my extra flesh; I'd hate to lose it now. If you know anything about wieners like mine, please fill me in. -R. T.

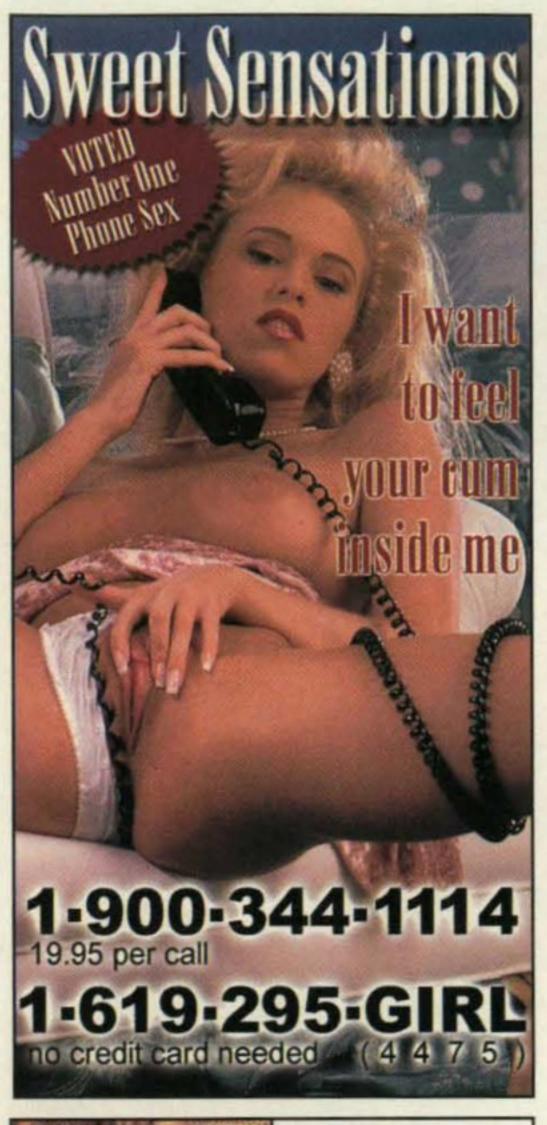
Natchez, Mississippi

It sounds like you have a fairly rare, but not altogether uncommon, condition called phimosis, a situation that occurs when the prepuce (or foreskin) hasn't grown enough to be pulled back. This may cause complications during more intense bouts of sex, as the skin around the tip tears and perhaps bleeds. Some doctors treat such pricks with a topical steroid or a regimen of gentle stretching. Talk to your physician about your options, and definitely find a second opinion if your regular medic's first impulse is to give you a bris.



Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900,













# 

Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

# Blown

# Test-Driving the Motorized Orgasmic Release Device

by Dave Carnie Photo by Ladi von Jansky

Each month, the HUSTLER mailbag is stuffed full of press releases promoting the latest in fuck-and-suck technologies: electric butt plugs, herbal Viagra capsules, orgasm-inducing clit cream. HUSTLER editors sift through the sex-related products for items deserving mention in the pages of America's Magazine. On occasion, a truly bizarre sexual contraption will excite our attention, but a problem arises: No one on the Editorial staff is willing to risk ridicule and possible castration for the sake of writing a product review.

Fortunately, HUSTLER's intrepid product tester, Dave Carnie, is usually up to the task. This month, Carnie, who last humiliated himself for America's Magazine by cloning his manhood in rubber ("Dick Kit: How to Make a Dildo of Your Own Cock," April 2000), enlisted his dipstick in the cause to assess the merits of a machine that could potentially make the nagging, demanding girlfriend obsolete.

I got to work one morning and found a note from a

HUSTLER editor on my desk: "Carnie, how'd you like a date with this one?" Attached was a photo of what looked like a vacuum cleaner with a gaping, rubber mouth at the end of a long, plastic hose. It wasn't very cute, but I have to admit I was mildly attracted to the contraption. Sure, I thought. Why the hell not?

A press release from MOR Enterprises Inc., the gizmo's manufacturer, proclaims the Motorized Orgasmic Release (MOR) device to be "the ultimate safe-sex device," and proceeds to compare knocking boots "in these times of extreme sexual uncertainties" to a game of Russian roulette.

"In some quarters, masturbation still carries

a stigma," the product literature adds. Geez, the reader is supposed to say to himself. I can't fuck, I can't beat off-how am I going to satisfy my sexual appetite, the most basic and urgent of all human needs? It's a beautiful marketing strategy.

For the man who is too scared to risk his life for a piece of

ass, and too ashamed to jerk himself off, MOR Enterprises has come to the rescue with a little box that provides "tireless, motorized, hands-off stroking and sucking action."

The product of seven years of research, the MOR device is designed to "relieve stress and other negative manifestations associated with sexual frustration." Whatever. I was curious, but I wondered about the price—a whopping \$895! I'm well versed in the methods of preventing STDs, and I couldn't give a fuck what people think about me whacking off; so how is an \$895 machine better than my hand?

I called the MOR's inventor, who asked that his name not be used (I'll call him "Bob"), and asked him why he created the MOR. He gave me the same bullshit about AIDS and "safe sex" that I had read in the press release; so I asked, "It wasn't

> because you couldn't get any chicks, was it?"

"On the contrary, I was married at the time," Bob said. "What we have found is a lot of couples buy it. A lot of professional women travel. They don't want their husbands or boyfriends to go barhopping and pick up something and perhaps bring home diseases; so they buy them the machine."

"How is it \$900 better than my hand?" I asked.

"First of all, it's handsoff action," Bob answered. "There's just nothing like it. The orgasms it gives you, when it's set up correctly, are much more intense than just intercourse."

When I told Bob that HUSTLER wanted to run an article about his

high-tech choad-muncher, he was more than happy to send me a test model, free of charge.

I was still skeptical, but the idea of a hands-off blowjob machine was intriguing.

I was surprised by how excited I was while waiting for the



MOR to arrive. If what Bob said was true, I could replace my girlfriend with it. The gadget could suck me off all day long. I could bring it in the car with me and have my dick hoovered while I drive—no more road rage. Maybe I could hook the thing up to a generator, take it to the beach and fuck the shit out of it while the sun is setting, without having to take it on a long walk first.

When the MOR finally arrived at my door, my fantasies were dashed by reality.

I lifted the machine out of the box; it was heavy as shit, and the size of a toilet's water tank. And just like a toilet, the thing was white and smoothly curved. A steel rod stuck out from the front of the machine; a small knob adjusted the speed at which the rod pistoned in and out of the box. My girlfriend wasn't home; so I decided to get down with my robot mistress immediately. "No dinner, no movie for you, you little piece of shit," I said. "You're just going to fuck me."

I stripped naked and placed my girlfriend substitute on the coffee table in the living room so we could watch a porn together. Unfortunately, the metal rod, which is supposed to mimic the back-and-forth action of a bobbing head, was about a foot below cock level. I squatted down, but that felt more like taking a shit than getting a blowjob. Finally, I balanced the machine on top of the box it came in on the table. It wasn't very stable, but at least I had established cock-to-rod parity.

The next problem was setting the MOR up. Bob makes setup sound like a snap, but it's kind of a pain in the ass. First, I had to press a tube, which has a turkey-baster ball on the end, into a plastic bell. The bell then attaches to the metal rod. Then I took a plastic hose, which has a mouth at one end made of that really soft, gooey plastic that rubber vaginas are made of, and fit the other end into the bell. A second hose loops over the first one and around the bell. It's a screwy configuration, and I kind of fucked up the tube part, but I was pretty close.

When I had the MOR assembled, I realized that there was no outlet near the coffee table, and the cord was too short; so I spent some time searching for an extension cord. I was growing sexually frustrated and looking forward to a stress-relieving hummer. I finally plugged the MOR in and turned it on. The "blowjob machine" sounded more like a fucking washing machine: whir, whir, whir. The walls in my apartment building are thin, and I worried my neighbor could hear

me. Admittedly, he would probably never guess exactly what I was up to. I was paranoid, but I pressed on.

According to the MOR's instruction booklet, the final step is to remove the suction ball from the tube, lube up your dick and slip it into the artificial mouth. Then you put the ball back on the tube and squeeze it, which creates a vacuum lock around your tallywhacker. I followed every step carefully, then hit the ON button. Whir! The rod extended, punched me in the balls, spat my dick out and then retreated back into the machine. My hands were covered in lube; so it was hard to hit the OFF button. "What the fuck?" I said. I went through the whole process again, and was rewarded with another punch in the nuts. I slapped the thing around a little, and eventually I learned to move with it, but my dick kept falling out. That was partly because my coffee table has wheels on it; so I was chasing the MOR all over the living room.

Bob says his invention does away with the stigma of masturbation, but what about the fear of getting caught having sex with a machine? I think I'd much prefer being discovered whacking off than being caught completely nude, covered in lube and chasing a wheezing, whirring toilet tank all over my living room.

Eventually, I busted a nut. It was intense, all right. Intensely painful. My cock was chafed, my pubic hairs were matted with lube, and there was cum all over the place. The MOR, I decided, sucked.

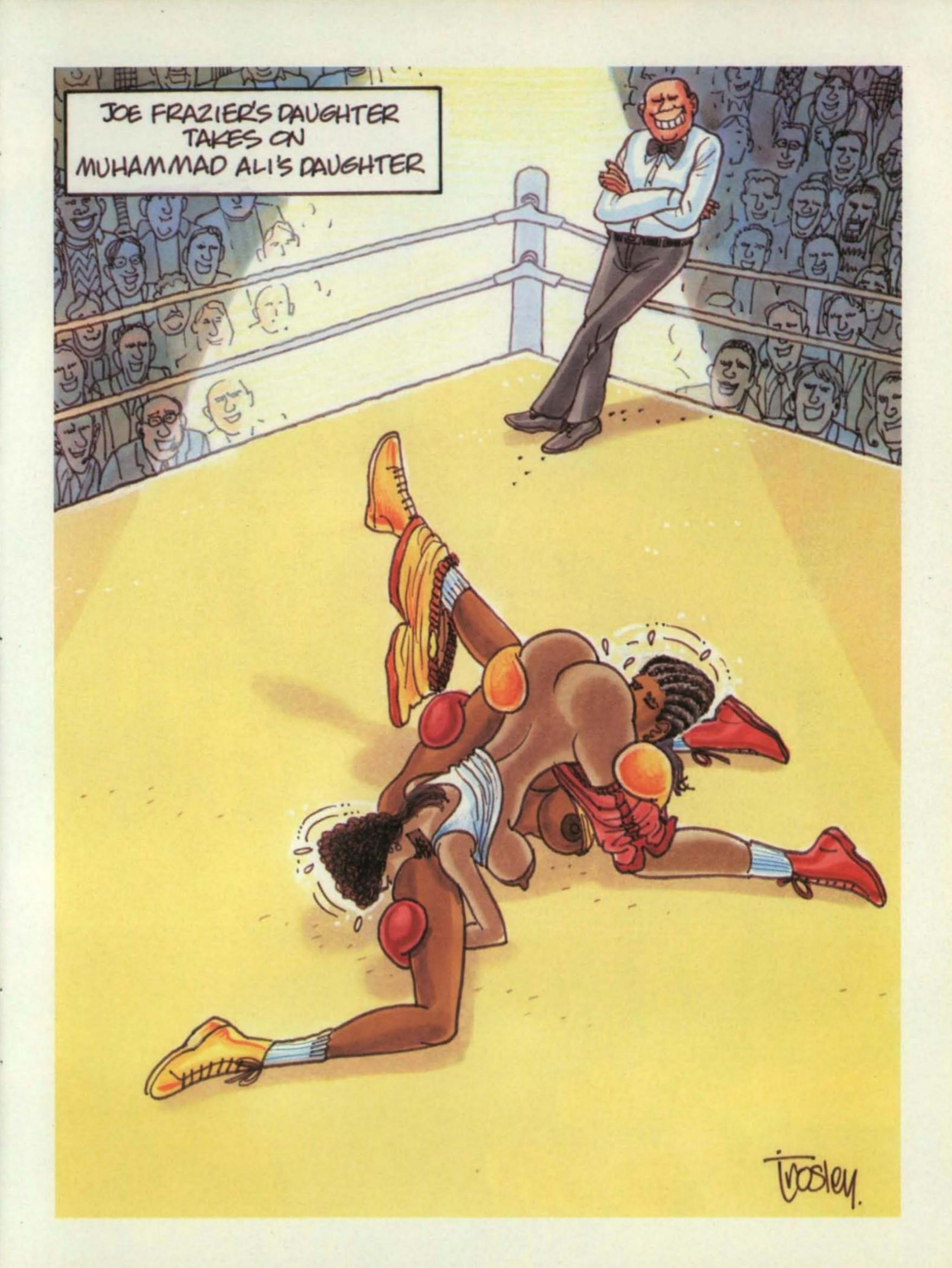
I gave the MOR another shot, but not before calling Bob and learning how to set the thing up properly. This time, I got blown while lying down in bed, a position that Bob favored, and it worked. I mean, my dick stayed inside the thing, but I couldn't come. I tried looking at pictures, closing my eyes and fantasizing that I was being sucked off by a flesh-and-blood female, but nothing could drown out that whirring noise that constantly reminded me of the plastic-and-metal reality.

The funny thing was, Bob wanted his machine returned after I was done with it. I didn't mind sending the MOR back; I just wondered what he was going to do with it next—send it out to be tested by some other writer? Or worse to ponder, was I getting sloppy seconds? So much for safe sex.

Anyone interested in checking out the MOR can visit www.morlove.com.



"Hi, Mrs. Washington. Can Latishia come out and do some crack and then blow me for some more?"











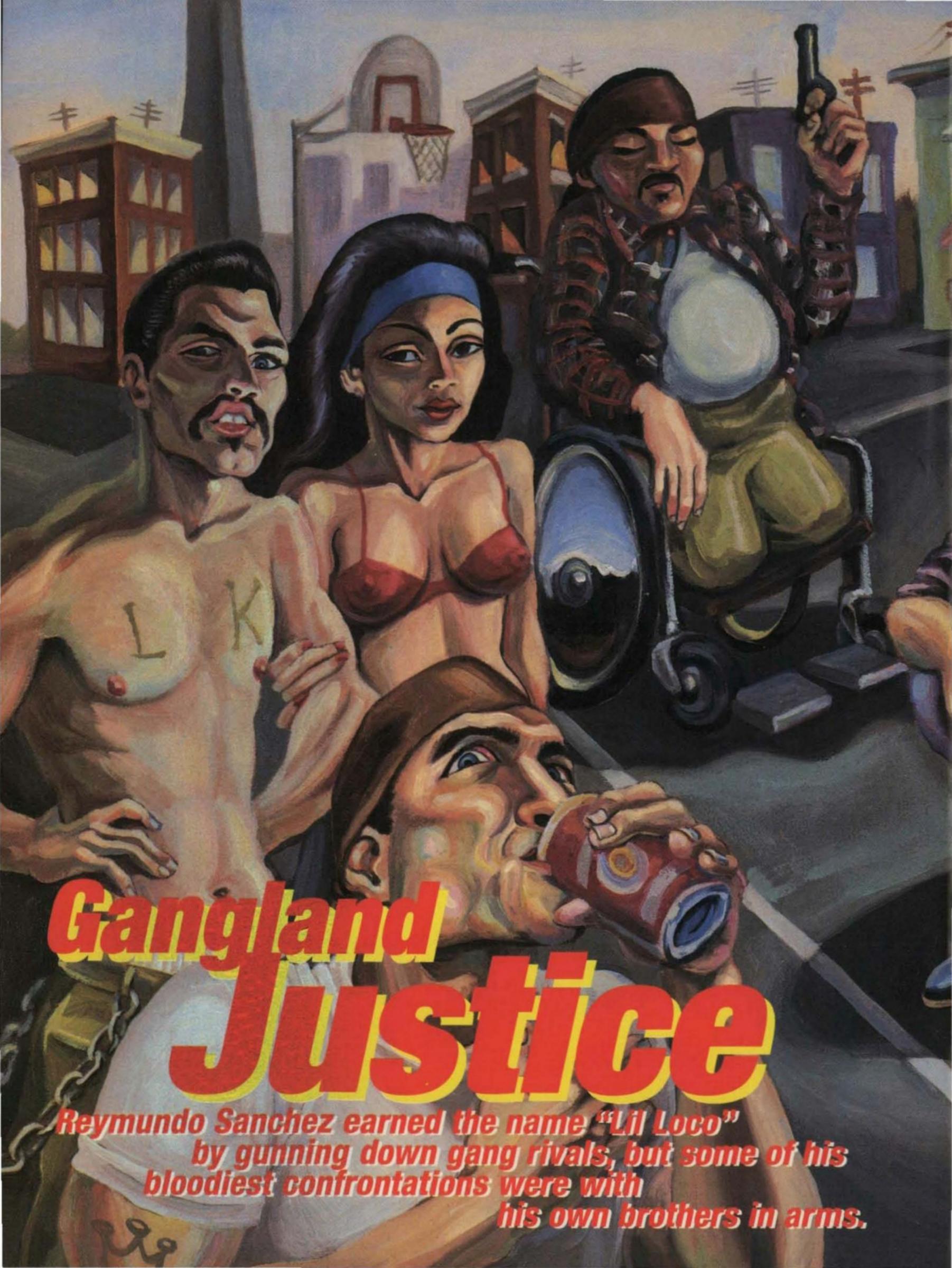


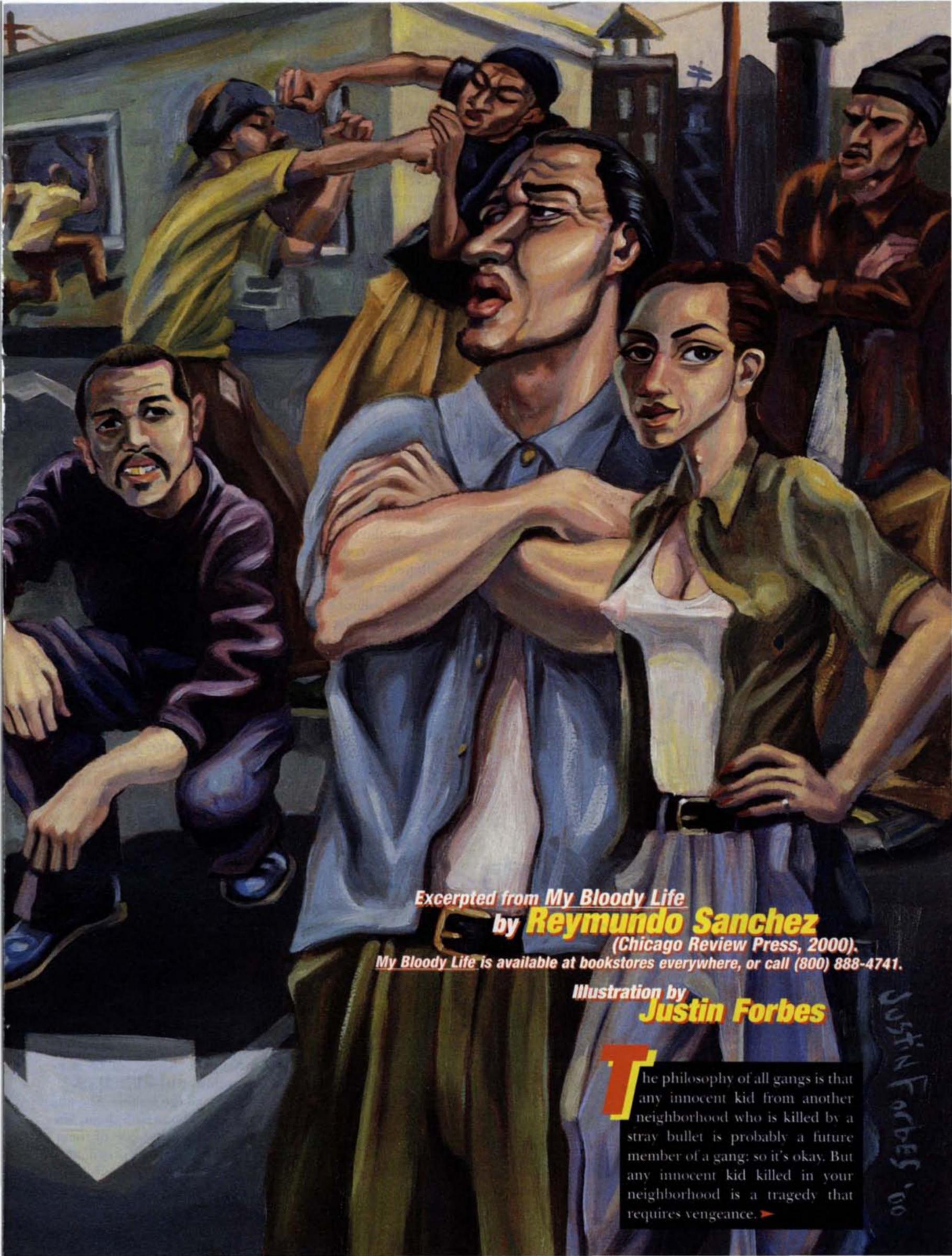












# My Bloody Life

One day, three carloads of Latin Kings drove around looking for any rival gang member. We decided to go by Von Humboldt school looking for Latin Disciples. We were hoping to find a small number of them at the schoolyard and beat them senseless. If there were a lot of them, we could do a drive-by shooting.

We found about ten of them there, mostly peewees, playing baseball. We jumped out of the cars and rushed onto the playground. A couple of them got hit by baseball bats, but they all managed to get away except for one tenyear-old kid. He stood there making the Disciples sign with his fingers and yelling, "D Love." A King slapped him in the face, but he still stood there. What the hell was wrong with this kid—didn't he know that his life was in danger?

Duce pulled out his gun and ran toward the kid. Just before Duce pulled the trigger, I stepped in front of the gun.

"Get the fuck out of the way," Duce yelled.

"He's only a kid," I yelled back. I turned around and told the kid to run, but he didn't want to.

"This is my 'hood. I don't have to run," the kid said.

Duce reached around me with the gun, but I pushed his hand away as the gun went off. The kid still stood there taunting. Finally I punched him in the nose, grabbed him by the neck, and told him, "Run, you little bastard, before you die." I let him go and he took off.

At that moment, I heard the brothers yelling, "They're coming; they're coming," and gunshots went off. Duce let off two shots before he started running. All

I was dead meat.
I closed my eyes,
and the beating
began. The only
thing that kept me
from collapsing
was the continuous
punching from
every direction.

we had to do was run two blocks to the park for safety. When we got to the end of the alley, the King brothers were coming down the road. We jumped into the car and got out of there in a hurry.

Back in the 'hood, Duce went ballistic. He wanted to fight me because I didn't let him kill that little kid. We went at it. We busted each other up pretty good. Loco and Lalo finally split us up and an emergency meeting was called. Everybody felt that I should have let Duce pull the trigger. It didn't matter that it was a ten-year-old kid Duce was going to kill. The logic was that it was better for him to die a kid than for him to grow up and kill a King. I was found guilty as charged and would have to endure a three-minute violation. Duce's request for a head-to-toe violation was denied.

Ace, Pito and another King named Joker were chosen to do the honors of beating me. They were all much bigger than me. Pito weighed about 250 pounds, and Joker was into weight lifting. I was dead meat. I couldn't back out of the violation. If I did, it would be even worse.

I stood against the wall and crossed my arms over my chest. I closed my eyes, and the beating began. The only thing that kept me from collapsing was the continuous punching from every direction. Those were the longest three minutes of my life. When the beating stopped, I collapsed in pain.

I lay there for about 30 minutes before Cubana came in and helped me get up off the floor. We walked outside. Loco, Lalo and Pito were sitting on the hood of a car. Loco gave me a joint the size of a hot dog. Pito got a bottle of Bacardi 151 rum and gave me half a cup. I drank it like water.

When I went back to the streets, it was as if nothing had happened. Duce and I continued to have bad blood. The kid I saved grew up to be a Latin Disciple. He was killed in a shoot-out at the lakefront about three years later.

I didn't take part in any more hits for the rest of the summer. I no longer saw the gang as a brotherhood. I mostly hung out with Cubana and got high every day. I started experimenting with acid. My favorite was the purple microdot, a tiny pill that would rev you up to warp speed. I continued doing burglaries. This was my main source of income.

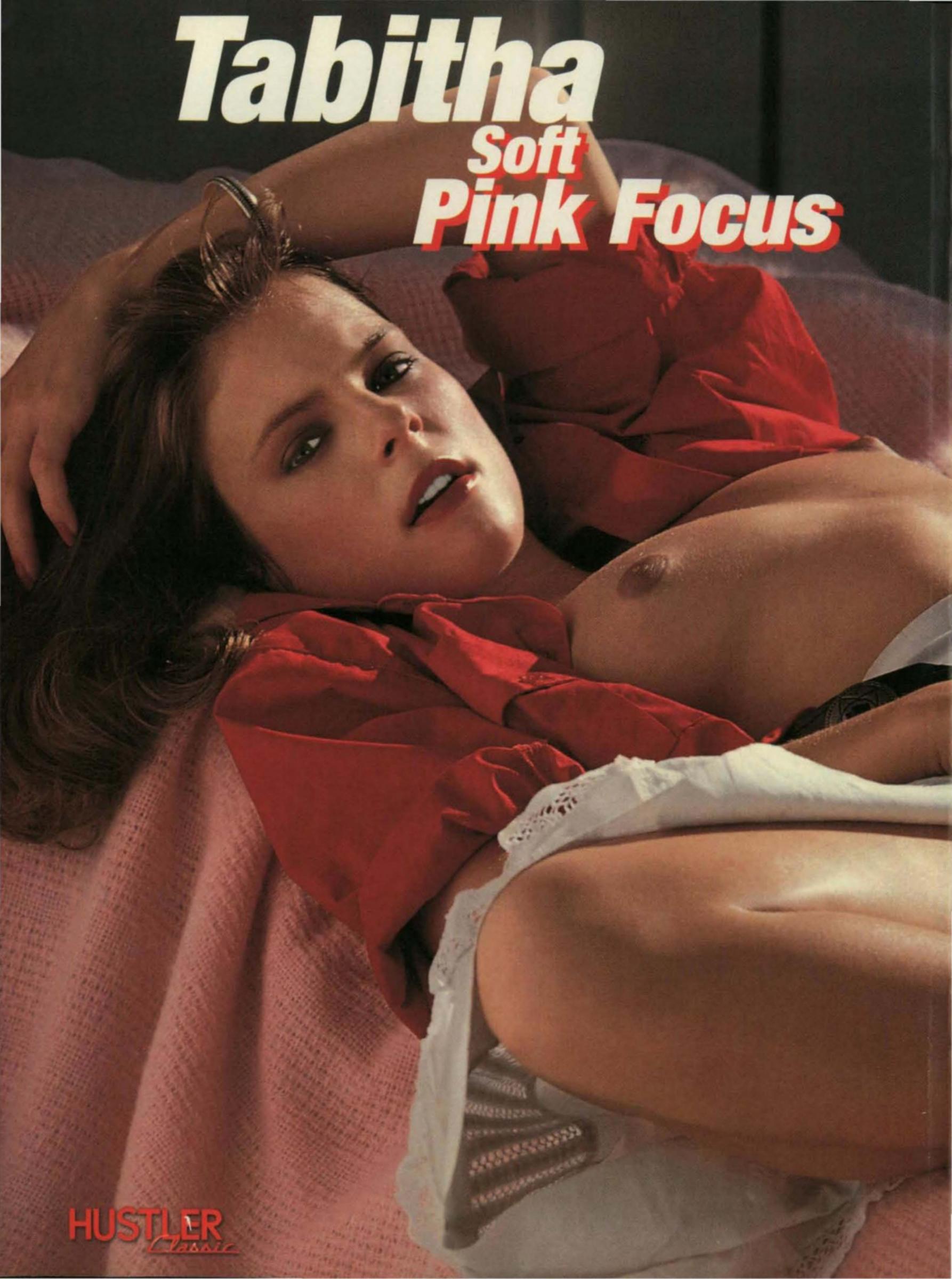
All the big deals for guns and drugs were done through a penitentiary connection. I met many guards who would come by the neighborhood and pick up drugs to take into the prison for the brothers. A few of them got killed for either burning the Kings out of merchandise or refusing to deliver them.

Cubana knew all the leaders. She was constantly on the phone with them. She also became pregnant by one of them. When she told me she was pregnant, I immediately denied any responsibility, but then became (continued on page 74)



"Special night, honey! I've greased up the Louisville Slugger!"

Wecetin. FOR SALE DOORMATS WelcomeTo WEST













## My Bloody Life

(continued from page 66) upset when she said she knew it wasn't mine.

Cubana always had older King brothers come pick her up and take her to the penitentiary. Mostly, it would be King brothers from the northside. After the one brother who had been her ride got arrested, a southside King became her chauffeur. His name was Agila. He was Mexican, about six feet tall, kind of chubby, with long, black hair. He always had something smart to say about the southside Kings being more together than the northside Kings.

Agila somehow found out that I was Cubana's boyfriend when she became pregnant and began teasing me about it. "Pinche puto (fuckin' bitch) can't even keep a girl from a locked-up brother," Agila would say. Both Cubana and I pleaded for him to stop. Agila was one arrogant son of a bitch. "What you gonna do, pinche puto, kick my ass?" Agila would say. I made it a point to avoid him altogether.

One day, the situation with Agila exploded. I had just finished getting high with some King brothers. I went to my friend Loca's place to pick up some weed I had there. Agila was outside. "Hey, puto, let any of your boys get your girlfriend lately?" Agila said, laughing.

"I told you about that shit, Agila," I responded. "Leave it alone already."

"Fuck you, little punk faggot," was his response. The drugs in my body made it hard to keep control. Cubana was looking out the window. She noticed I was getting upset. She asked Agila to stop and come upstairs to wait for her. Agila declined.

I shot him in the knee at point-blank range.
The bullet went right through.
Then I pistol-whipped him until he was nearly unconscious.

"What a punk," he said. "A man in jail took his lady."

That did it. I snapped. I knew I couldn't beat him up; so I pulled out my .357. I thought he would run behind a car or something. Instead he told me to go ahead and shoot.

I shot him in the knee at point-blank range. The bullet went right through.

Then I pistol-whipped him until he was nearly unconscious. Cubana and Loca came running out, grabbed me, and tried to get me away from him. I put the gun against his other kneecap and pulled the trigger. "Who's the punk now, motherfucker?" I yelled.

"No, Lil Loco, stop; they'll take you to jail," I heard one of Loca's little boys say. I snapped out of my rage and put the gun away. I looked at Agila lying there covered with blood, and I spat on him. I grabbed Cubana by the neck, told her, "This was your fault, bitch," slapped her with the gun, then took off running.

I knew I would be in deep shit with the Kings, but I didn't know just how deep. I found Loco and told him what had happened. He told me that he would have done the same thing and assured me that he would back me up. That was the last day I saw Cubana for several years. She packed up and moved to the southside somewhere. Agila needed more than 100 stitches to close up his head and face. His legs were amputated at the knee. A rumor spread that I was to be taken out for what I did to Agila. Loca called Cubana and confirmed that the rumor was true. The Latin Kings had put a hit on me.

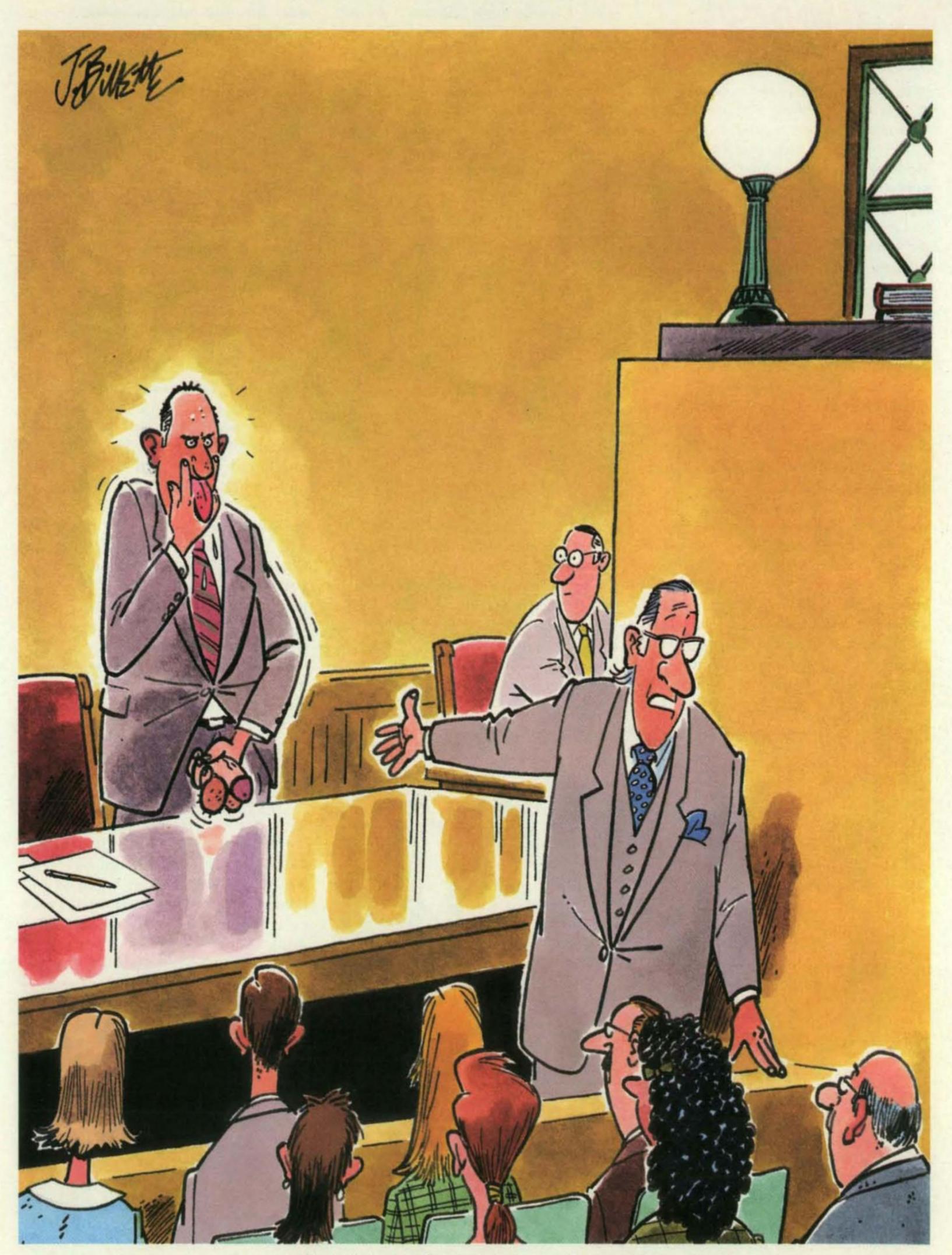
Loca had become pretty attached to me. She treated me like her little brother. She didn't want me to get hurt; so she took me to a friend's house on the far north side of the city. She said I could stay there while she tried to get the hit canceled. I asked her to get me some money so I could go to Puerto Rico. She declined. Loca was on my side, but she was still a Latin Queen, first and foremost.

Loca's friend was a heavyset Puerto Rican lady with four kids. They called her Cuca. She was an alcoholic and a pothead, and did all her drinking and drugs in front of her kids. Cuca took full advantage of the fact that I could serve as a baby-sitter while she went out and partied.

Cuca's kids cursed at their mother and threw things all over the floor; they talked about getting high when they grew up and about joining the Kings and Queens. The oldest was a 12-year-old girl who would come and go as she pleased. She wasn't a Queen, but she hung out with them. Twelve years old and she didn't even know how to read or write. She did, however, know how to pick the door locks when her mother locked her out.

Loco visited the head of the Kings at Stateville Penitentiary. It was agreed that I would go there with Loco and see him





"I ask the jury: Is that the face of a sexual predator?"

# My Bloody Life

the following week. In the meantime, the hit on me was postponed. Loco told me to stay where I was until we went to Stateville. He didn't trust Duce.

We went to visit our chief on a Wednesday. It was a long drive. I was nervous, especially when I saw that visitations were not held behind glass, as I had seen in the movies. We sat at a table right across from each other. Our leader was called Tino. He was a big man with massive muscles. Tino was soft-spoken and talked very intelligently. He listened attentively as I explained my reasons for attacking Agila. Like Loco, Tino also agreed that he would have done the same. He told me he had heard a lot of good things about me and that I was a down brother. He told me not to worry about the hit, but that I would have to take a three-minute violation as discipline for what I had done.

Tino said that I should go to a southside Kings 'hood the next Sunday and take my punishment like a man. The southside Kings would appoint three of their boys to do the honors. They would also contact Loco to tell him exactly where the violation would take place. He warned me that if I didn't show up, I might as well be dead. If I could only have raised the money to go to Puerto Rico, I would have split in a second. Loco kept any of that from happening. He got the Kedzie and Lawrence Kings to watch over me.

On orders from Loco, the Kedzie and Lawrence Latin Kings didn't let me leave Cuca's house. Every day until Sunday, those Kings came up to Cuca's and partied with me. I couldn't get away

Tino said that I should go to a southside Kings 'hood and take my punishment like a man. He warned me that if I didn't show up, I might as well be dead.

even if I had the money. I pictured the violation in my mind to the point where I almost felt the pain.

I ended up doing something beyond crazy. I began having sex with Cuca's 12-year-old daughter. The little girl had come on to me several times, but I had turned her down. When it did finally happen, it was I who approached her. I

went into her bedroom, woke her up, carried her out to the living room where I slept, and had sex with her. Yes, she was willing, and not a virgin, but that didn't matter—it was still abuse. I was 16, and Cuca's daughter was 12. Some may rationalize that I was a kid in my own right and not responsible for my actions. Yes, the little girl had a promiscuous sex life, but I still should have known better.

On Sunday, Loco and Lalo came and picked me up early in the morning. We went to the clubhouse on Cortland and Whipple. The guys were giving me their full support. They wanted to prove to the southside Kings that the northsiders were not pussies. I didn't care much about proving anything to anybody, since I was going to be used as a punching bag. By noon, I was already drunk and had popped two tabs of purple microdot acid. I was totally out of it. I was talking macho bullshit and acting like I welcomed the violation. At 1 p.m., we took off toward the southside. Two carloads of brothers from both Kedzie and Armitage and Cortland and Whipple followed us. Just before we got to 26th Street, we met up with two southside Latin Queens. They got in the car and led us to Faragut High School.

We got out of the cars and walked into the schoolyard. Everybody was given the customary welcome salute except for me. I took offense to that and began talking crap about not needing their fucking salutes. I was a King in my heart and didn't need their approval. I sat against the school wall and lit up a joint. We had to wait until Agila got there. He was going to be the one who picked those who would beat me.

The acid I had taken began to take hold of me. I was messing around with everybody as if we were on some kind of picnic. The southside Kings ignored me and gave me hard looks while I yelled, "Damn, if looks could kill, everybody here would get violated."

Although I was among my so-called brothers, everybody was there for the pleasure of seeing me get my ass whipped. I was fuckin' high, and I didn't care. I made the situation worse. "Northside Latin Kings are the only Kings," I yelled.

"Cool that brother out, man," a southside Latin King told Loco.

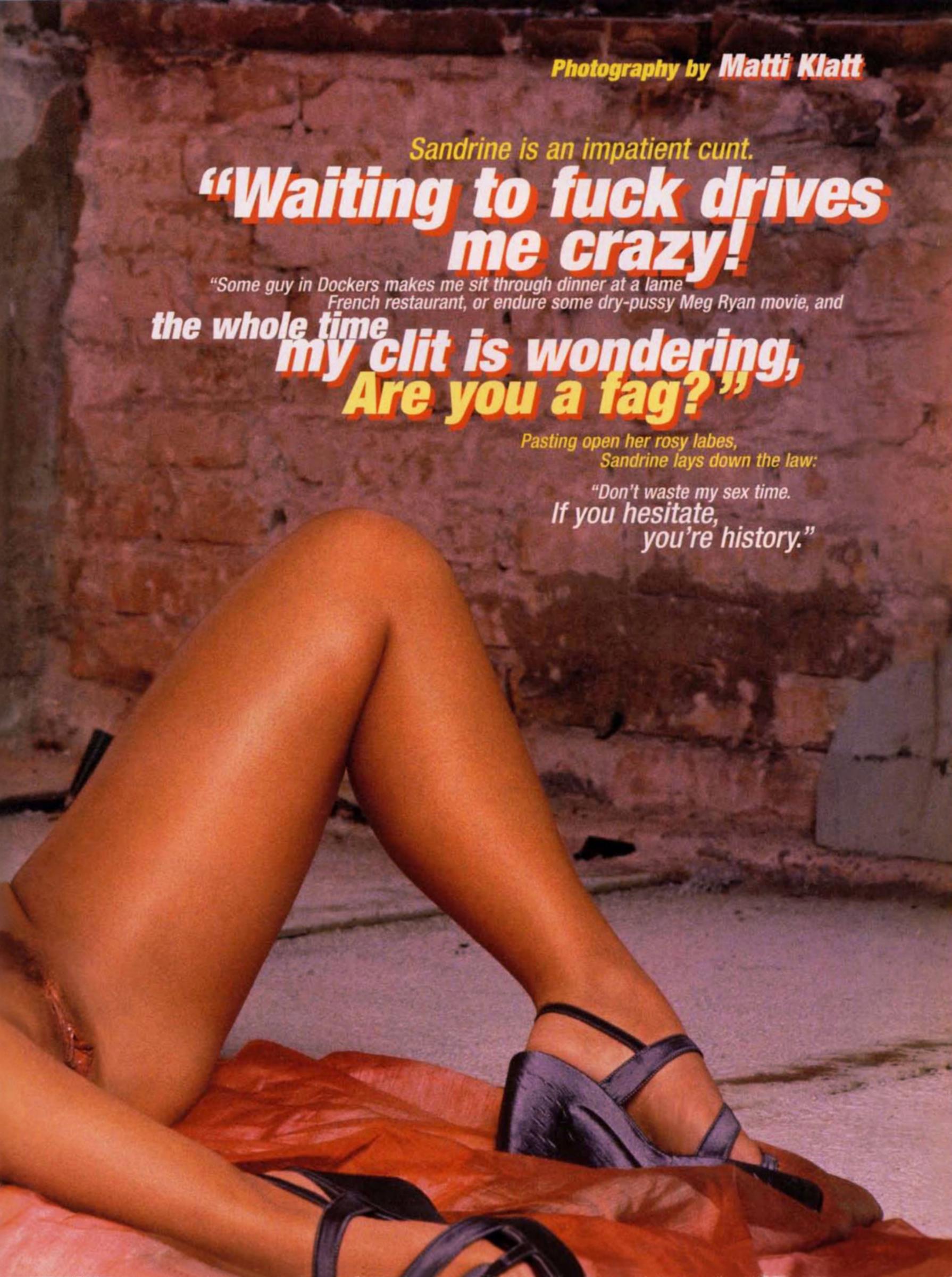
"Fuck, you all want to treat me like I'm a crusao," I shouted. "Fuck it. Amor de Rey almighty!" Most of the northside brothers came over and stood by me. I no longer felt alienated (continued on page 122)



"Hold on. Just let me run out and buy some flea powder!"





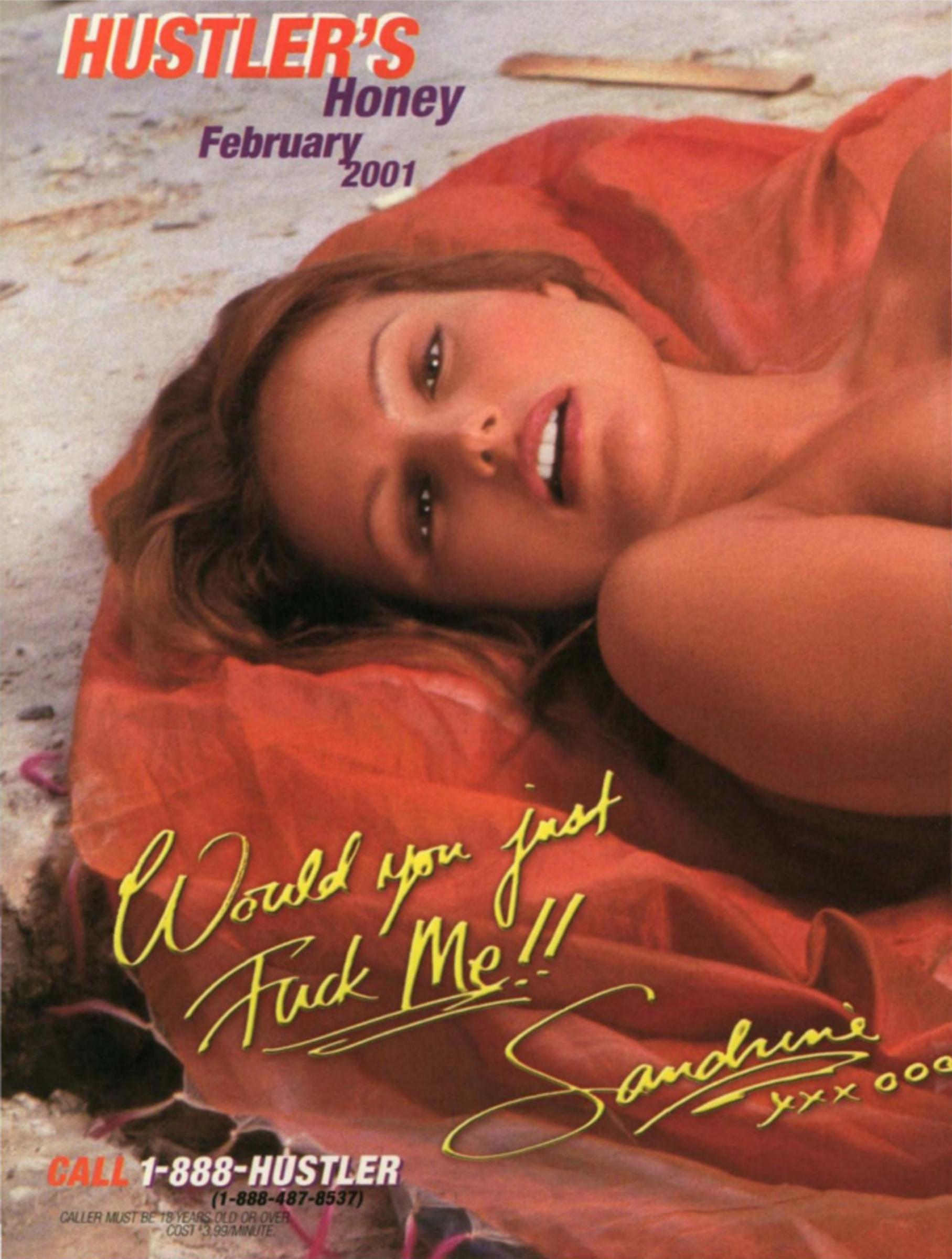


















Warlene, a widow, went off with Stan for a dirty weekend. In the hotel, the bereaved girl took everything off but a pair of black, lacy panties. "I'm leaving these on," Marlene announced. "I'll blow you, and you can fuck my tits, but down there I'm still in mourning."

Stan went out early the next day. When he returned, the widow was still in bed. She woke to find her frustrated companion removing the black panties.

"What are you doing?" Marlene cried. "I told you, my pussy's still in mourning!"

Stan waved his boner in her face. It was sheathed in a black condom. "I'm going in to extend my condolences," he said.

George and Sandra married right out of high school. After four months, the groom hadn't touched his wife beyond a quick good-night kiss. One day, he came home, threw her across the bed, tore her clothes off and balled the shit out of her.

Afterward, Sandra lay her head back on the pillow, well fucked. "Honey," she murmured, "why didn't we do this before?"

"Shit," George said, "until the guys at the arcade told me, I didn't even know you put out."

Uuestion: What does it mean when a girl in West Virginia has cum dripping from both sides of her mouth?

Answer: The trailer is level.

Noshonna Goldstein came home from the Peace Corps in Uganda just as her Jewish mother was lighting the Friday night candles. Mrs. Goldstein was so thrilled, she couldn't stop hugging and kissing her daughter.

"Guess what?" Shoshonna said. "I'm married!"

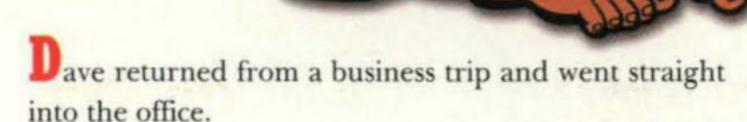
"Oy, mazel tov!" the mother replied. "What's he like? What does he do? Where is he?"

"He's waiting outside on the porch."

"Bring him in!" the mother squealed, waving her hands joyfully. "I want to meet my new son-in-law!"

The daughter went out and came back on the arm of a grinning black man wearing a feathered codpiece, an enormous headdress and animal-tooth beads. He carried an upright spear in one hand.

Mrs. Goldstein grabbed Shoshonna, slapped her back and forth across the face and screamed, "Dummy! Stupid! Idiot! I said rich doctor!"



"You must be tired," his boss said. "Why don't you go home and unpack?"

"I'd rather wait," Dave said. "See, I got laid this morning. And whenever I come back from a trip, the wife makes me sit in the tub. If she catches me with my balls floating, I'll be in deep shit."

Uuestion: Why did Courtney Love buy two tickets to the freak show?

Answer: To make sure she could get back out.

spinster and a sailor's parrot were the only survivors of a shipwreck. They'd been clinging to a piece of driftwood for days.

"Hey, lady!" croaked the parrot. "How's your wrinkled old ass?"

"Shut up!" snapped the old maid.

"Mine too," the parrot said. "Must be the saltwater."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines feminism as: Squatter's rights.

In East Coast newspaper reporter was on assignment in Arkansas, where he struck up a conversation with a young lady in a bar. After a half dozen drinks, he suggested they purchase their own bottle and retire to his motel room. As the young lass disrobed, she revealed an obviously young body.

"Christ, how old are you?" the reporter asked.

"Thirteen," she replied with a shy smile.

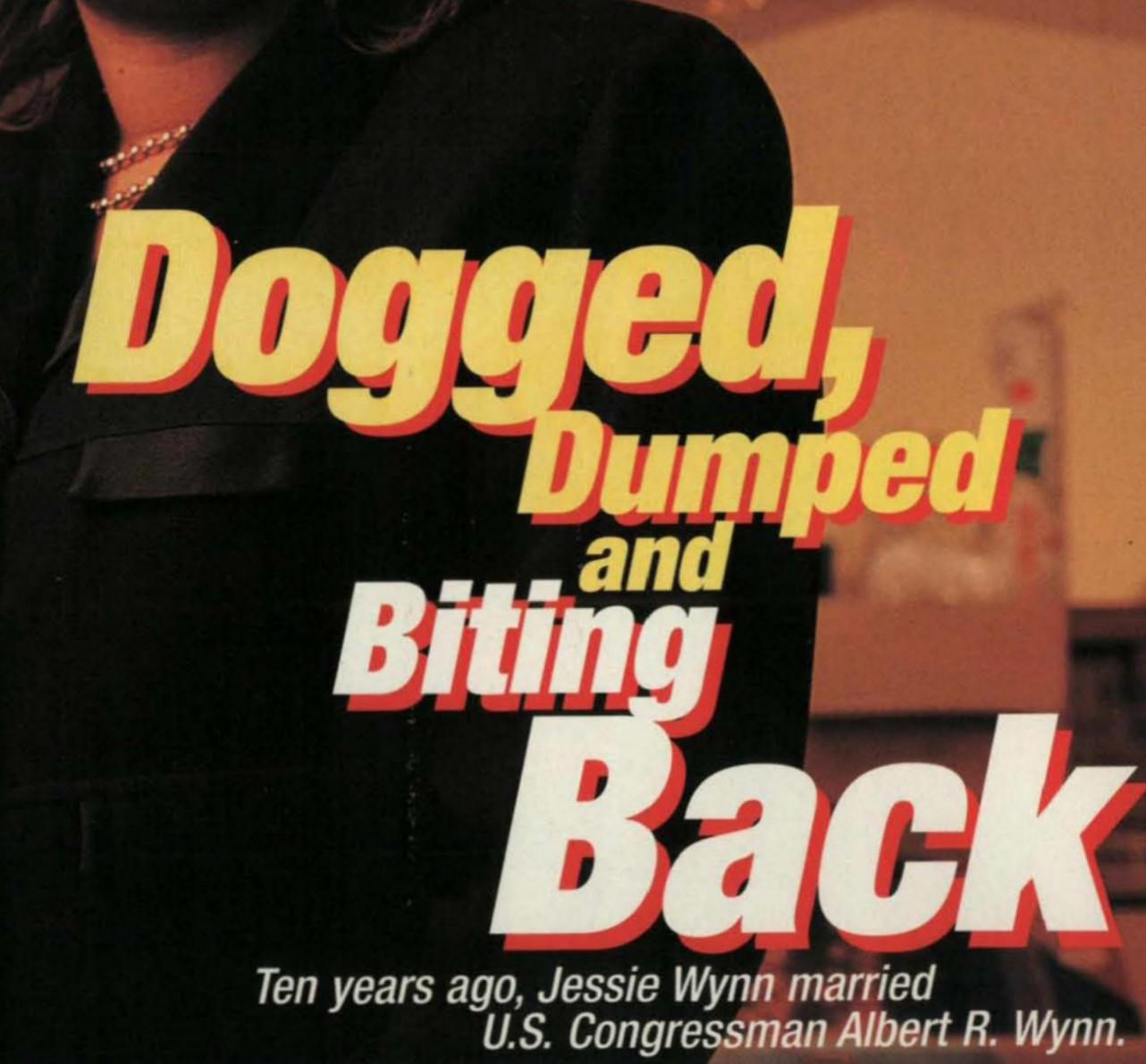
"Thirteen? Fuck! You put those clothes back on at once and get the hell out of here! Are you crazy?"

Pausing briefly at the door as she left, the nymphet shrugged and said, "Superstitious, huh?"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry — we cannot return submissions.



"You won't believe it! The pervert's back!"



en years ago, Jessie Wynn married U.S. Congressman Albert R. Wynn. After a decade of alleged adultery and abuse, she's campaigning against him.



#### **Dogged**and Mistreated

first, it was infrequent, but then, it was every night, Monday through Sunday.

"If I say, 'Why are you out all night?'
he'll say, 'Get out of my face, you bitch,'"
Jessie adds. "When you talk to me like
that, I'm gonna back down, 'cause I don't
want you to attack me or hurt me or anything. But I knew what he was doing."

Unable to compel her husband to admit to being an adulterer, Jessie found an unlikely ally in HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt. On October 4, 1998, Flynt placed a full-page ad in the Washington Post, offering up to \$1 million for "documentary evidence of illicit sexual relations with a congressman, senator or other prominent officeholder." Seeing HUSTLER's nose for nookie as the key to corralling her dick-slinging husband, Jessie taped the Washington Post ad to the refrigerator at home, like a sheriff tacking up a MOST WANTED sign. Jessie claims the threat that Congressman Wynn would be "Larry Flynted" was sufficient to send him packing.

"It was November 19, 1998," Jessie says, the date etched in her mind. "My daughter had been sick. She was running a high temperature. I had been taking her back and forth to the doctor. I was trying to tell him how sick she was, and he said, 'I'm leavin' in two

weeks.' And I said, 'You're doing what in two weeks?' He said, 'I'm leavin'.' I said, 'Leavin' who?' He said, 'Leavin' you.' I said, 'Oh no, you can't leave me. I'll go to the press. I'll tell everybody that you walked outta here.' He said, 'No, you won't. Because you want me to keep my job.'"

Albert gave his wife two-weeks' notice

"Politics in D.C.
is like movies
are to L.A. There
are legions of
young women
who will do
anything to get a
leg up in their
careers."

that their marriage was kaput, but he changed his mind and decided to leave her the next day.

"He left me a note saying he was sorry things hadn't worked out, and advising me not to try to say anything bad about him, or I'd be sorry," Jessie says.

Albert Wynn declined repeated requests for comment; so HUSTLER

tracked down the congressman at a town-hall meeting held in the basement of a Silver Spring, Maryland, library. Wynn's staff became visibly panicked at the presence of America's Magazine; Chief of Staff Kurt Clifton pleaded for "discretion" and offered an exclusive interview with Wynn in exchange for an agreement not to embarrass the candidate in front of his constituents.

The next day, Wynn spoke to a HUSTLER reporter on the phone about Jessie's claims that he has cheated on her. "I appreciate you giving me the chance to tell my side of the story," the consummate politician politely said, "but when it comes to these allegations, I'm gonna have to ask you to contact my lawyer for a response."

Alan Kruger, Albert Wynn's attorney, did not confirm Jessie's claims.

"As far as the issue of adultery, we firmly deny that allegation," Kruger said.

Conclusive proof of Albert Wynn's sexual indiscretions may never surface, but according to one Capitol Hill veteran, who spoke to HUSTLER on condition of anonymity, infidelity is rampant in politics.

"Politics in D.C. is like movies are to L.A.," the source says. "There are legions of young women who will do anything to get a leg up in their careers. I've had women tell me within minutes of meeting them that they'll have sex with me if I'll help them get a job. And I'm just a chief of staff. All the fawning praise and propositioning is bound to get to a man's ego after a while."

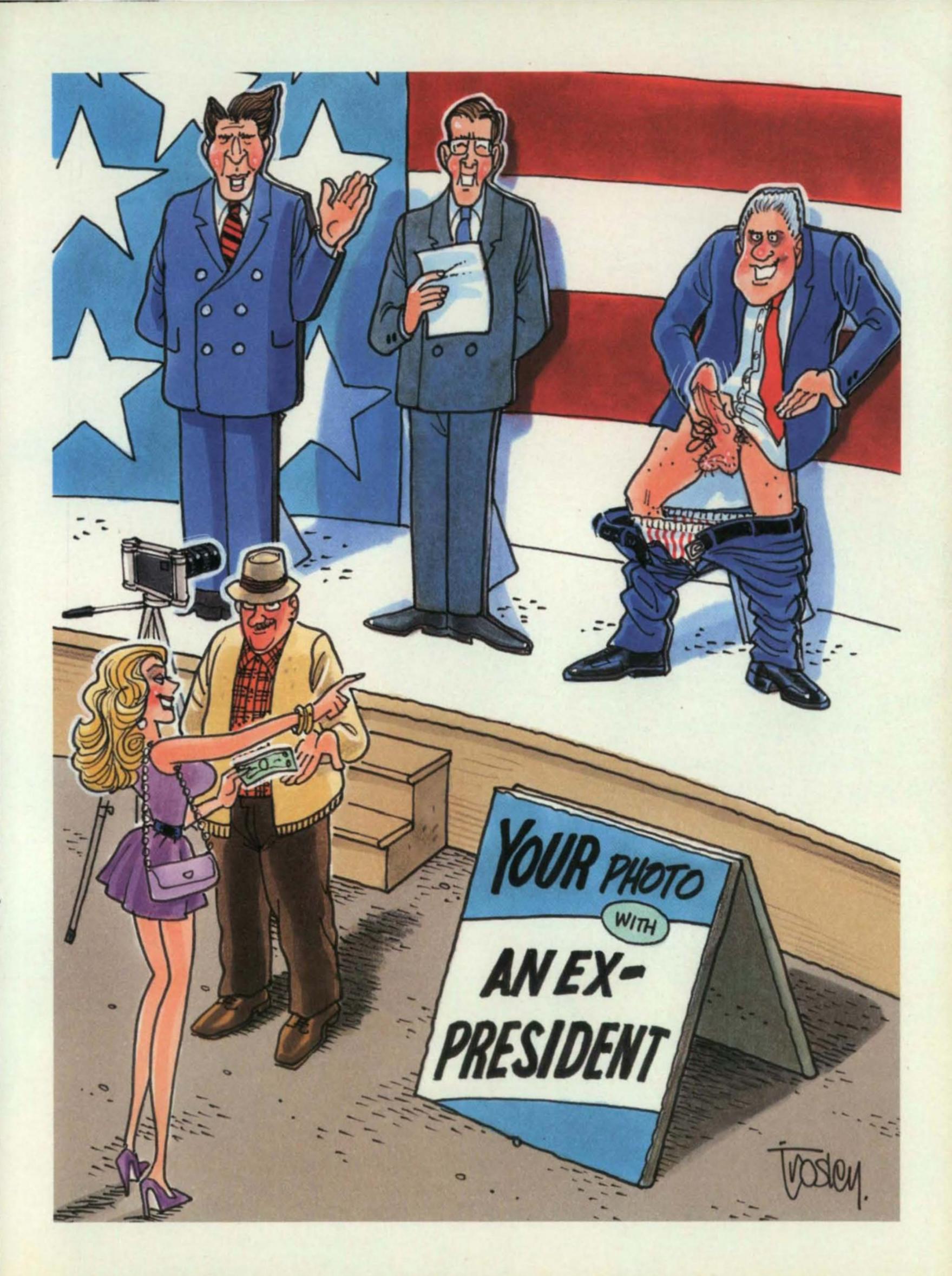
In the wake of her husband's abandonment, Jessie was left with no job, no money and a young daughter to take care of. The proverbial "woman scorned," Jessie was determined that her husband's wrongdoings would not go unnoticed. At the end of 1998, the mainstream media was obsessed with President Clinton's "inappropriate" relationship with White House intern Monica Lewinsky, and Jessie Wynn was certain that reporters would jump at the chance to air more D.C. dirty laundry.

"One thing I can say about the press—they could care less," Jessie huffs. "I contacted Jet magazine, the Prince George [Maryland] Journal—everyone. I called the Washington Post—they didn't want to hear anything I had to say."

Abandoned, virtually friendless and with her quest for vengeance dead in the water, Jessie Wynn's pains were soon compounded by a more practical matter—with her (continued on page 105)



"The marriage penalty isn't the tax—it's the fat, ugly bitch a wife becomes after ten years."















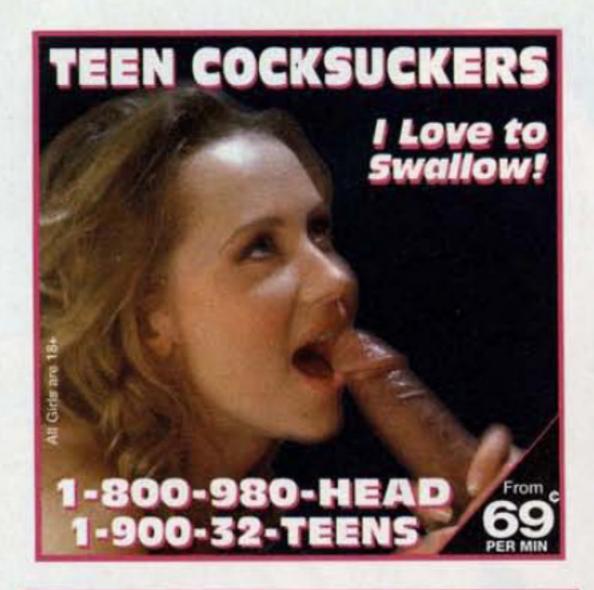












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#### Dogged and Mistreated

(continued from page 94) husband absent, so was her portion of his \$150,000 yearly salary.

"I never worked for money when we were married," says Jessie, "so I didn't have a dime when he walked out-literally. He stopped paying the mortgage three months after he left. I finally got in bankruptcy court in January of 2000. I wanted to file Chapter 13, so I could keep the house until I could get more money. I wanted to get him to at least pay the \$1,600 mortgage to keep his child with a roof over her head."

Two years after her breakup with Albert, Jessie struggled to piece her life together and face down an impending eviction with an especially painful thorn in her side. As her estranged husband campaigned for reelection in the 2000 election cycle, Jessie discovered that one of her former co-workers, a Caucasian schoolteacher who also volunteered on Albert Wynn's previous campaigns, had taken her place at her estranged husband's side.

"All of a sudden, I see him, at fundraisers and parades-there he is, my husband, with my daughter and this white woman," Jessie says, "walking around like she's his wife."

Jessie felt that Albert's choice of replacement mate was not just a slap in the face to her, but to the entire black community.

"I think he always wanted a white woman. This was his way of saying he had really made it," Jessie cries. "Now, my daughter comes home and asks me, 'Mommy, is white better? Are white people more beautiful?' Where do you think she's getting ideas like that?"

With the appearance of a white woman at her black husband's side, the fires of vengeance were stoked inside of Jessie's broken heart.

The drama of Jessie's failed marriage entered its third act with the entrance of John Kimble, a curly-haired, earringwearing D.C. local who has twice attempted to oust Albert Wynn from his seat in the House of Representatives. For his third effort to represent Maryland's Fourth Congressional District, Kimble has tapped a campaign manager who he thinks might finally turn the electoral tide in his favor.

Jessie Wynn is Kimble's "weapon number one" in his run for office.

"When I found out her husband left her for a white woman, that's when I

contacted her, asking her to be my campaign manager," says Kimble, himself a white man, who has used Jessie to spearhead an unapologetically negative political campaign.

Since late August, a computerized autodialer has been placing 1,000 calls a day to District Four's 170,000 constituents. Jessie's voice appears on a

"I see him at fund-raisers and parades—there he is, my husband, with my daughter and this white woman, walking around like she's his wife."

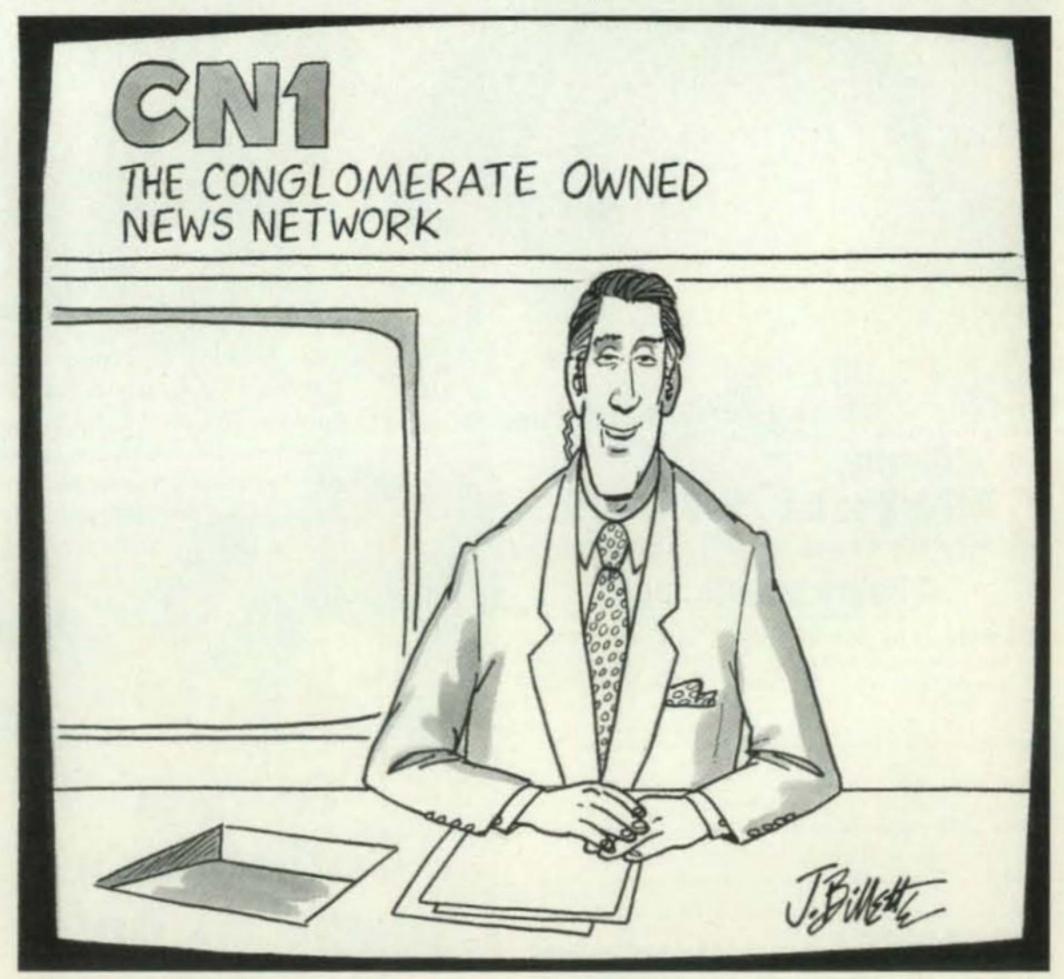
prerecorded message paid for by Kimble for Congress: "Hi. This is Jessie Wynn, wife of Congressman Albert Wynn. Albert Wynn does not respect black women. He left me for a white woman. Please send your donations to Kimble for Congress. Help us defeat Albert Wynn."

"If I'm in the ring with Mike Tyson, I'm not gonna fight fair; I'm gonna kick 'im between the legs," is how John Kimble defends his racially charged smear campaign. "The only way to beat an incumbent is to attack him."

Although Kimble has taken a stand on issues such as vice-if elected, he vows to move Maryland's whorehouses away from schools-personal attacks appear to be the cornerstone of his campaign. At the annual Albert Wynn Summer Crab Feast fund-raiser, members of Kimble's camp were parked nearby with a sign declaring, "Al Wynn Left Black Wife and Child for a White Woman."

"Of course I'm playing the race card," Kimble says, with a level of frankness shocking from a man running for elected office. "Let's be honest: There is lots of tension between white and black people in this country. Whites think blacks are criminals, and blacks think whites are out to screw them over. There's a prejudice on both sides. When you tell people in my district their black representative left his black wife for a white woman, it gets their attention."

What of Albert Wynn's Prince George and Montgomery County constituents? African American voters have a history of being forgiving (witness Marion Berry's reelection as mayor of the nation's largely black capital in 1994 after serving time for possession of crack (continued on page 108)



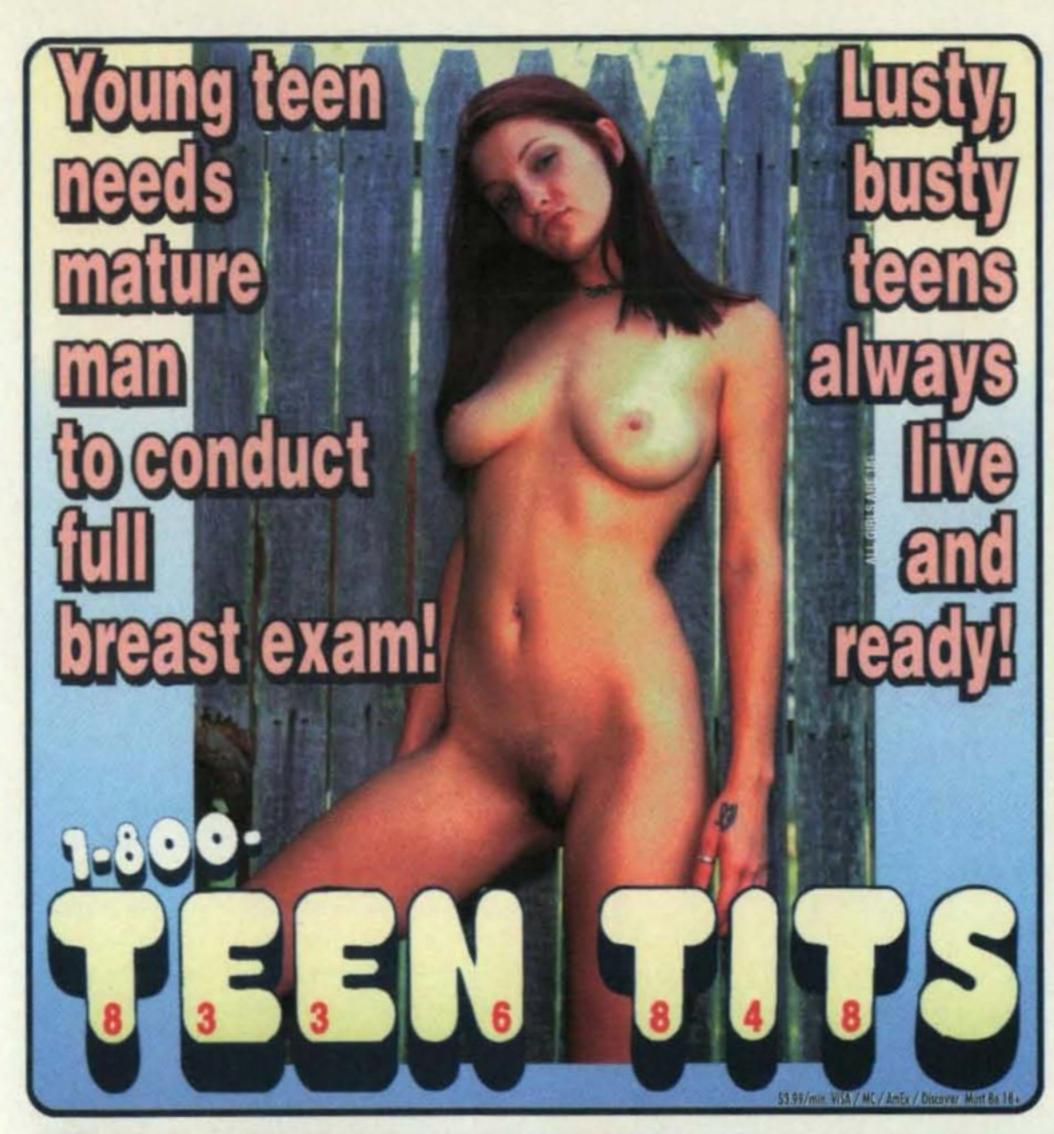
"Stay tuned for all the news that we feel is comfortable and safe enough for you to watch."















### **Dogged**and Mistreated

(continued from page 105) cocaine). Similarly, Fourth District voters seem to be willing to put aside questions of Albert Wynn's troubled personal life.

"This is a good man," says William Sanderson, a 41-year-old Silver Spring mechanic. "He is working for the economic vitality of the community. He proves that not just with words, but with actions. His personal life is his own business."

"I'd have to know all the facts," says Charles White, also a Fourth District voter. "You can't judge a man just by what his ex-wife says about him. If that were the case, I'd be the devil himself."

If Thomas Jefferson's credo of government "of the people, for the people, by the people" is still valid, why shouldn't a man with a troubled personal life be allowed to serve in government?

"I think most people are saying, 'It doesn't matter how messed up his personal life is—what matters is the job that he's doing,' says Albert Wynn's scorned wife. "But let me ask you this: When you walk away and leave your family, that's a sad statement on a man. When you see the mother of your child in bankruptcy court, and don't lift a finger to help her—what kind of man is that? Do you trust that man to look out for you, a stranger,

when he neglects his own family?"

In spite of Jessie Wynn's best efforts to defame her future ex-husband, Albert Wynn is generally considered to be a shoo-in for reelection. Many observers regard challenger John Kimble's congressional campaign to be little more than a joke. A man with no identifiable means of income (he

"When you walk away and leave your family, that's a sad statement on a man. Do you trust that man to look out for you when he neglects his own family?"

describes himself as a behavioral scientist and an inventor), Kimble once offered to pose nude for *Playgirl* if shock jock Howard Stern would pony up \$1 million for his campaign. Stern did not dignify Kimble's request with a response. Kimble, who lives with eight dogs and six cats, won the Republican nomination to contest Albert Wynn's

seat largely because he ran unopposed.

Although John Kimble looks every bit the part of a fringe character, to Jessie Wynn, he is a rare commodity—a man in politics she feels she can trust.

"I didn't agree to work with him until months after he asked me," Jessie says. "During that time, I got to know him as a friend. I discovered he really is an honest man. You can't be phony to someone for that long."

Jessie and Kimble enjoy a weirdly symbiotic relationship: In Jessie, Kimble has a spokeswoman willing to sling the kind of damning personal dirt that may be his only chance to unseat the betterfunded, better-connected and better-liked incumbent. Because of her association with Kimble, Jessie finally has the ear of the mainstream media.

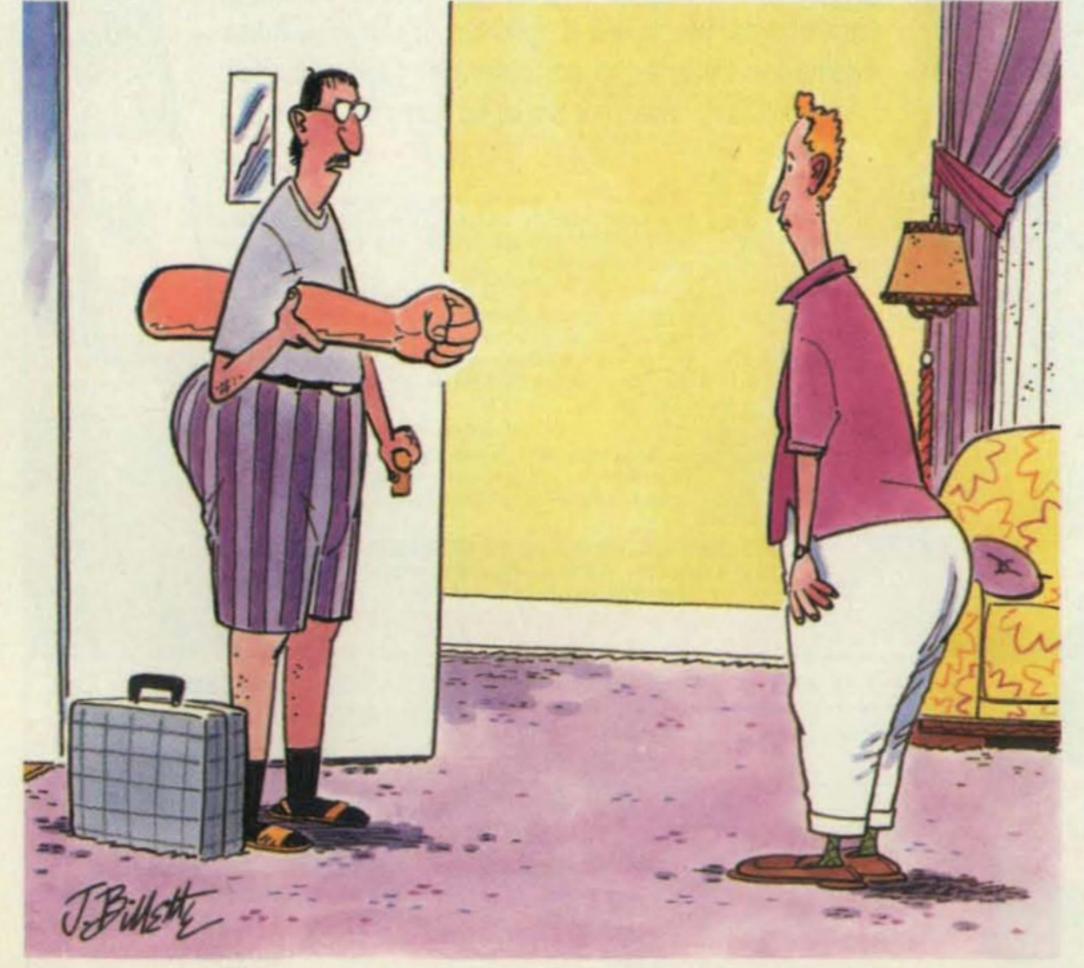
News that John Kimble had recruited the estranged wife of Albert Wynn in his run for office first piqued the attention of the ultraconservative Washington Times. Once the story was out, many of the same sources who wouldn't return Jessie's calls just months earlier were falling over themselves trying to secure face-to-face interviews—local TV news, then Salon.com, and soon the Washington Post, the Chicago Tribune and 20/20. Out of loyalty to HUSTLER, the first news source to tape a full-length interview, Jessie has declined most of these offers.

After the November vote, when the attention of the national media cools off, the Jessie Wynn story will be forgotten for another, more current, tale of woe, and Jessie will go back to picking up the pieces of her life. As she combs through a box of personal photographs—photos that will be put in storage while Jessie and her daughter find temporary shelter in a hotel or at a relative's house—images of Jessie's ready, warm smile of yesteryear contrast sharply with the anguished expression she wears today.

"Nothing can change what happened to me," Jessie sighs, struggling to maintain her composure. "But if I can let a woman know the truth, before it happens to her, then my pain will have some kind of purpose."

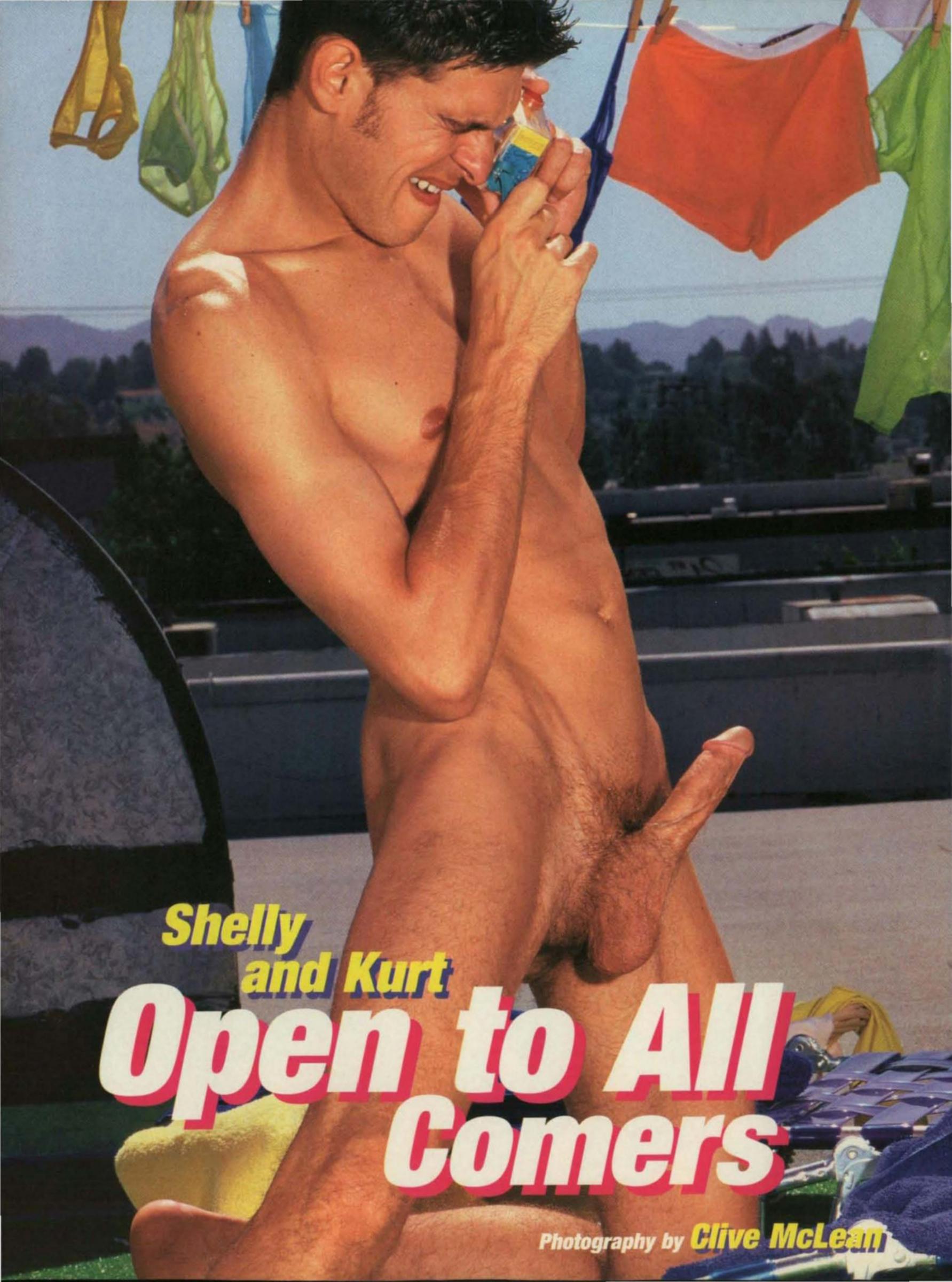
While her anger is obviously more personal than political, Jessie Wynn feels a greater issue is at hand when it comes to her husband's behavior.

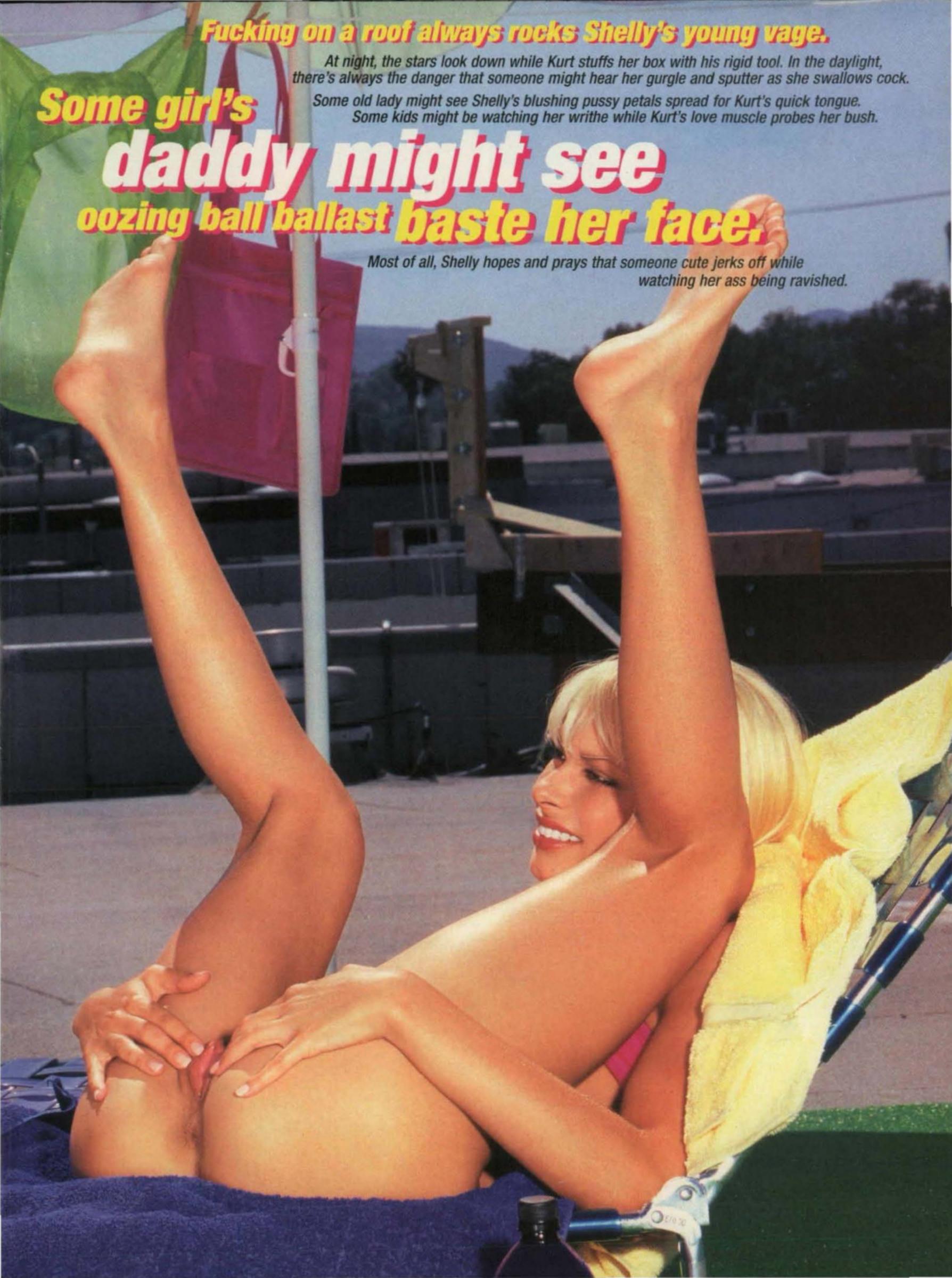
"It's like these guys can do anything, and it's all right. But people need to start demanding things out of these politicians. Taxpayers pay their salaries; so we are their bosses, really. And we need to know hiring them, and firing them, is our job."



"I'm leaving you, Bruce, and I'm taking Mr. Fist with me!"







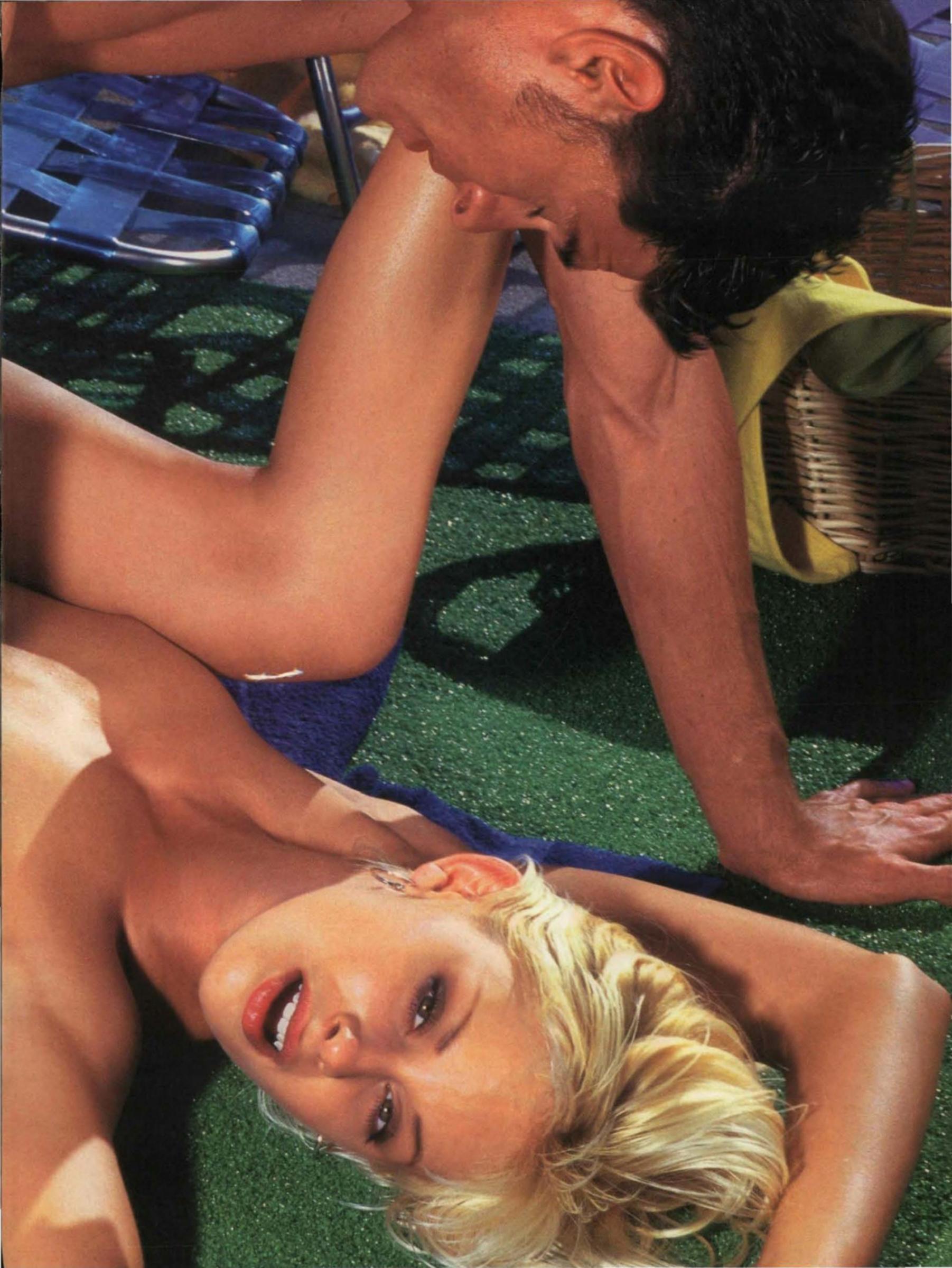






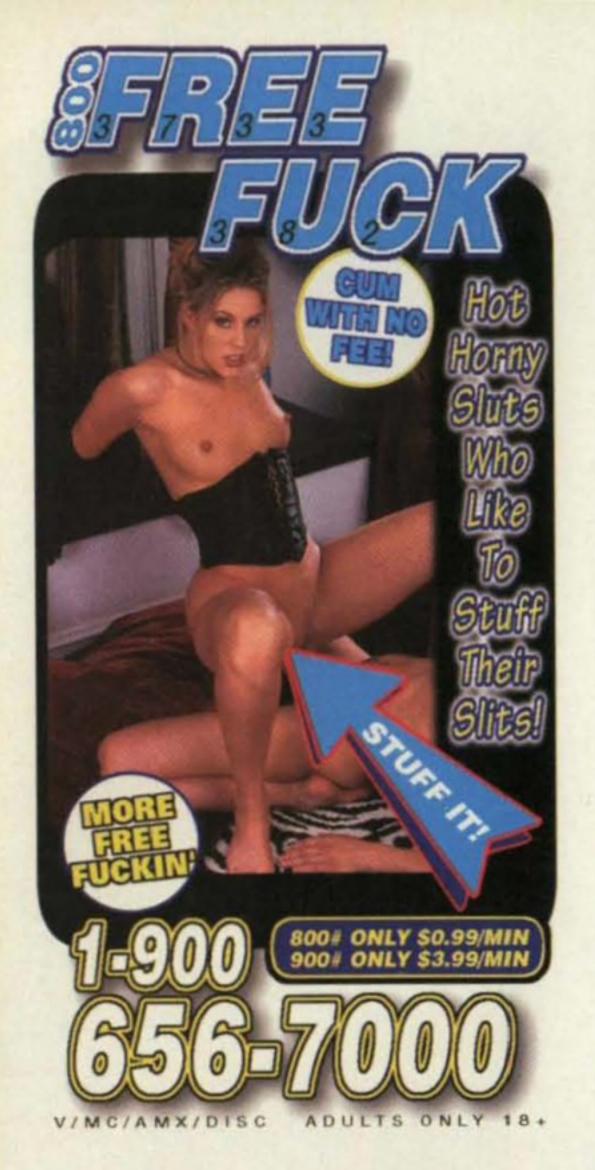


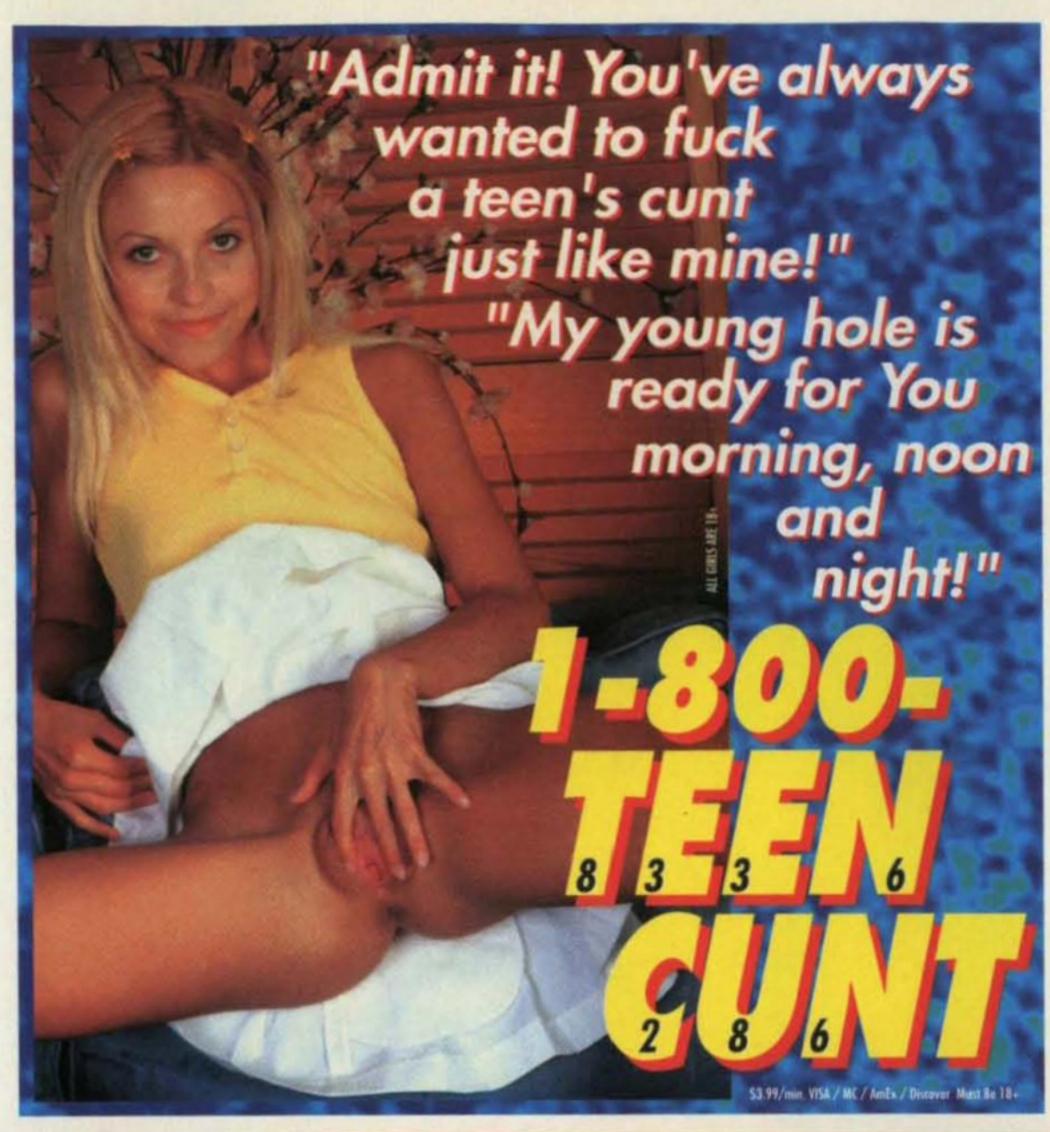


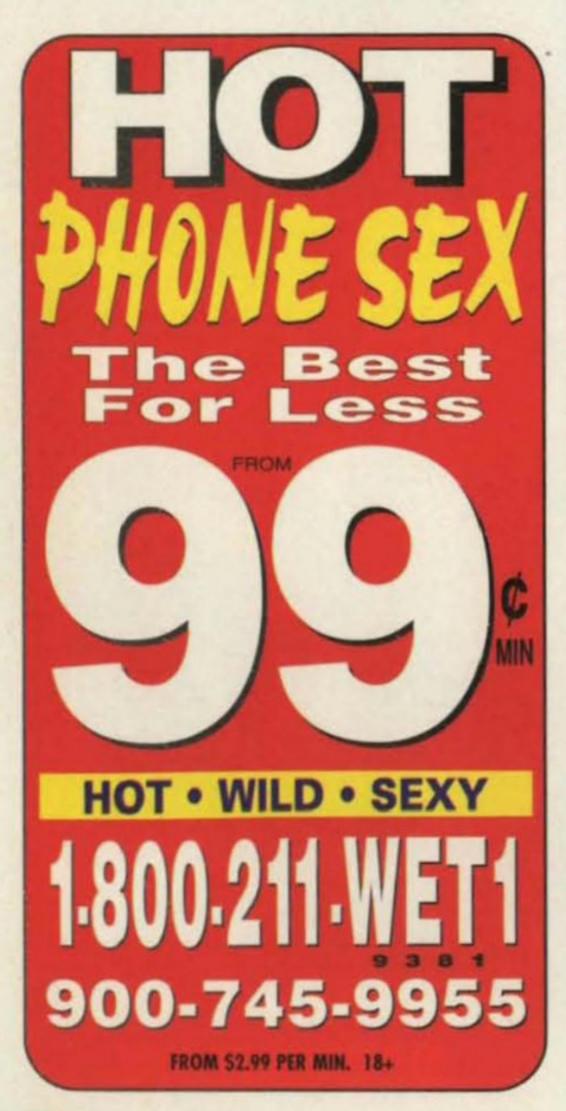






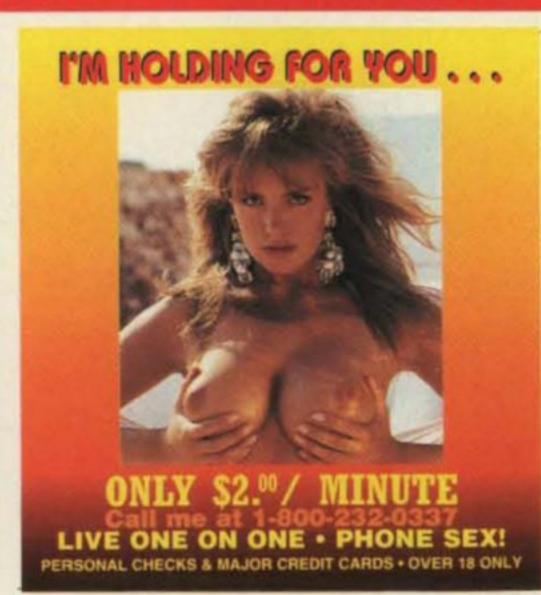


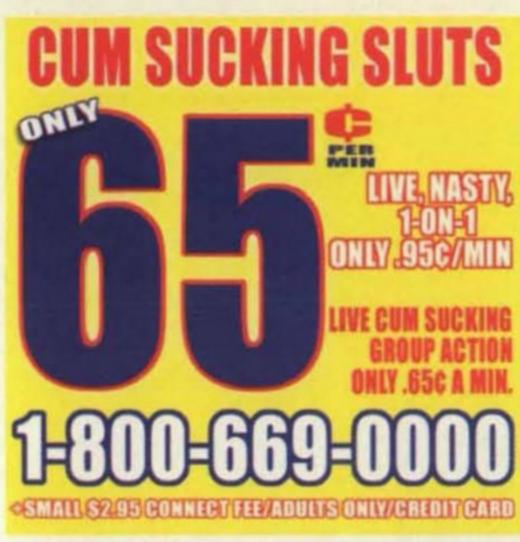


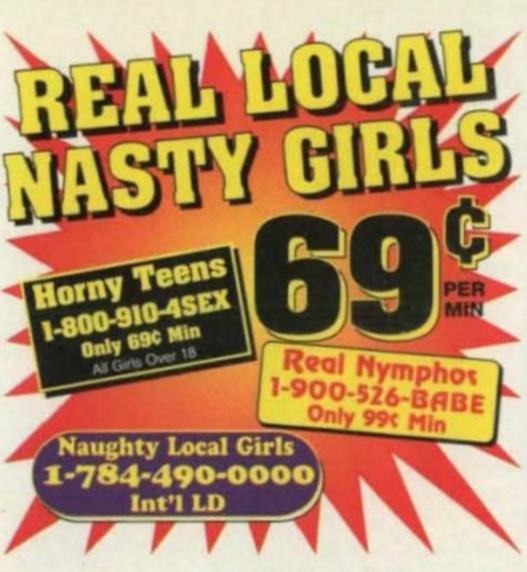










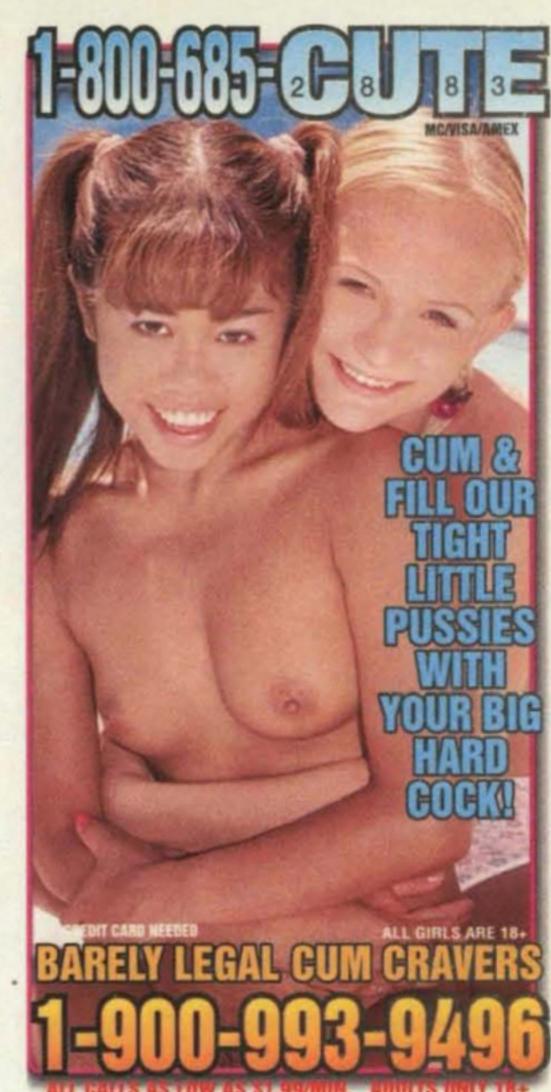


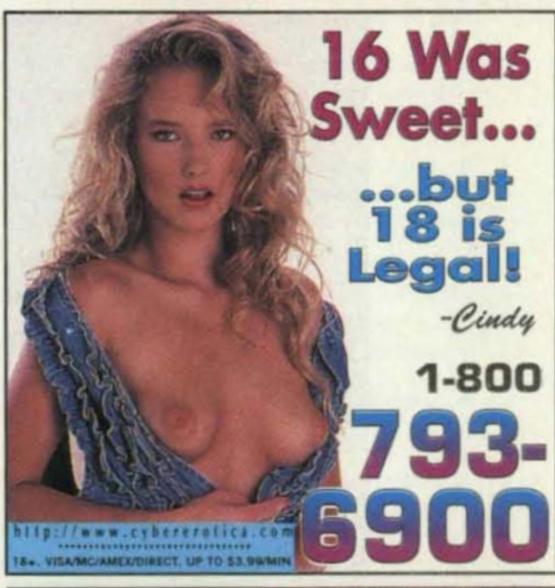














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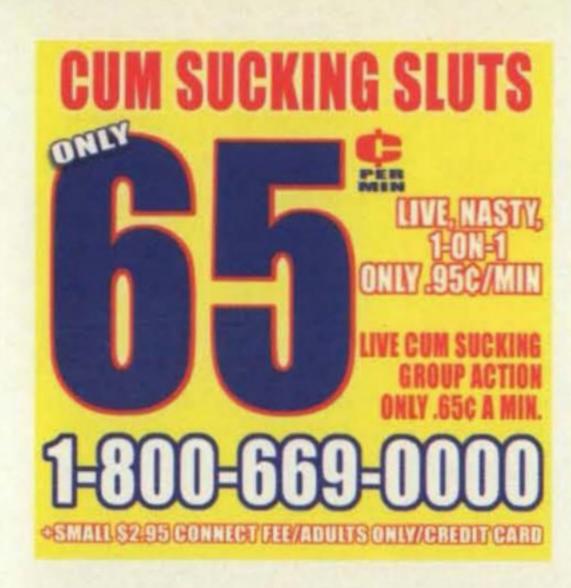
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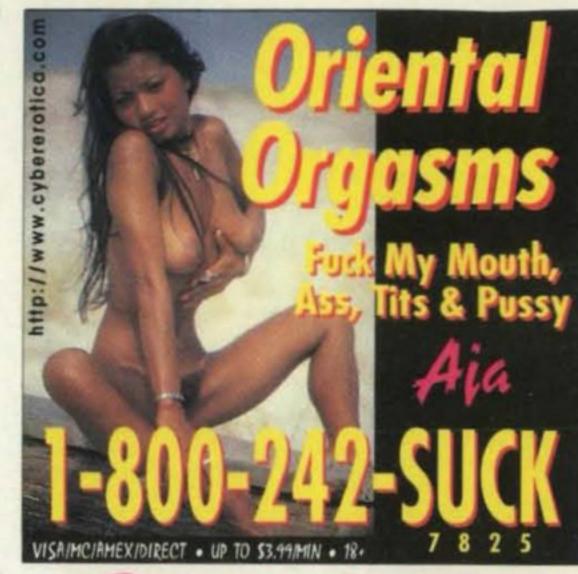






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## My Bloody Life

brothers were with me. The acid made me impatient. I kept talking shit. "Kedzie and Armitage Latin Kings!" I shouted, as if those present didn't know where I was from.

"Not another word," Loco warned me. "These are our brothers also. Give them respect." I lit up another joint and sat there.

Finally, Agila arrived. He was in a wheelchair. Suddenly, the only people at my side were Loco and Lalo. Everybody else just stared at me as Agila maneuvered his chair straight at me. "Look at me," Agila said. "Do you feel like a man now? 'Cause you're not going to be feeling like a man for long."

"Fuck you, man. You asked for it," was my reply. "I felt like a man before. You just had to fuck with me." Agila tried to jump at me and fell, adding insult to his injury. Loco grabbed me by the front of my shirt, pushed me against the wall and yelled at me to shut up. I stood right there against the wall with a smart-alecky look on my face until two big guys walked up to me. These guys were men in their 20s or 30s, and they were huge.

laughed. Everyone just stared. "All right," I said. "Come on with it. Fuck this shit. King love almighty."

Loco looked at his watch and signaled for the guys to start beating me. I don't know if it was the acid or if I had gotten used to this type of beating because of the last time it happened, but it wasn't that bad. One of the guys hit the wall

Loco looked at his watch and signaled for the guys to start beating me. When it was over, I buckled over in pain. I then pulled a joint out of my pocket and lit it up.

and hurt his hand, so he didn't do much damage. The other guy beat the shit out of me. When it was over, I buckled over in pain and waved everybody away from me. I then pulled a joint out of my pocket and lit it up. I took one long puff and yelled, "King love!" A couple of southside Kings came over and helped me up. All was forgotten, but not for Agila.

were huge.

"These brothers will kill me, man," I said, laughing. I was the only one who side Kings came over and helped me up. All was forgotten, but not for Agila.

"Sir, the airline apologizes for the lengthy delay in departure.
Would you care for a complimentary blowjob?"

He promised to kill me and rolled his wheelchair away.

Back on the northside, it was time for celebration. Just about all the Kedzie and Armitage Latin Kings were at the Cortland and Whipple clubhouse, congratulating me. Some Kings and Queens from the southside came down to party with us. I sat on a recliner, licking my wounds. I moved only to shake someone's hand or to bring a beer or joint to my mouth. I was in deep pain but refused to show it. I didn't want to ruin that moment of glory.

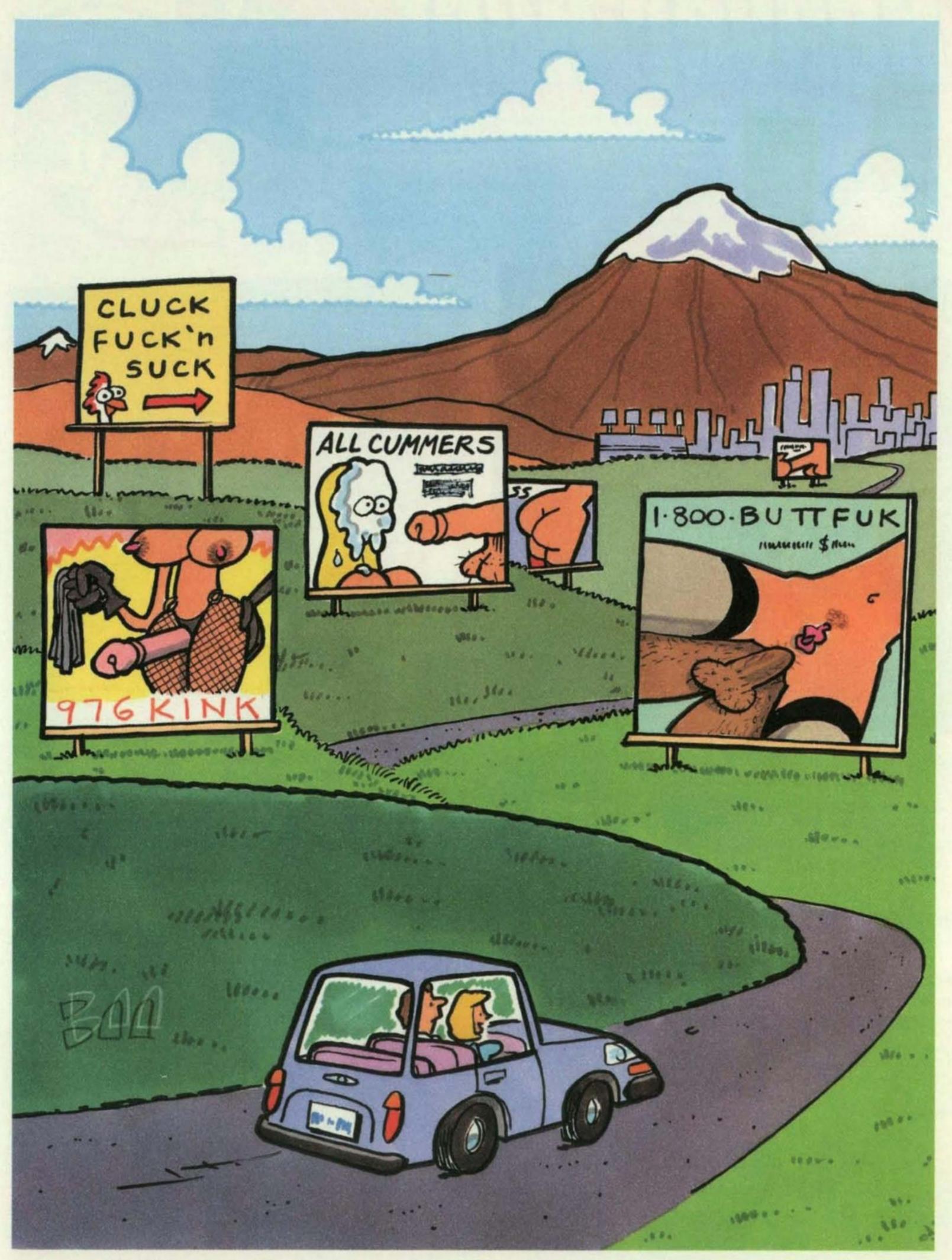
The morning after the violation, I woke up in pain like I had never felt before. I couldn't move, and began throwing up blood. I woke up in an ambulance on my way to the hospital. I had alcohol poisoning and had to have my stomach pumped. The doctors found two fractured ribs, along with many bruised and swollen areas of my body. They began to ask questions about the injuries. I blamed my drunkenness and told them I had no idea what had happened the night before.

Doctors and police officers surrounded me at the hospital, asking questions. They asked me everything from who had given me the alcohol to what gang I was affiliated with. I kept my mouth shut. All I did was complain about the pain. Finally, they gave up trying to get information from me. The room emptied, and a nurse came in. She was going to wash me. The nurse was a very nice Oriental lady. She showed me a lot of compassion as she cleaned me up. By the time she finished washing me, I had answered all the questions that the doctors and police had been asking.

About an hour later, I heard her talking to the police about needing to call the Child and Family Welfare Department to take care of me. I was only 16—still a minor. I started screaming for a phone to call my mother. They gave me a phone. I called Loca. When Loca answered, I screamed, "Mom, come get me! I'm in the hospital, and they want to take me to a home!"

Loca caught on to what was happening. Within the hour, she was at the hospital to pick me up. She knew they were going to say she was too young to be my mother; so she brought her next-door neighbor to claim she was my mother. It worked like a charm, and within minutes, I was on my way back to the 'hood.

As before, I recovered from my injuries at Loca's. This time, I recovered much more quickly. Within a week, I was on the streets doing the same old thing.



"I'm glad the tobacco industry had to give up all those unsightly billboards. I wonder who bought all the ad space?"



## Bearer Hunt

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2001 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture, and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 2001 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the

Grand Prize Winner is \$500, and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include copies of two forms of ID, one with photo. All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.





Erica is clearly on the threshold of greatness. The 23-year-old nubile calls the town of Thomaston, Georgia, home and knows that she's "smart, good-looking and sweet," which is why Erica's sure to accomplish her goal of becoming a nurse. Taking pictures, swimming and listening to music are just a few of the sultry -Photo by Friend Southerner's favorite pastimes.



Michele's a real wildcat. When the 25-year-old Columbus, Ohio, fleshpot isn't unleashing her pussy, she likes to dance, party, work out and fuck. The rabid party girl's fantasy bang would be with a "guy and a girl at the same time." -Photo by Friend

## Amateur Photo/Video Contests

#### Model Release / Entry Form

To enter HUSTLER Beaver Hunt or HUSTLER Video Beaver Hunt, you must be over 18 years old, and you must fill out and send this release and COPIES OF TWO FORMS OF ID, ONE WITH PHOTO (i.e., driver's license, passport, work or school ID card or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win \$250 if we publish your photo, or \$500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth \$5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Please Print **Hobbies** Model's name Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name Name to be published Sexual Fantasies (Include separate sheet if necessary) Date of birth Phone (include area code) Model's Social Security number Address Photographer/Cameraperson City Address State Zip Occupation City State

#### Note: Prize money sent to model only.

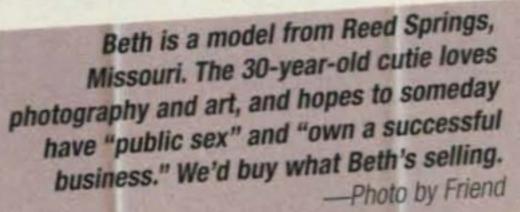
In consideration of \$250 for photographs or \$500 for a video, I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under Its permission or upon its authority, full worldwide rights and exclusive permission in perpetuity to copyright and/or publish any photographs or videos of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, video footage, portraits or any of the above information, whether true or fictional. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos, and that my video footage may be accompanied by commentary and can be distributed with other affiliated videos, and that my photographs or video image can be published in other HUSTLER-affiliated magazines. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution.

I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model)







Tawnie boasts a beautiful mane of luxurious, brown hair and a neatly trimmed nether coif. A 19-year-old model from Detroit, Michigan, the brunette enjoys dancing, riding bikes, camping and sex. With her pretty grin and fuzz-lined vertical smile, Tawnie's another compelling argument to toss the razor and let the bushes grow.



You gotta love the way Braunwyn, 26, spreads wide, plugs her cooze and works her clit like a madwoman. Hailing from Sacramento, California, the limber blonde has brains to go along with her oversexed attitude. A student and Web designer, Braunwyn's interests include black-and-white photography and computer graphics. Smart and sexual—the perfect Beaver Hunt combination.





-Photo by Husband



Karyn, 26, of San Antonio, Texas, works at a pet resort. The Southern belle's favorite pastimes include working out, reading, dancing and, believe it or not,

cleaning house. Karyn longs "to make love in the back of a limo during a thunderstorm."



A 24-year-old receptionist from Baltimore, Maryland, Candy spreads her tender sweets, apparently ready to receive. The tasty Beaver likes to shoot pool, swim and lie out in the sun, but the real treat Candy craves is "sex under a waterfall." Candy can melt in our mouths, hands or anywhere she -Photo by Friend damn well pleases.



Gina takes a break from tickling the ivories to play with her pink. A 31-year-old housewife from Dallas, Texas, Gina likes boating, music and swimming. The busty Texan's fantasies are to "make a porn" and "get in a magazine." Now that you're in HUSTLER, Gina, you're a video camera away from complete fulfillment.

—Photo by Friend

Perky titties, a shaved coochie and a rose tattoo aren't Michelle's only fine points. The 27-year-old deli clerk from Bradenton, Florida, is also a really cool chick. Michelle digs watching movies and "just chillin'" with family and friends. The slender babe's fantasy involves "crazy sex with a beautiful female." Michelle's one Beaver we'd love to hang with.

-Photo by Friend



Dee, of Vauxhall, New Jersey, likes to cause a commotion. "Flashing, teasing and getting every man's attention" are all part of the 42-year-old's modus operandi. "I love to show off," the gorgeous spotlight-grabber boasts. That's a good thing, Dee, since we love to watch you.



"I have a great sense of humor," coos
Heather, 30, of Dallas, Texas, but
there's nothing funny about this
property manager's perfectly fuckable
bod. The good-natured blonde has an
affinity for reading, singing and going
to the beach. For a lark, Heather
would like to take a crack at sex with
"two men at once."

-Photo by Friend



"One of my wettest fantasies is to go on a sexual skydiving adventure with my girlfriend," says Erika, a 28-year-old cocktail waitress from Lakewood, California. While in free fall, the extreme hottie wants "to eat her like she's never been eaten before." When she's not planning her action-packed lesbo excursion, Erika likes to hang out in Internet chat rooms, shop and tend to her garden.

—Photo by Friend

Keen eyes in Landisville, Pennsylvania, might catch a glimpse of 27-year-old Angie flaunting her tight bod in the open air. "I enjoy sex in the outdoors," the daring day-care teacher admits, citing "the thrill of being caught" as alfresco fucking's greatest appeal. Angie loves working out, dancing and trying new things. "I've already fulfilled my sexual fantasies, but I'm always open to new experiences," she confesses.



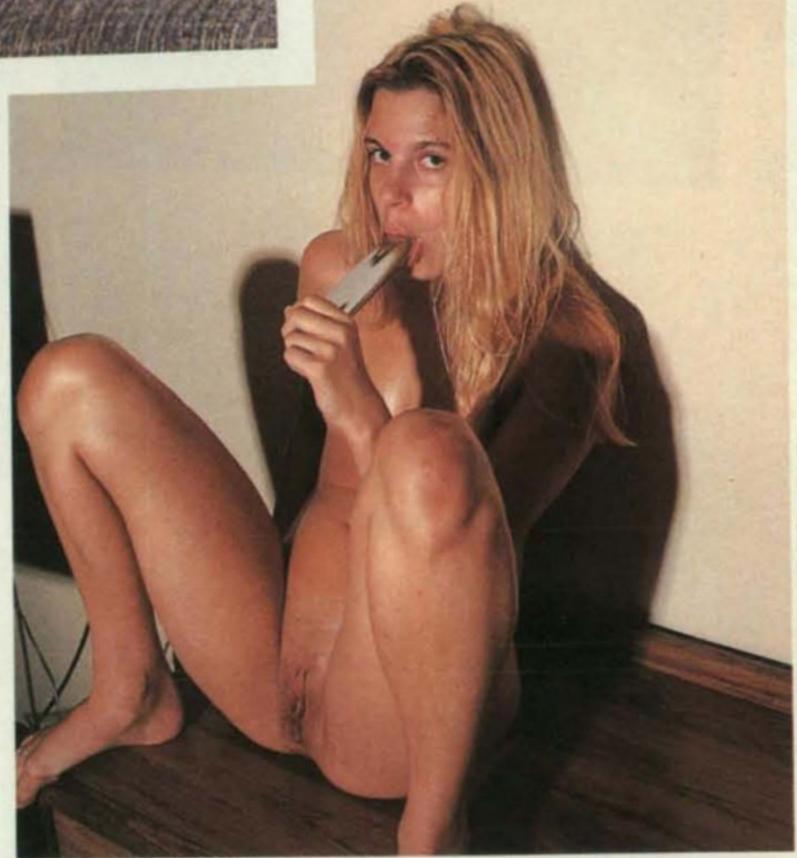




Kelly, 23, of Cairo, Georgia, is an accomplished student in the art of carnal exploration. "I've already done every sexual fantasy," the gorgeous office secretary boasts. Nonstop clubbing, tanning, dancing and tennis have helped make Kelly the well-rounded Beaver that she is today.

-Photo by Boyfriend





"I know what I want and how to get it," purrs 20-year-old Mandy from Indianapolis, Indiana. The dirty blonde's first step to world domination: to assemble "the largest vibrator collection in North America." Eventually, Mandy would like to "patent my own sex toy" and "make my own porn." With Mandy's do-it-herself ethos, she's sure to succeed.

-Photo by Friend

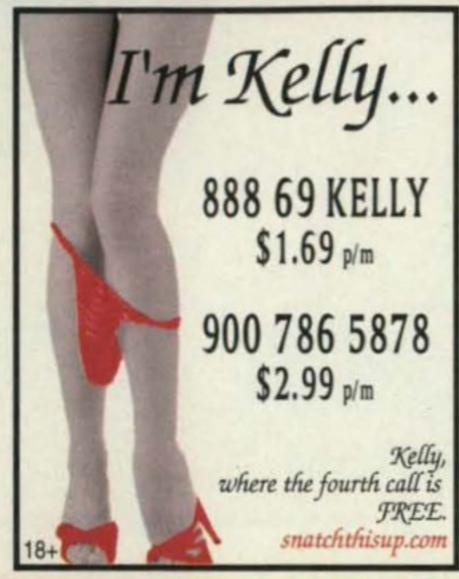
The exotic Nakia's poontang is so delectable, even she can't help staring at it. The 29-year-old San Diego, California, resident aspires to be a porn star. In the meantime, the comely clam-gazer likes to paint and shoot guns, and longs "to have sex with three men."























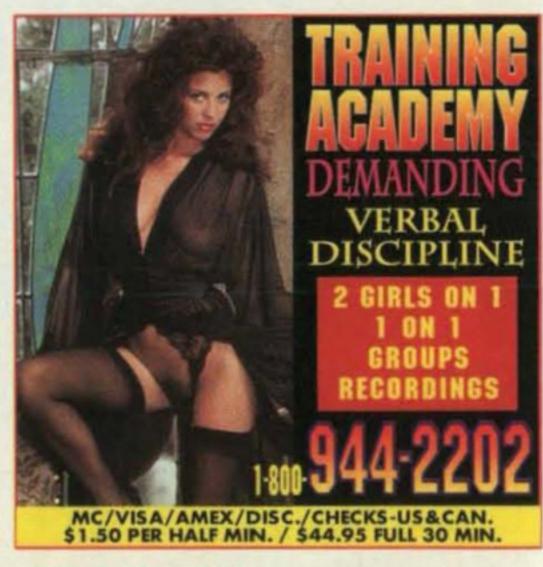


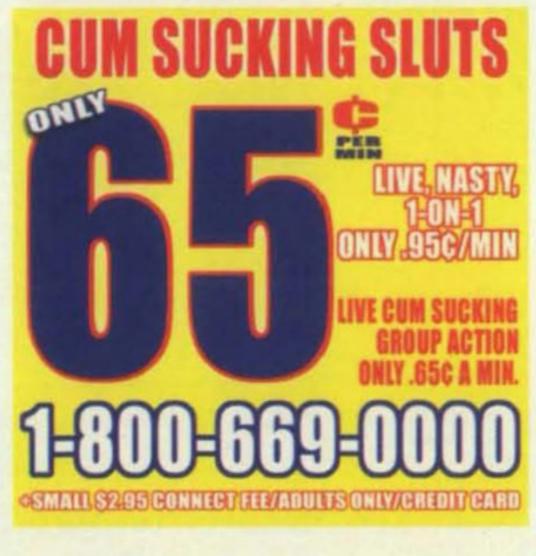


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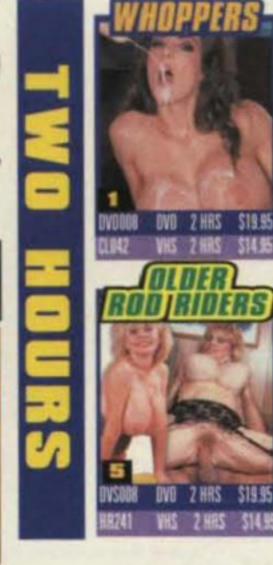




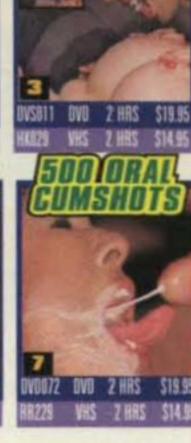


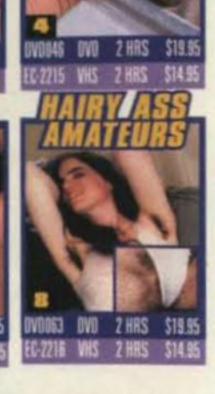


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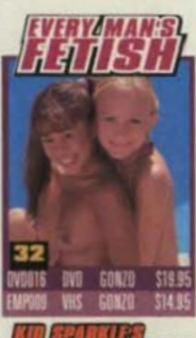
















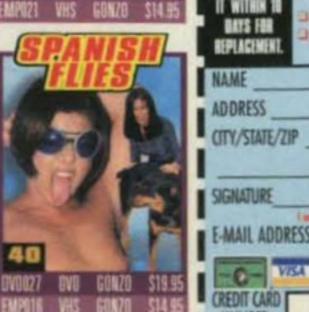












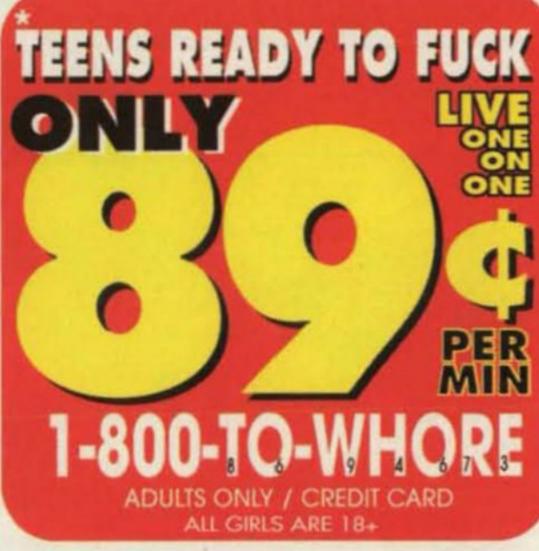
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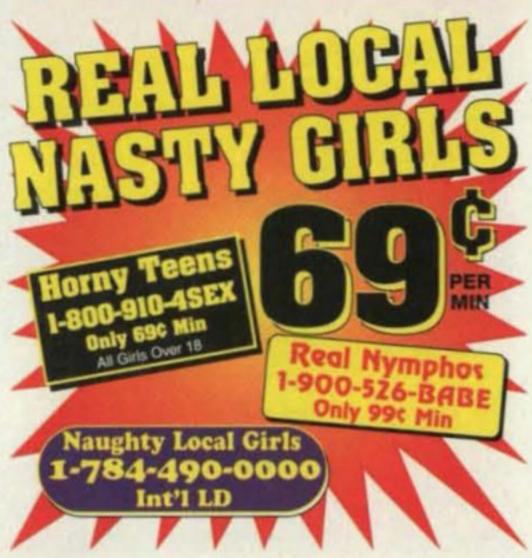
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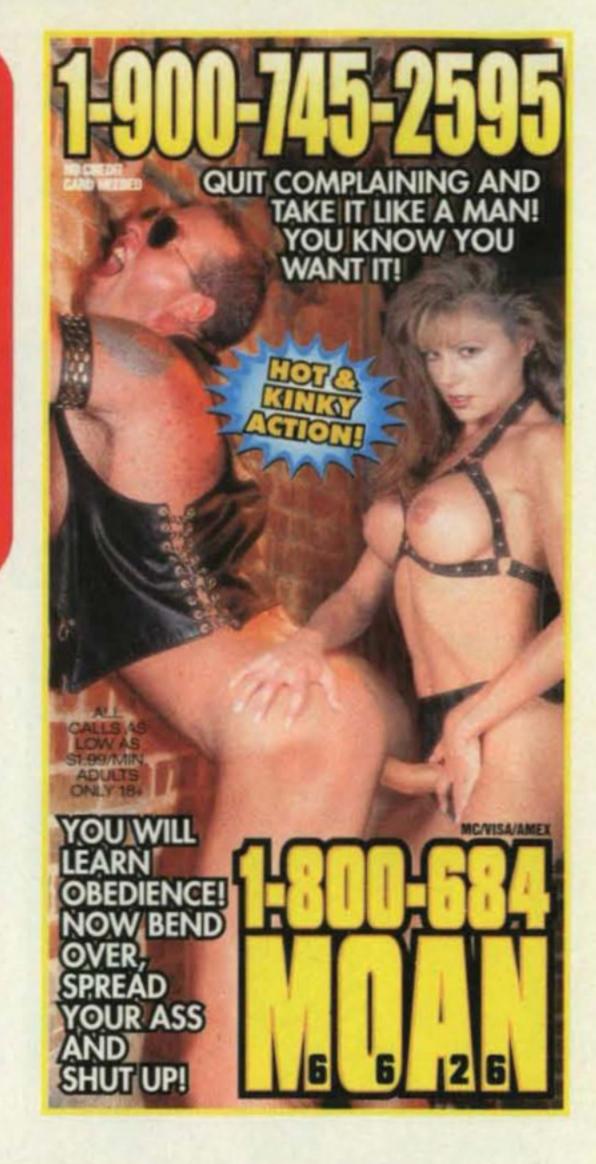
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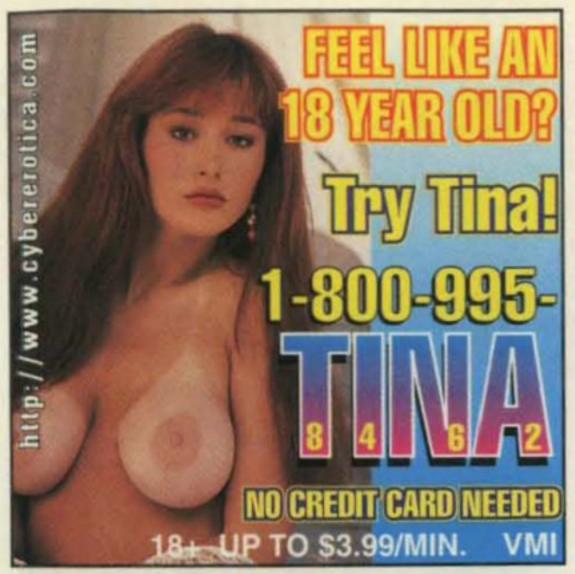
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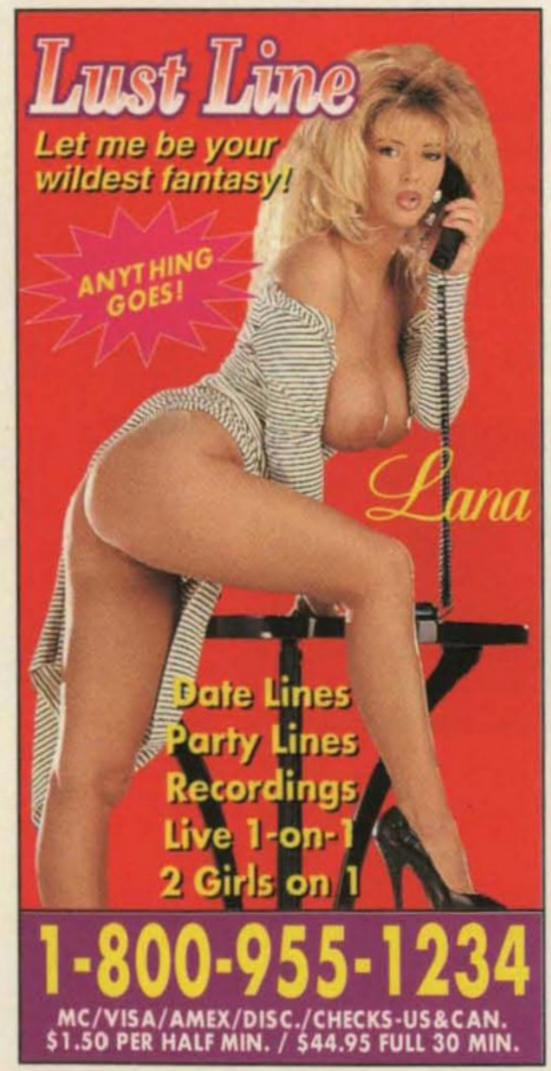


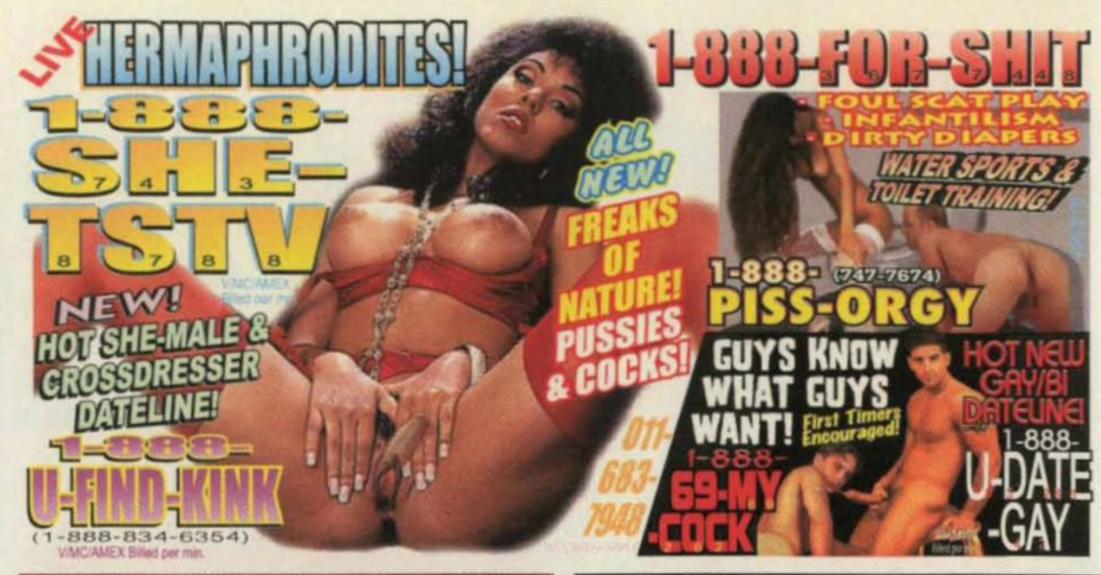
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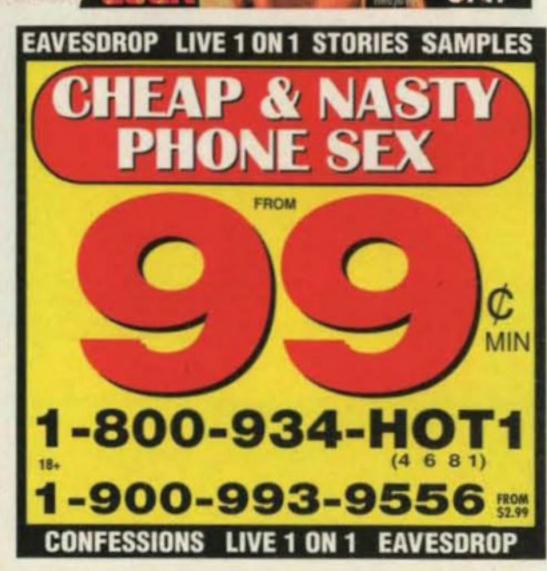






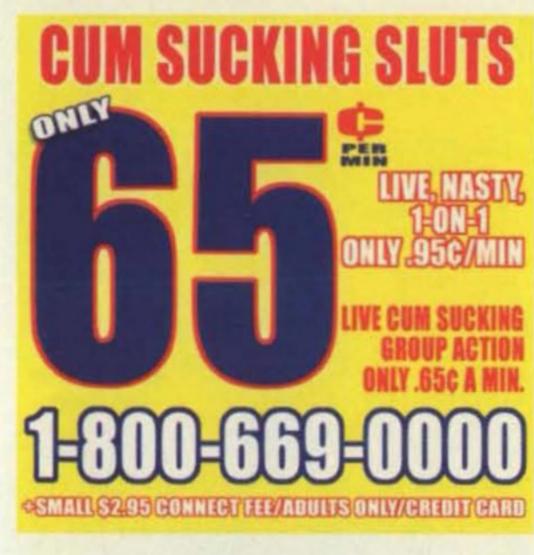






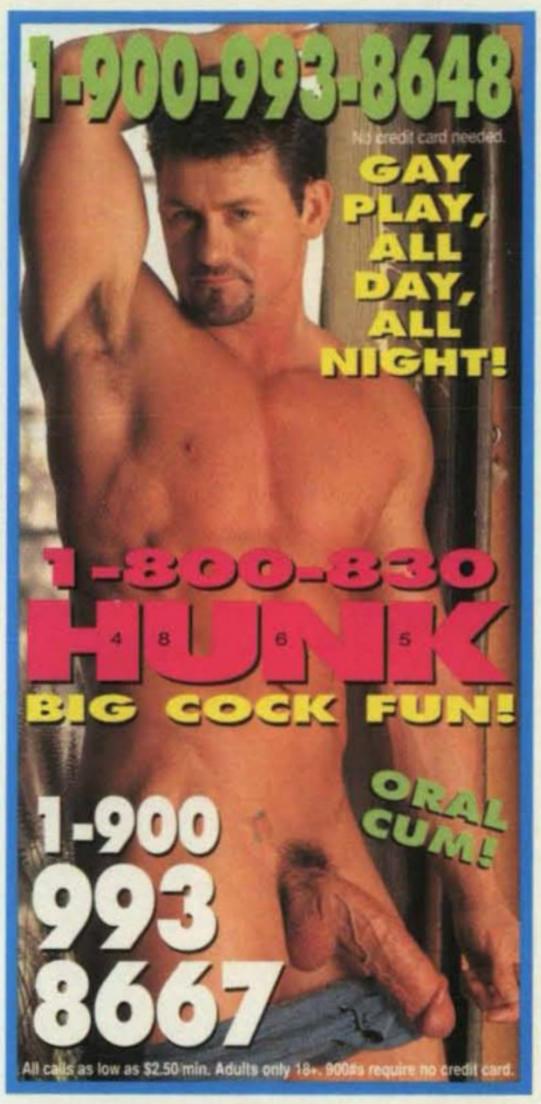




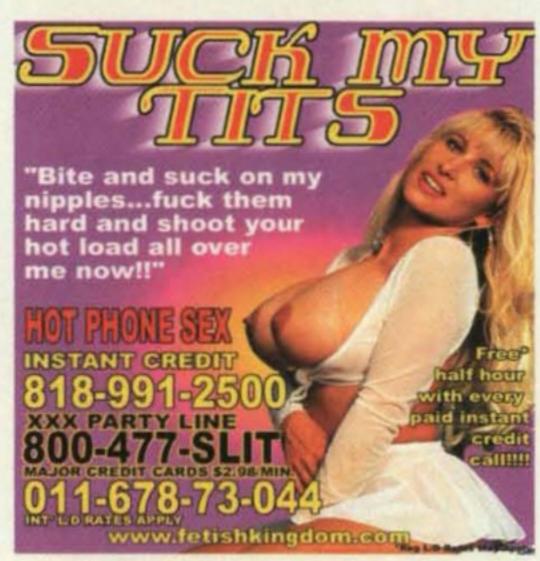












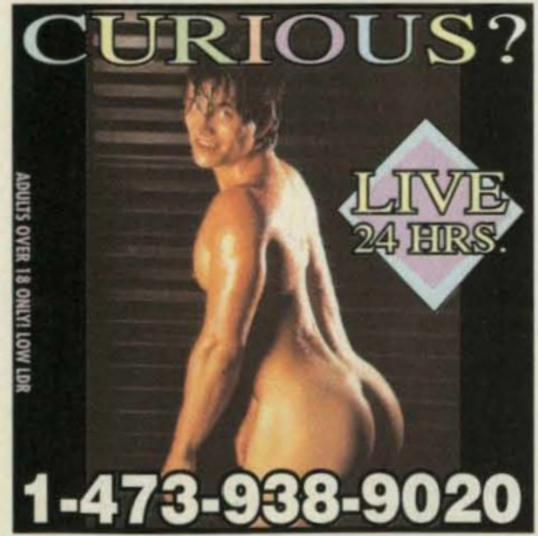




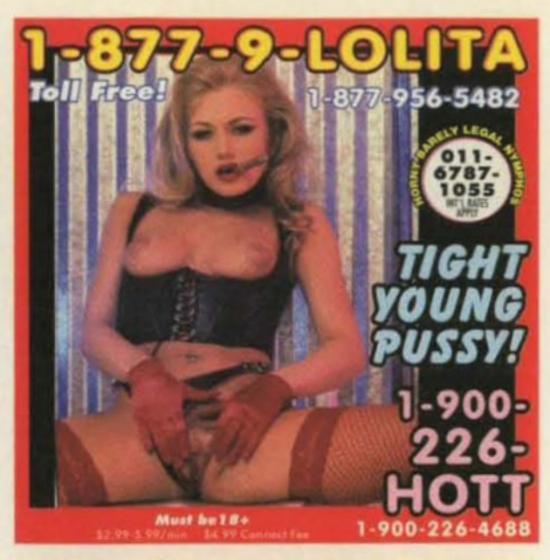


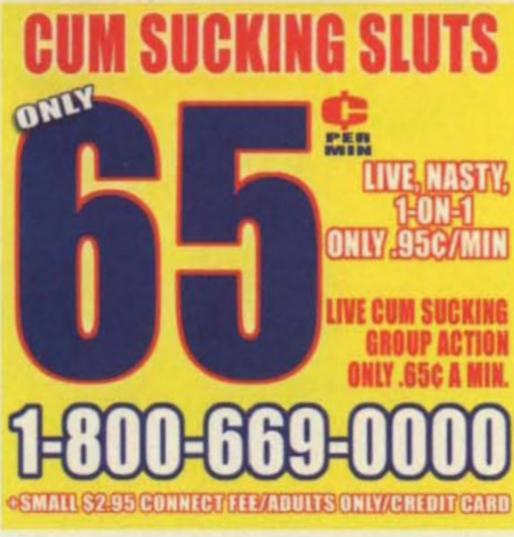














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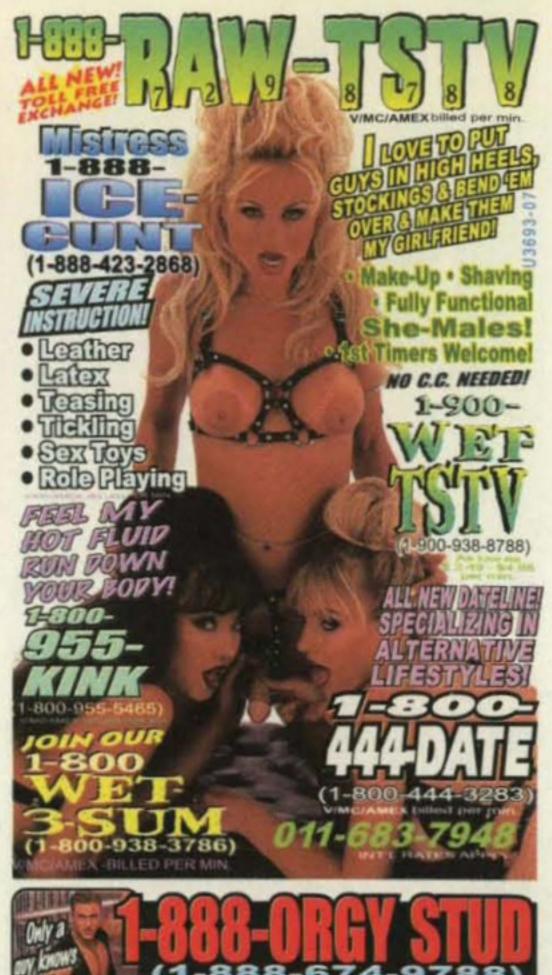
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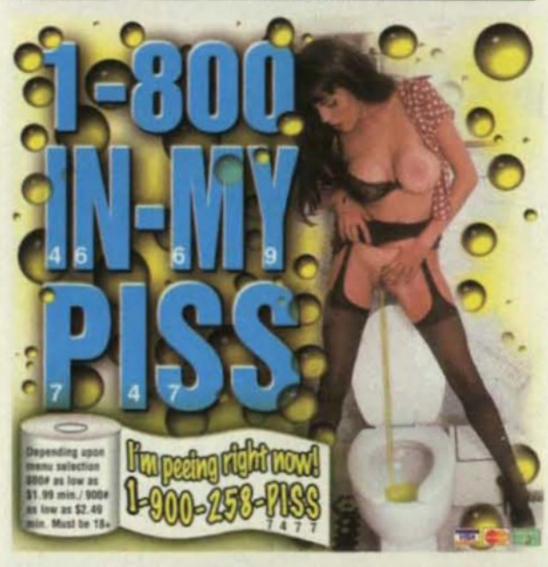
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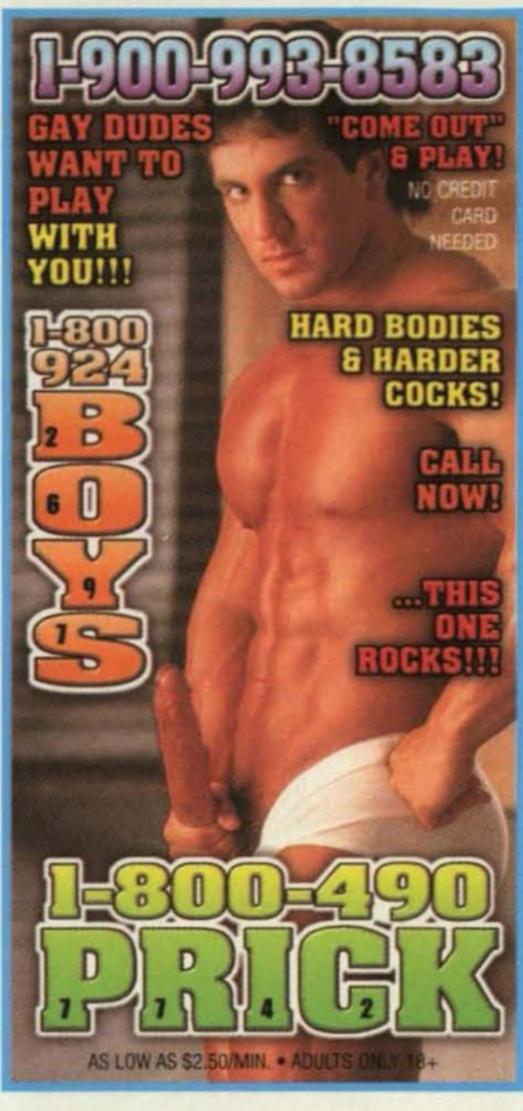


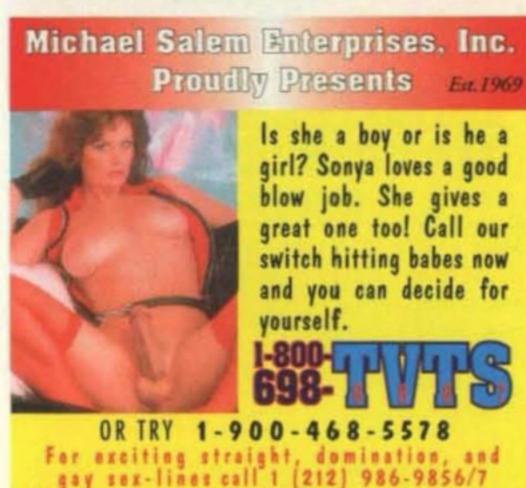














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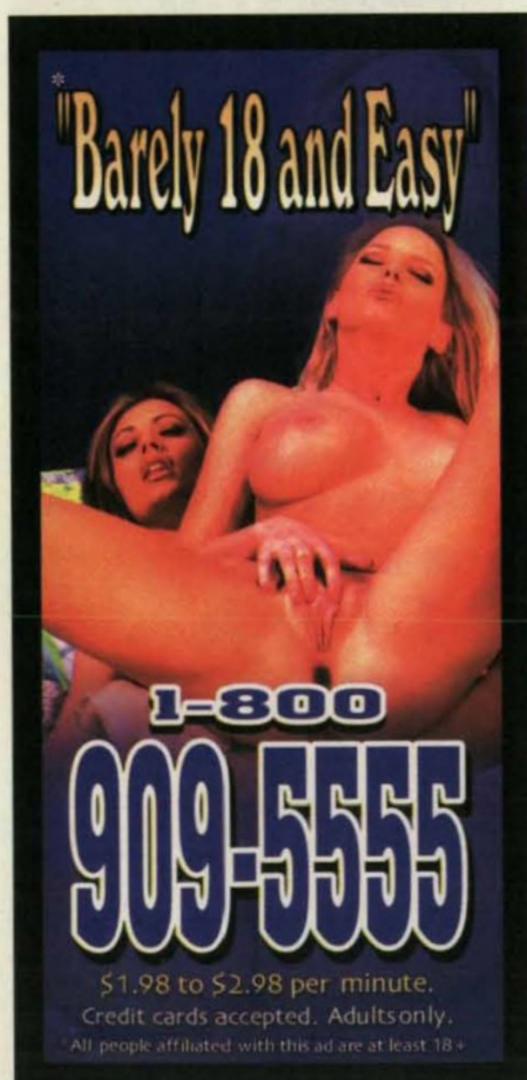






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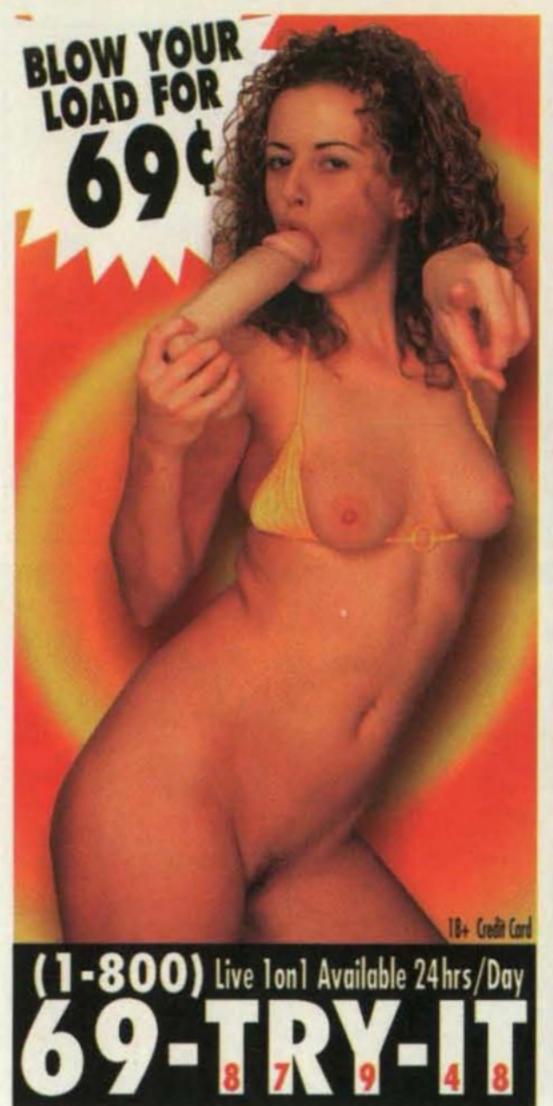
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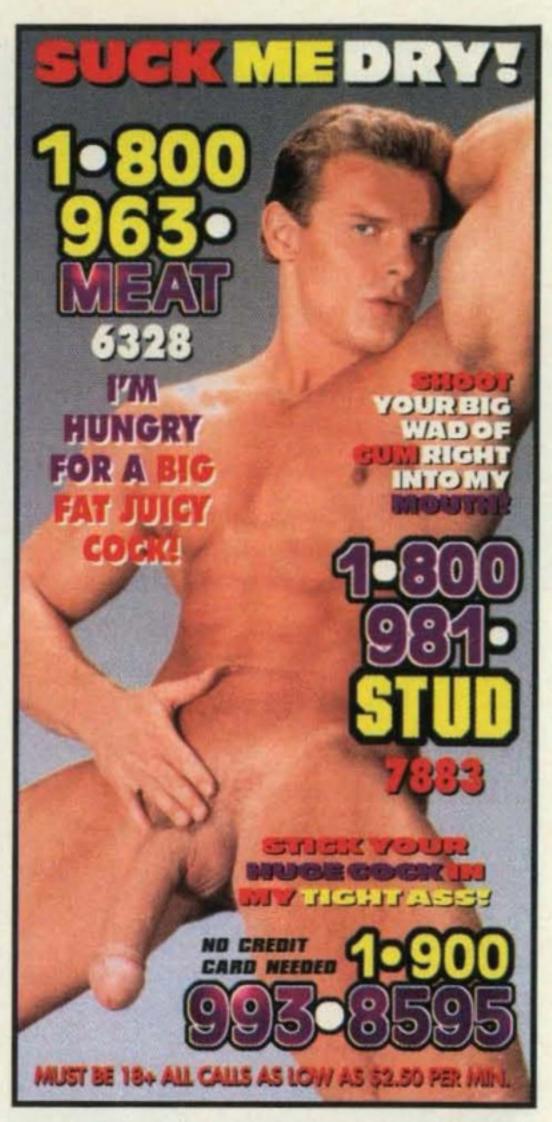




















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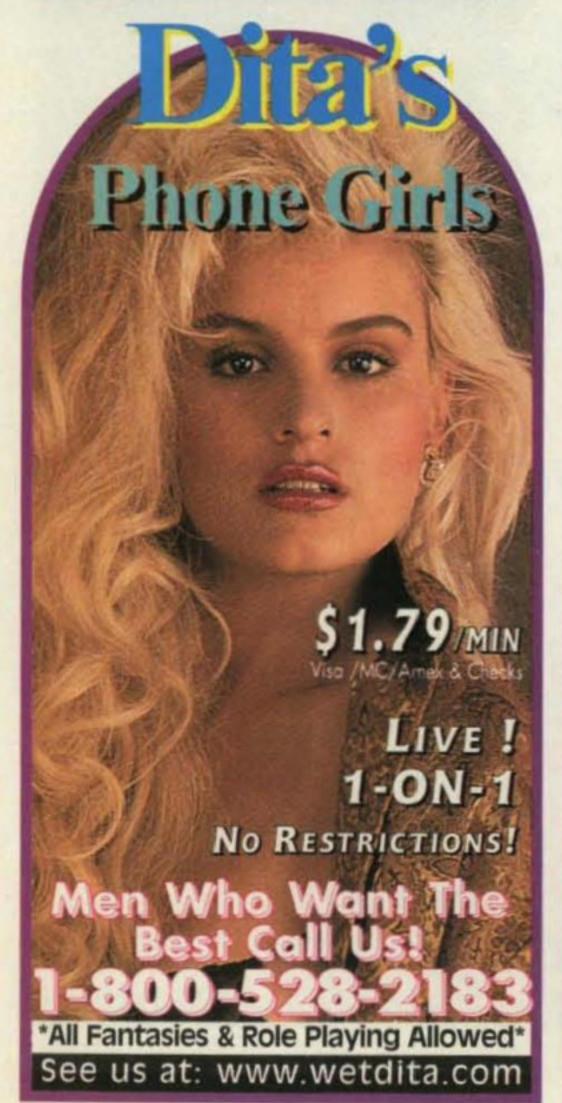
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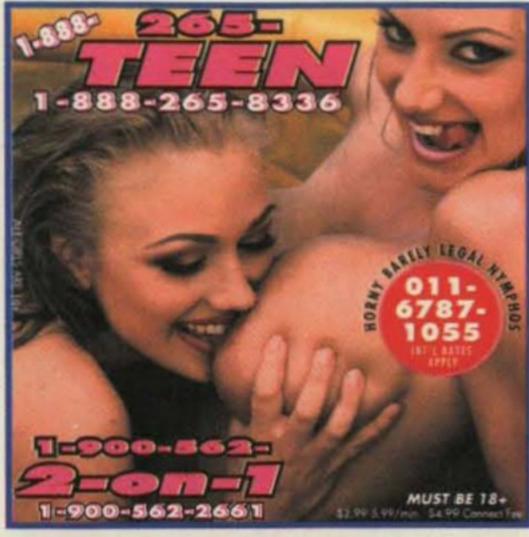
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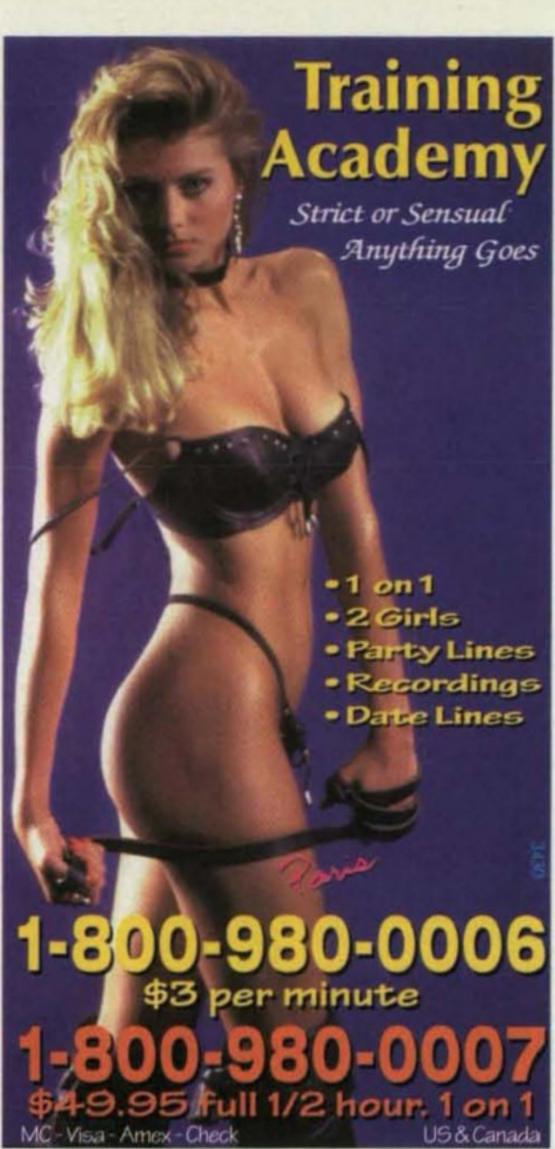


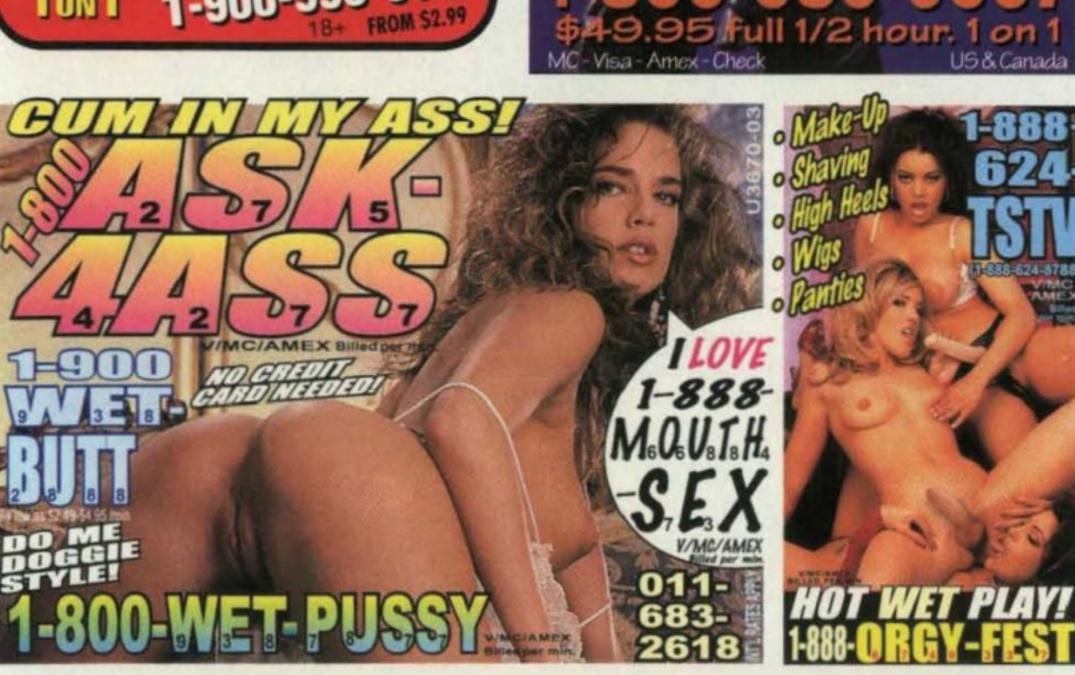






















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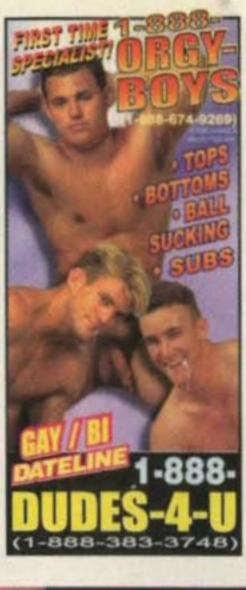
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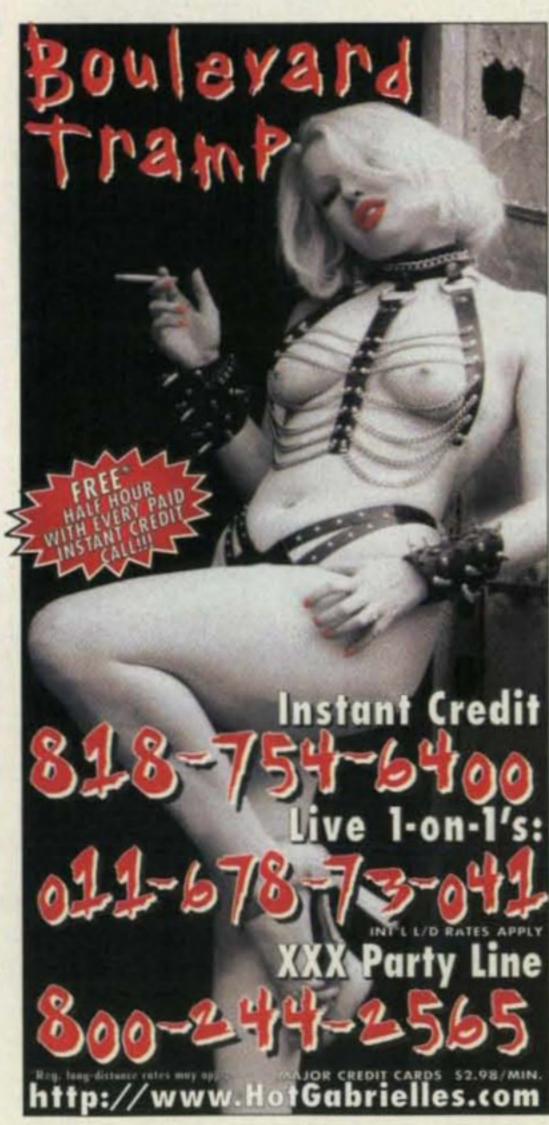






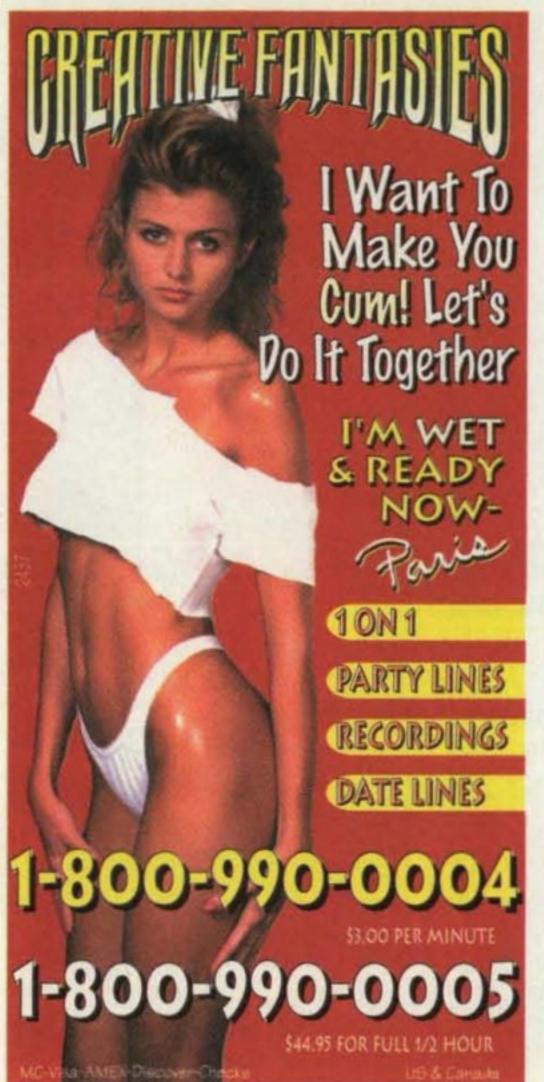


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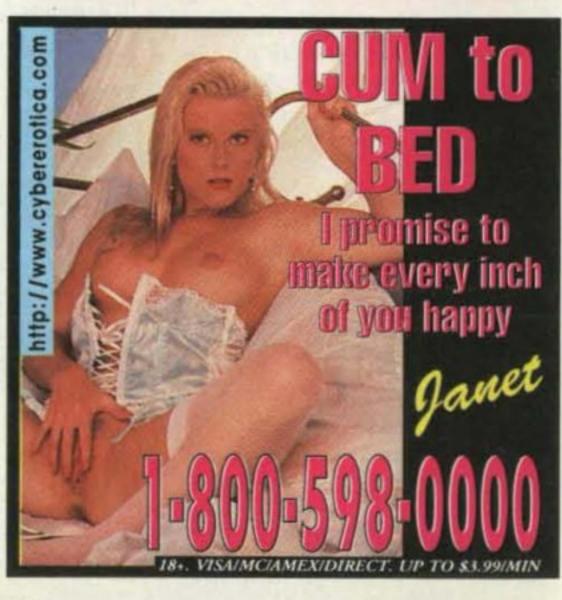


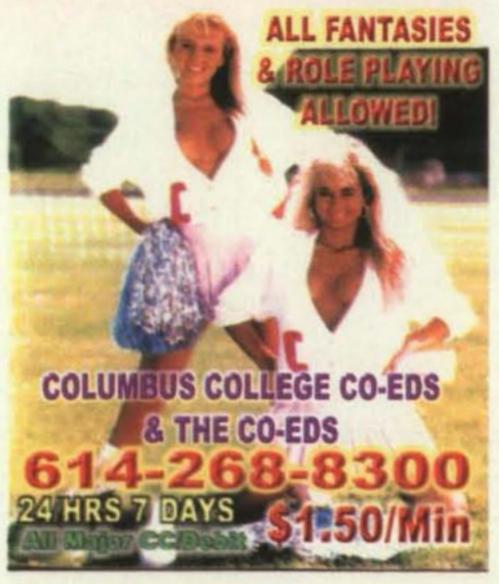


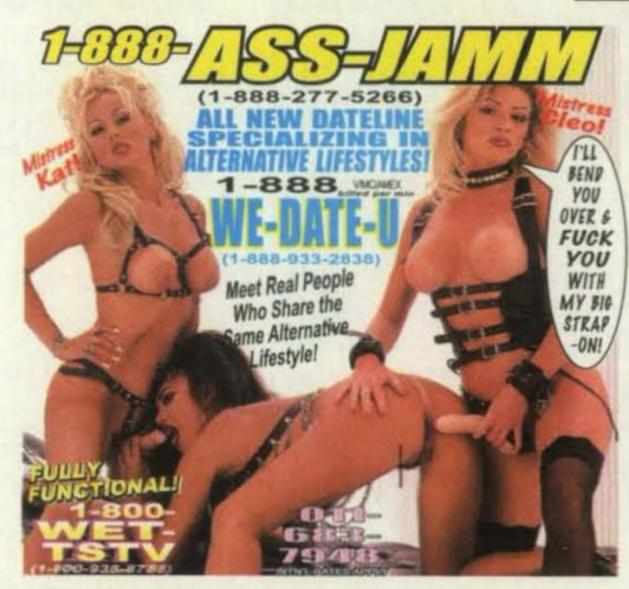




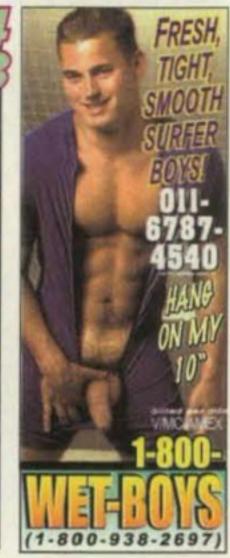












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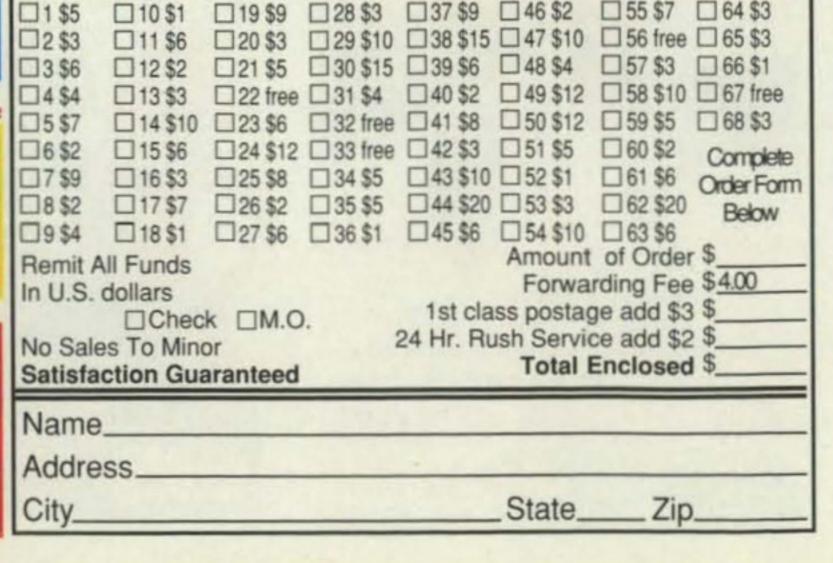


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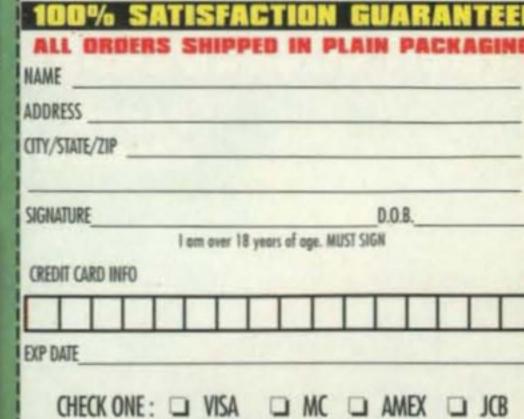
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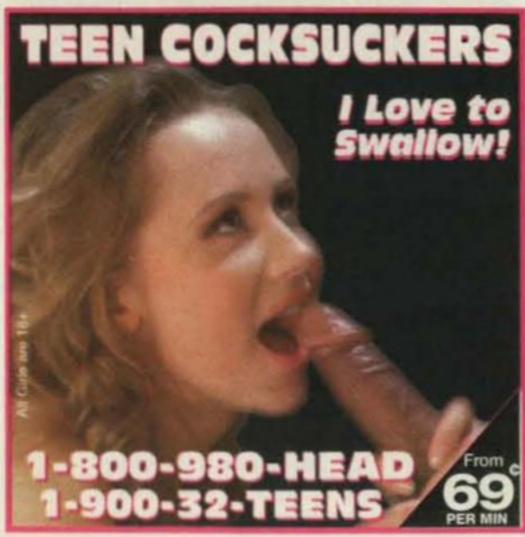
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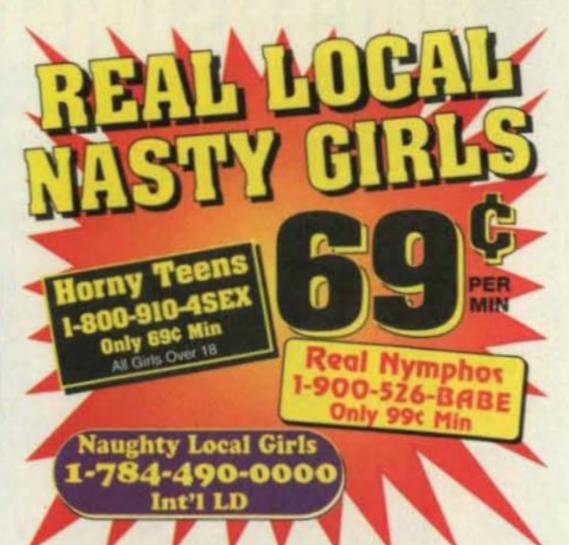
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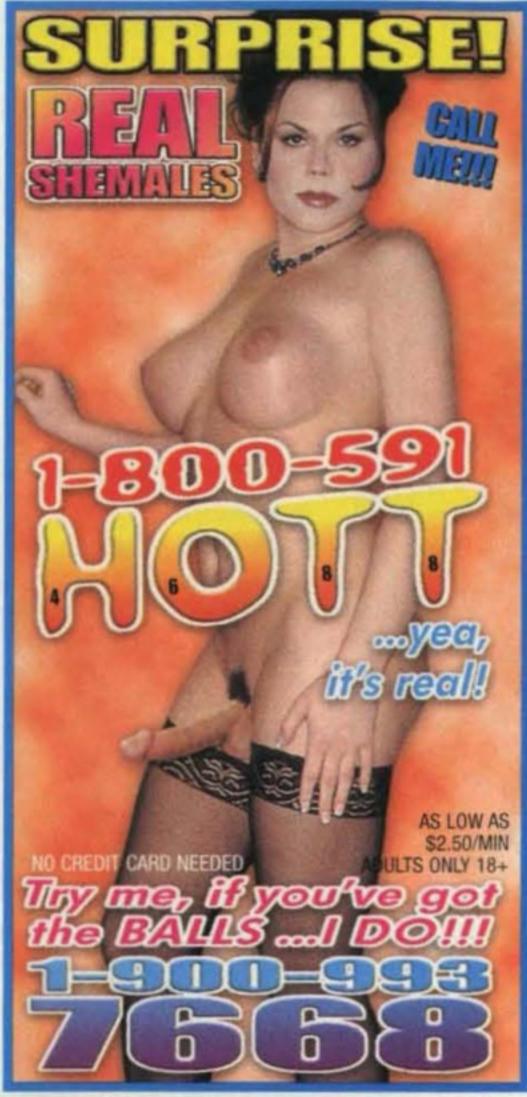










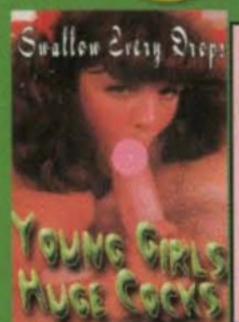








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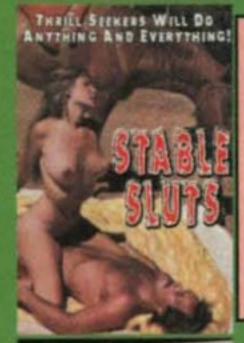
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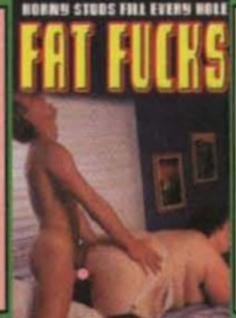
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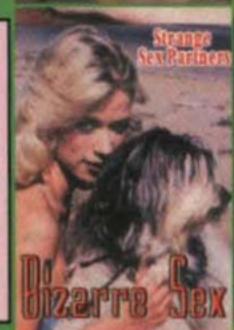
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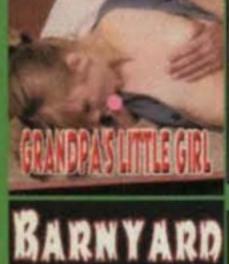
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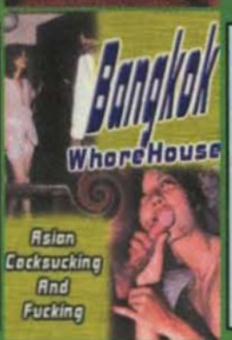
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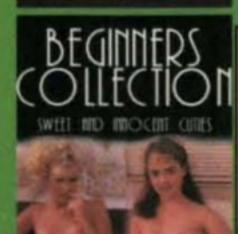
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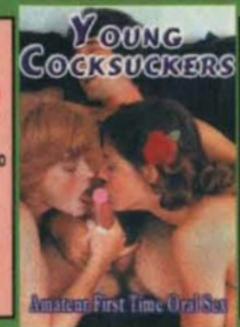
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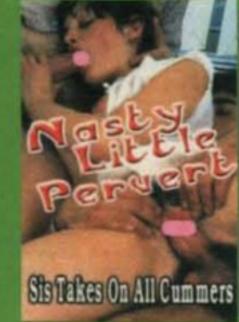
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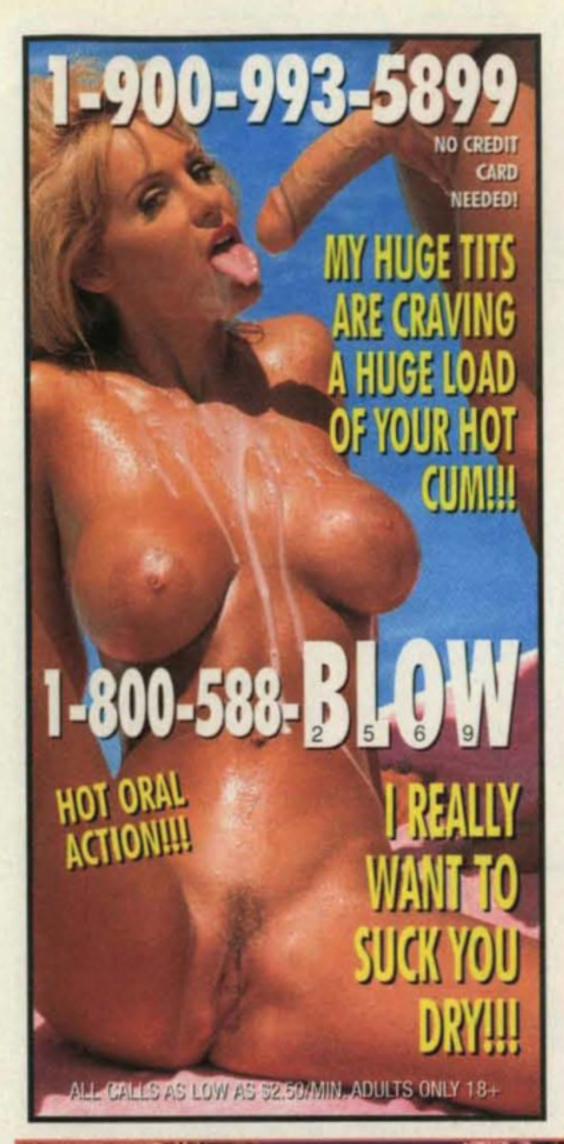
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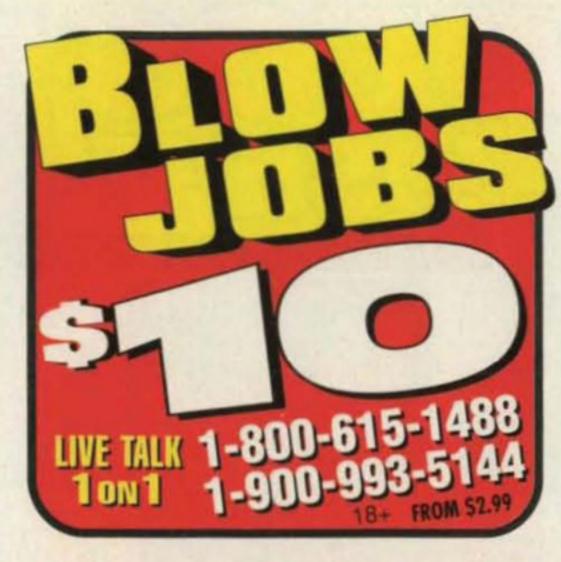
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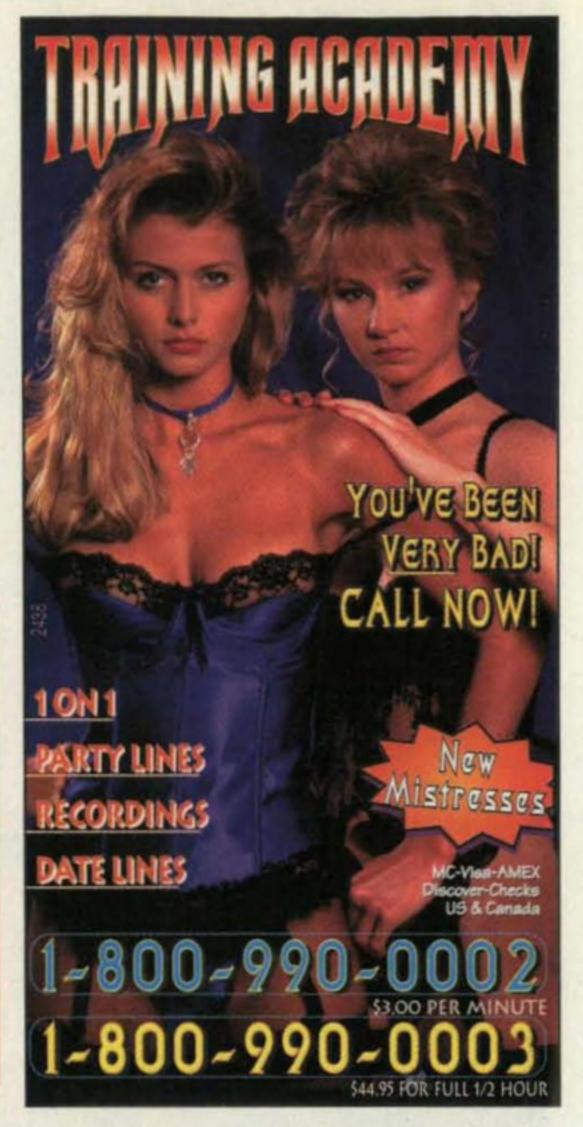
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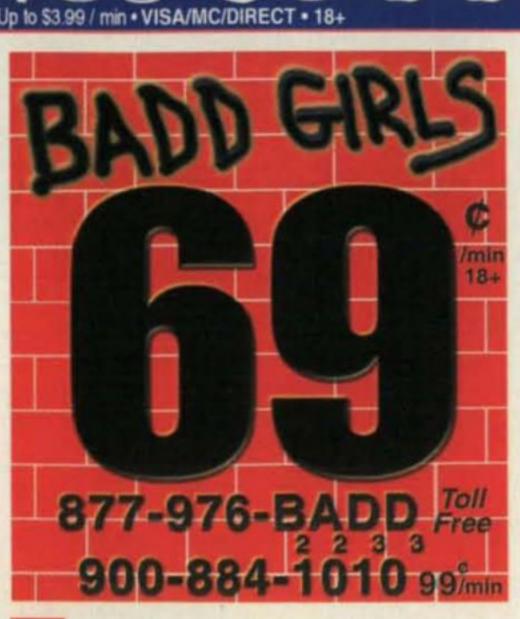




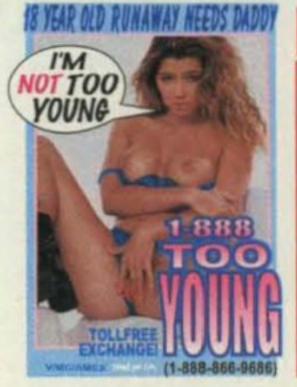


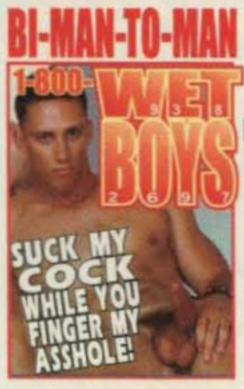








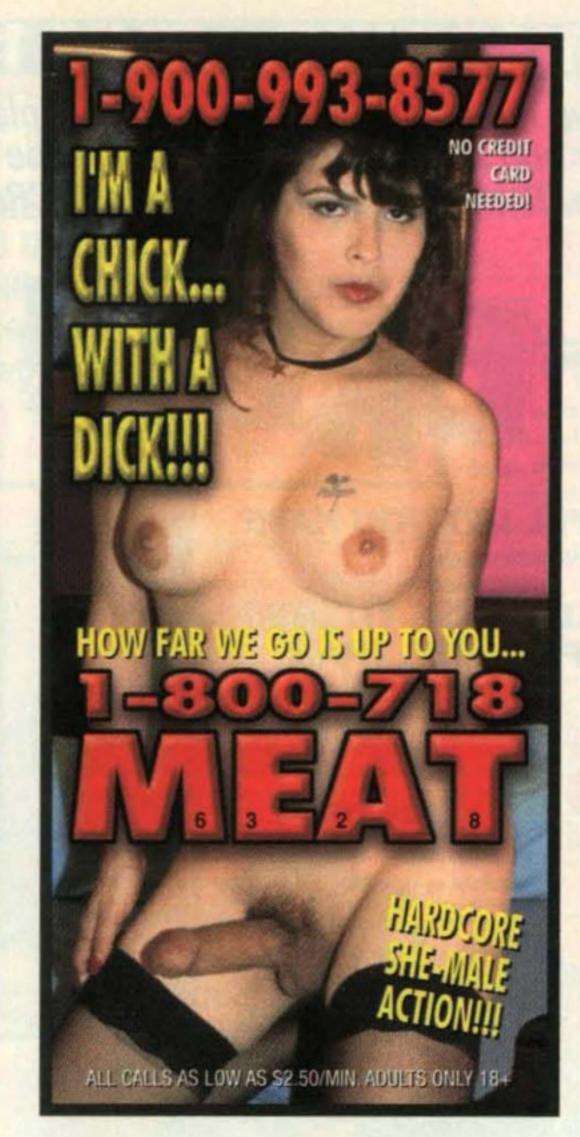






















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## S ENLARGEMENT UP TO 12 INCHES DR. BROSS COMPLETE PROFESSIONAL SYSTEMS

YOU CAN HAVE A LONGER, THICKER AND HARDER PENIS NOW! OUR CUSTOMERS TELL US 9 INCHES...10 INCHES...EVEN A BIG 12 INCHES IS POSSIBLE!

The world's largest selling Penis Enlargement System used successfully for over 30 years with over 20 million satisfied customers.

Easy To Use! Fast Results!

HERE IS WHAT THE DR. BROSS PROFESSIONAL PENIS PUMPS CAN DO FOR YOU.

Increase penis thickness and length Stimulate a harder and more powerful erection Exclusive design maintains your erection (use my exclusive Comfort Fit Erection Prolong Ring for extended sex) Increase confidence, sex drive and sexual performance Intensify your orgasm.

## Our 20 million customers tell us the Dr. Bross pumps are #1

We receive thousands of letters and photos from satisfied customers - too many to print here. This is what some of our satisfied customers say about the Dr. Bross Pumps...



am going to try for 11 or 12 inches.

in the full







I thought you might want to see some before and after pictures. That's a picture of me when I I tried builb pumps & centric pumps ... nothing happened. Then I tried Dr. Bross' Easy-Touch Pump & just got your pump. I was about 4 inches. After using your pump you can see the other picture I it was fantastic. I went from 7½ inches to 11 inches. It was real easy to use. This pump is a miracle. am now 9 inches. Of course the women I go out with love my new cock. I am very happy but I I recommend it to anyone who wants a bigger cock. The pump did what you said it would do, enlarge my penis. I'm very happy with the results and so is my wife. Thank you.

Adult video actor Jon West tells us the Dr. Bross Pumps are #1...

## "The Dr. Bross Pump is fantastic, I use it and so do many adult video actors. For total penis enlargement, to make you thicker, longer and harder."

## DR. BROSS PENIS PUMP EXCLUSIVE

FEATURES NOT FOUND ON OTHER PUMPS The Penis Pump adjusts to the size of the penis inserted in the cylinder. Our Power Vacuum Controller then adjusts the correct amount of vacuum you personally need for your penis enlargement. As you grow in size the Power Vacuum Controller continues to adjust to your penis size to give you Maximum Penis Enlargement up to 12 inches!

Exclusive injection molded totally enclosed Vacuum Seal clear cylinder Guarantees 100% Vacuum and no air loss.

The Dr.Bross Penis Pumps are designed specifically for Penis Enlargement. For Maximum Penis Enlargement you need the best Penis Pump and the best Penis Cylinder. Many of our customers also tell us that the Dr.Bross Pumps gives them incredible sensations for masturbation.

## **HOW IMPORTANT IS THE** PENIS PUMP CYLINDER?

Other cylinders are made from raw plastic hollow tubing flat at the top, cloudy and color tinted which makes it difficult to see your penis inside the tube. This hollow tube is glued to a pump and you don't have a closed connection. You have air loss and so you do not have the correct vacuum needed for penis enlargement. The flat top of the tube prevents air from flowing to all surfaces of the penis and so there is no "surface vacuum" A hard rubber ring is used at the end of the cylinder.

Now look at the Dr. Bross Penis Cylinder. The Dr. Bross Penis Enlargement Cylinders are made of the highest quality injection molded crystal clear K-Resin for strength and totally enclosed to prevent vacuum loss. Notice the shape of the Dr.Bross Penis Cylinders. The Cylinder is curved and conforms to the shape of the penis. This means the air flow travels continuously around the penis which creates a "surface vacuum" on the penis shaft which causes the penis to grow beyond your wildest imagination. Now you have a longer, thicker and harder penis up to 12 inches! Added feature is the insertion ring at the end of the clear cylinder that can be adjusted to fit any size penis comfortably. All of the Penis Cylinders shown here can easily be cleaned.

## INDEPENDENT TESTING COMPANY SAYS DR. BROSS PENIS PUMPS ARE #1

Tests determined the effectiveness and reliability for each pump. Squeeze bulb pumps did not create the correct vacuum needed for penis enlargement. The one piece battery pump wiring and motor rusted after cleaning and the electric pumps use a small fish aquarium motor converted from blowing bubbles in water to suck air. Both pumps did not create the correct vacuum needed for penis enlargement.

The Dr. Bross exclusive power vacuum controller creates and sustains the correct vacuum needed for penis enlargement. This feature is not found on the other pumps. The Dr. Bross cylinders are made of the highest quality injection molded clear Resin-K for strength and to easily view the penis enlargement. The cylinder is totally enclosed to prevent vacuum loss. The other manufacturers cylinders were cloudy and had a color tint and the plastic was cut from straight raw tubing and glued to the pumps.

After all of our tests we have determined that the Dr. Bross Penis Pumps are far superior to any other vacuum pumps for Penis Enlargement. For the most features the Dr. Bross Easy-Touch Penis Pump has the highest rating of all penis pumps.

Dr. Joel Bross is a noted sex therapist, clinical sexologist in private practice since 1974. He specializes in sexual concerns for both women and men. He is responsible for the production of numerous educational sex videos.

All of Our Pumps Are Made in the U.S.A. www.enlarge-penis.com



Pump. Reg. \$65.00 now only \$19.95

The Pump is directly connected to the side of the Exclusive design with Direct Sealed Penis clear Penis Cylinder. The air flows evenly and Pump connection to the clear Cylinder. Instead smoothly from the Pump to the clear Cylinder for of a one piece centric pump, with the Dr. Bross faster vacuum response. Only a couple of Power-Flow Pump you can remove the Pump strokes from the extra long 10 inch piston for easy cleaning of the Cylinder. The Powerassembly is all you need for Penis Enlargement. Flow requires a minimum of pumping to The low cost makes it possible for anyone inter- achieve Penis Enlargement. For men who want isted in Penis Enlargement to have a Dr. Bross immediate results in the shortest possible time. Reg. \$90.00 now only \$29.95



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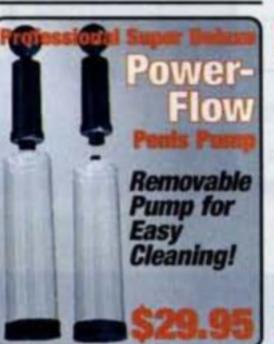
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Features the only enclosed self-contained motor- W ized housing battery pump. One hand operation. Press the switch to start and release your finger to stop the motor. You have complete control for continuous vacuum for Penis Enlargement. Important Exclusive Features: The self-contained motorized electronic unit can be removed to clean the clear cylinder tube. Other battery pumps with parts imported from the Orient have the motor, wires and batteries attached to the tube and with use and cleaning will rust and damage the motor and batteries. Includes the exclusive Dr. Bross clear injection molded cylinder for easy cleaning. leg. \$260.00 now only \$79.95



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## MANUFACTURER & SAVE

The worlds largest selling Penis Pump with the exclusive Pistol Grip and Pistol Trigger design for men serious about Penis Enlargement. Onehand operation fits comfortably like a pistol. Pull the trigger with ONE FINGER and the piston instantly releases the vacuum you need for a longer, thicker, harder penis. Made from Space-Age Highest Grade ABS material for superior construction. Accept no substitutes. Look at the photo. This is the ONLY Pistol-Grip and Pistol-Trigger-Activated pump in the world. Includes the exclusive Dr. Bross clear injection molded cylinder for easy cleaning. Reg. \$200.00



FOR PENIS

ENLARGEMENT BY DR. BROSS

## **Penis Pump**



Easy-to-use, one-hand operation. Other so called "trigger activated pistol grip pumps" require squeezing like pliers to operate the pump. The Dr. Bross Deluxe Lever Pump with the Comfort Lever-Grip handle instantly releases the vacuum you need for Maximum Penis Enlargement. Loaded with exclusive Dr. Bross features: the Power Vacuum Controller and clear Penis Cylinder. The original Lever-Grip Instant Activated Penis Pump with the easy-to-clean clear Cylinder. Accept no substi-

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## **Penis Pump**

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☐ Battery Powered Penis Pump and instuctions: \$79.95 ☐ Easy-Touch Penis Pump and instuctions: \$99.95	All orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.	4
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## S ENLARGEMENT UP TO 12 INCHES DR. BROSS COMPLETE PROFESSIONAL SYSTEMS

YOU CAN HAVE A LONGER, THICKER AND HARDER PENIS NOW! OUR CUSTOMERS TELL US 9 INCHES...10 INCHES...EVEN A BIG 12 INCHES IS POSSIBLE!

The world's largest selling Penis Enlargement System used successfully for over 30 years with over 20 million satisfied customers.

Easy To Use! Fast Results!

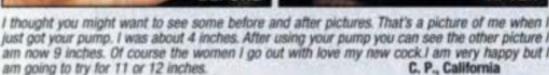
## Our 20 million customers tell us the Dr. Bross pumps are #1

We receive thousands of letters and photos from satisfied customers - too many to print here. This is what some of our satisfied customers say about the Dr. Bross Pumps...

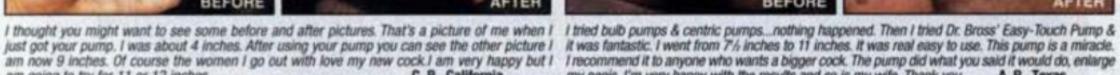


in the full length vide









my penis. I'm very happy with the results and so is my wife. Thank you. A. R., Texas

Adult video actor Jon West tells us the Dr. Bross Pumps are #1... "The Dr. Bross Pump is fantastic. I use it and so do many adult video actors. For total penis enlargement, to make you thicker, longer and harder."

## harder and more powerful erection Exclusive design maintains your erection (use my exclusive Comfort Fit Erection Prolong Ring for extended sex) Increase confidence, sex drive and sexual performance Intensify your orgasm.

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HERE IS WHAT THE DR. BROSS

Increase penis thickness and length Stimulate a

PROFESSIONAL PENIS PUMPS

CAN DO FOR YOU.



**Penis Pump** 

*ND APPROVED* 

FOR PENIS

**ENLARGEMENT** BY DR. BROSS

## DR. BROSS PENIS PUMP EXCLUSIVE FEATURES NOT FOUND ON OTHER PUMPS

The Penis Pump adjusts to the size of the penis inserted in the cylinder. Our Power Vacuum Controller then adjusts the correct amount of vacuum you personally need for your penis enlargement. As you grow in size the Power Vacuum Controller continues to adjust to your penis size to give you Maximum Penis Enlargement up to 12 inches! Exclusive injection molded totally enclosed Vacuum Seal clear

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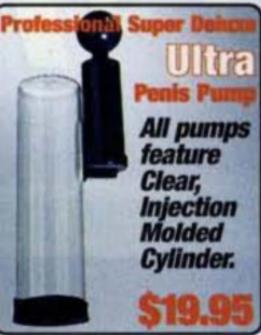
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All of Our Pumps Are Made in the U.S.A. www.enlarge-penis.com



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clear Penis Cylinder. The air flows evenly and Pump connection to the clear Cylinder. Instead smoothly from the Pump to the clear Cylinder for of a one piece centric pump, with the Dr. Bross faster vacuum response. Only a couple of Power-Flow Pump you can remove the Pump strokes from the extra long 10 inch piston for easy cleaning of the Cylinder. The Powerassembly is all you need for Penis Enlargement. Flow requires a minimum of pumping to The low cost makes it possible for anyone inter- achieve Penis Enlargement. For men who want ested in Penis Enlargement to have a Dr. Bross immediate results in the shortest possible time. Reg. \$90.00 now only \$29.95







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now only \$69.95

## **Penis Pump**

SPACE-AGE DESIGN! NO BATTERIES! NO **ELECTRICITY! Since its introduction our largest** selling Penis Pump. Easy to use one hand operation. For men who demand the very best in a Penis Enlargement Pump. The only Penis Pump in the world that creates its own energy source without batteries or electricity. You merely touch the Energized Penis Pump and immediately the self contained Power Pack is activated with the Power Controller to produce the correct amount of vacuum for Penis Enlargement. This marvel of space age engineering is used in many products designed for aerospace and space exploration. The Easy-Touch Penis Pump is yours now for immediate and Maximum Penis Enlargement. You can easily remove the Power Pump to clean the clear Penis Cylinder. Reg. \$290.00

Limited time at this price... now only \$99.95



See more photos of satisfied customers in the Big Penis Photo Gallery: www.enlarge-penis.com

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tinuous vacuum for Penis Enlargement. It	
Exclusive Features: The self-contained in	Control of the last of the las
electronic unit can be removed to clean cylinder tube. Other battery pumps w	
imported from the Orient have the mot	
and batteries attached to the tube and	
and cleaning will rust and damage the m	
batteries. Includes the exclusive Dr. Bro	
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## \*\* Hot Letters

(continued from page 45) to keep me happy. The raunchy bitch loves to spread her legs. That's why she suits me. My gal flashes her little cooter at me in public, and opens the pretty package wide and wet at home. She drinks beer and farts without shame. Taimi even enjoys busting out with a loud queef now and then, and why wouldn't she? Nothing pleases the ear like the triumphant trumpet call of the twat. Sometimes when I eat Taimi's pussy, the little firecracker becomes so excited, she rips a pussy fart in my face. The rude honk always makes us giggle, and makes me want to fuck her even more.

Taimi and I share a blissful home life. Each day promises hot, raunchy fulfillment. We enjoyed a phenomenal fuck session just last Tuesday. Being ladies of simple tastes, we began the evening with a six-pack of Miller Genuine Draft and reruns of The Facts of Life. The sitcom never fails to rev Taimi up. She started squirming during the episode where Tootie meets Jermaine Jackson. The itchy bitch removed her pants and dipped her fingers into her flue, peeking from the corner of her eye to make sure I was watching.

"I think Blair's a real cunt, but I'd fuck her," Taimi sneered, ogling the blond narcissist on the TV.

"That ho is so above rimjobs and cunt poots," I snickered, slapping Taimi's exposed pammy.

"Blair wouldn't crouch on her haunches and take a dildo in the ass like I do," Taimi boasted, her shiny vertical smile winking at me.

"Stretch your pretty legs out on the couch and let me eat your snatch," I purred, reaching under Taimi's raggedy Go-Go's T-shirt and diddling her plump, erect nipples.

My cooter growled. I snagged our big pink vibrator from the end table and ripped down my pants, cranking the buzzer to 11 and sinking it into my squishy. I wiggled against the hummer and pried Taimi's puffy poon lips open. Her labes were engorged and pulsating. I slapped my tongue against the swollen slice and wormed my thumb into Taimi's taut butthole. In the background, Mrs. Garrett gobbled, "I'm looking for a young black girl." Canned laughter exploded.

"Shove the stick in me," Taimi pleaded, her hands slapping blindly at the buzzing dong nestled in my notch.

I slopped the rooter from my slicky

and stabbed it into her hungry hole. Taimi whinnied and wiggled her butt. I crouched on all fours and shoved my booty in Taimi's face, urging her to lick my ass. Taimi humped the motorized peener and buried her tongue in my bung. I moaned and squirmed, clamping down on my cunt and finger-fucking myself. Taimi balanced on the love buzzer and grasped my hips, tugging my ass hard against her face.

"I'm coming already," Taimi cried, her pelvis trembling.

She crashed backward onto the couch and shrieked. I squatted on Taimi's face and snatched the dong from her conch, slamming it up my poop chute. Taimi gobbled my gulch, her soft hands kneading my pert knockers. A blast of brine rocketed from my cunny, soaking Taimi's face.

"Unnnnnggghh," I gasped, coming so fiercely I was sure my head would explode.

"Again, again," Taimi panted, wrenching the dildo from my back door and ramming it into her own rectum.

I smashed my poon against Taimi's leg and humped her like an eager puppy. We howled like wounded animals, our bodies jerking and contorting. We looked like amped-up circus freaks. Taimi came again, her ass flying toward the ceiling. The ramrod ejected violently from her butt-pucker and shot across the room, crashing against the wall and leaving a considerable dent. I grabbed her wrist and flapped her hand madly against my pussy. The staccato beat of her fingers hurdled me toward another wrenching orgasm.

"Holy shiiit!" I declared, my throat raw. "Here's another one!"

I exploded once again; my boiling girl gunk erupted from my slot and cascaded through Taimi's fingers. The spent tramp fell back again, exhausted.

Kroooouuunnnkkkk. A weary, contented queef honked from Taimi's twat, providing a glorious endnote to a perfect evening. I wrapped my arms around my crude darling and carried her to the shower. We lathered our sticky skin under the hot water, pawing each other's satisfied snappers and giggling like children. I must be the happiest woman in the universe. If everyone had a girl like Taimi, there would be world fucking peace. -L. P.

Boulder, Colorado

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.







## There's something about Isabel.

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Is this desire triggered by her pert tits?

Isabel's trashy proclivity for fingering her shithole is a blatant plea for cock,

but what makes this slut so irresistible?

Grinning, the sly tramp tugs her petals apart and wafts the scent of her cooze through the air.

## "Pussy perfume is my secret weapon,"

giggles the blonde, her aroma filling the room with lust.

Photography by Bob Twigg













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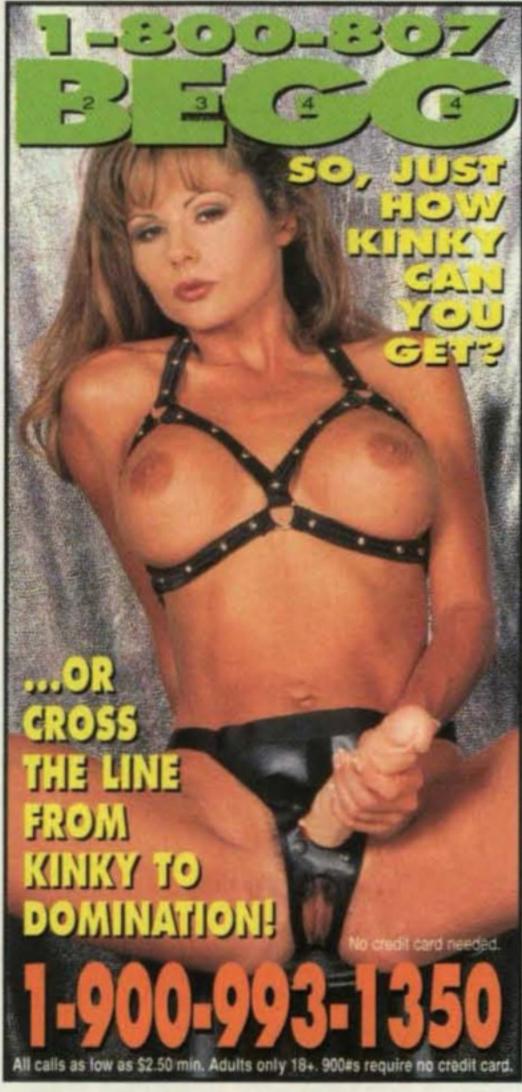
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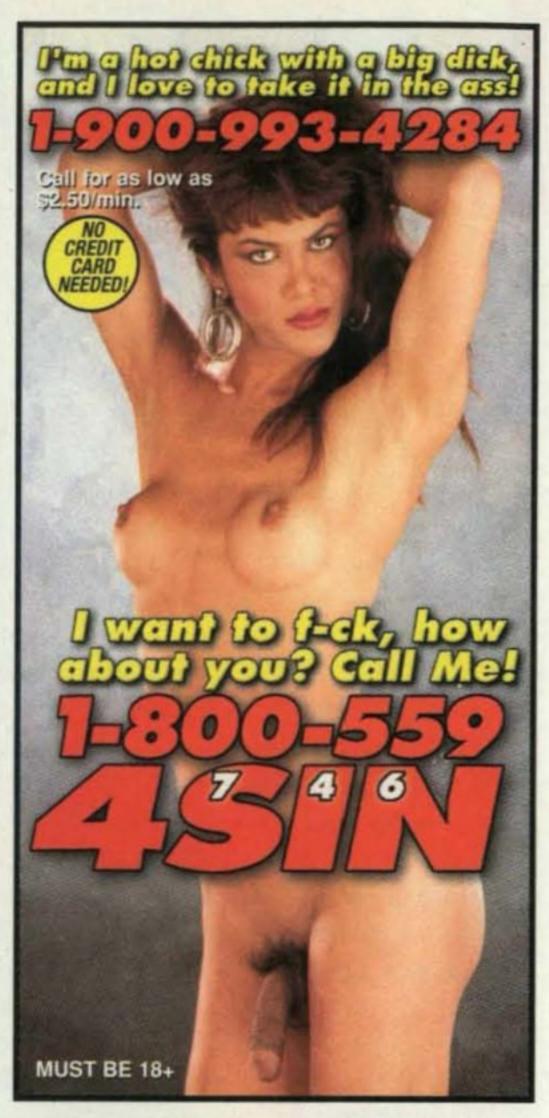
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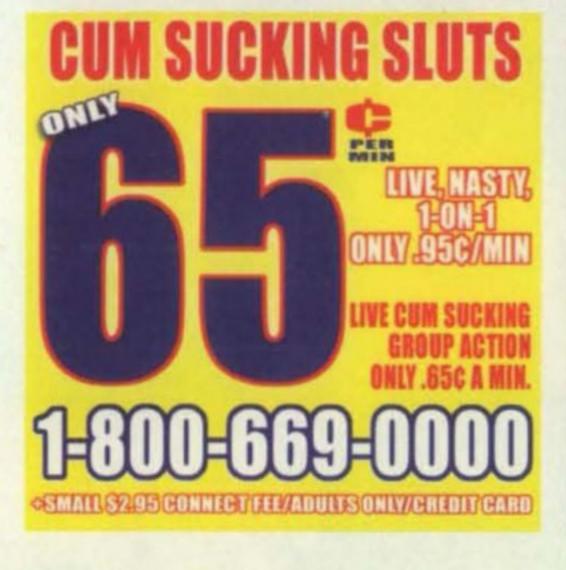














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# Coming Mext Wonth in HUSTLER March

## March Muff Madness

Skip the green beer on St. Patrick's Day and celebrate the lucky charms of pussy with the March 2001 HUSTLER. As you may have noticed in this issue, our parade of poontang has swelled to include an additional hard-core photo-set. For the feast of St. Patrick, our effort to maximize your XXX dollar continues. Malia enjoys surf, sand and golden showers during a sun-kissed frolic on the beach. Crouching on a glass table for maximum visibility, lonely blonde Anita shows potential suitors where to cram their affection. Gabrielle uses her oral talents to dicker Marco down on the price of a used car. Shana curls up with a live boa constrictor in a classic pictorial that pits snatch against serpent. A mirror gives Amie and Joey a different perspective on penetration, and two downtown girls offer readers the lowdown on city heat. Winter melts into spring and meat thermometers rise with the March 2001 HUSTLER.

## Humping by Numbers

Ancient civilizations revered the gang-bang as a sacred fertility rite. Today, the moans heard on sets of heavily hyped group schtups are drowned out by the scramble of crooked promoters desperately scrounging for cash. The March 2001 HUSTLER takes readers backstage at a gang-bang Webcast, going past the reek of latex and spuzz to sniff out the inflated numbers, egos and money behind these events. Revealing interviews with gang-bang queens including Houston, Jasmin St. Claire and Annabel Chong shed further light on a phenomenon widely regarded as the sex industry's apex of sleaze. Don't miss HUSTLER's uncensored feature on the ultimate media sex circus.



## S&M on the Menu

For decades, patrons of the Chateau in North Hollywood have enjoyed sessions with experienced dominatrices and submissives at prices that handily beat the cost of freelance bondage-and-discipline workers. HUSTLER penetrates L.A.'s only legally licensed S & M parlor to meet the women who offer their services to a clientele that's more Beaver Cleaver than Marquis de Sade. From a mother of two who works at the club to explore her own fantasies to a blond submissive who has fantasized about pain and torture since she was a little girl, this HUSTLER feature pulls no punches.

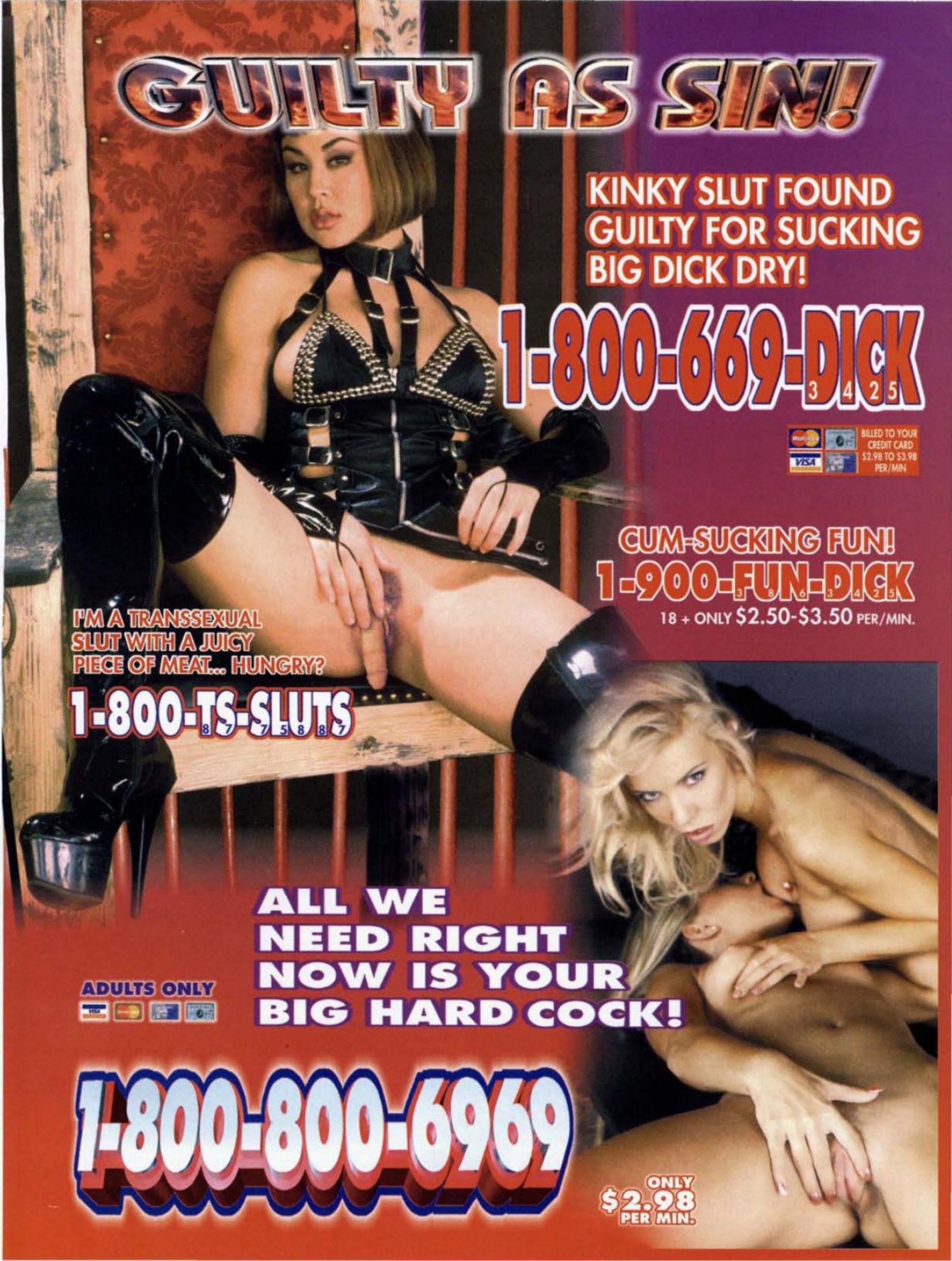
Shameful Shame Sha

heat from a developmentally impaired Sex Play.

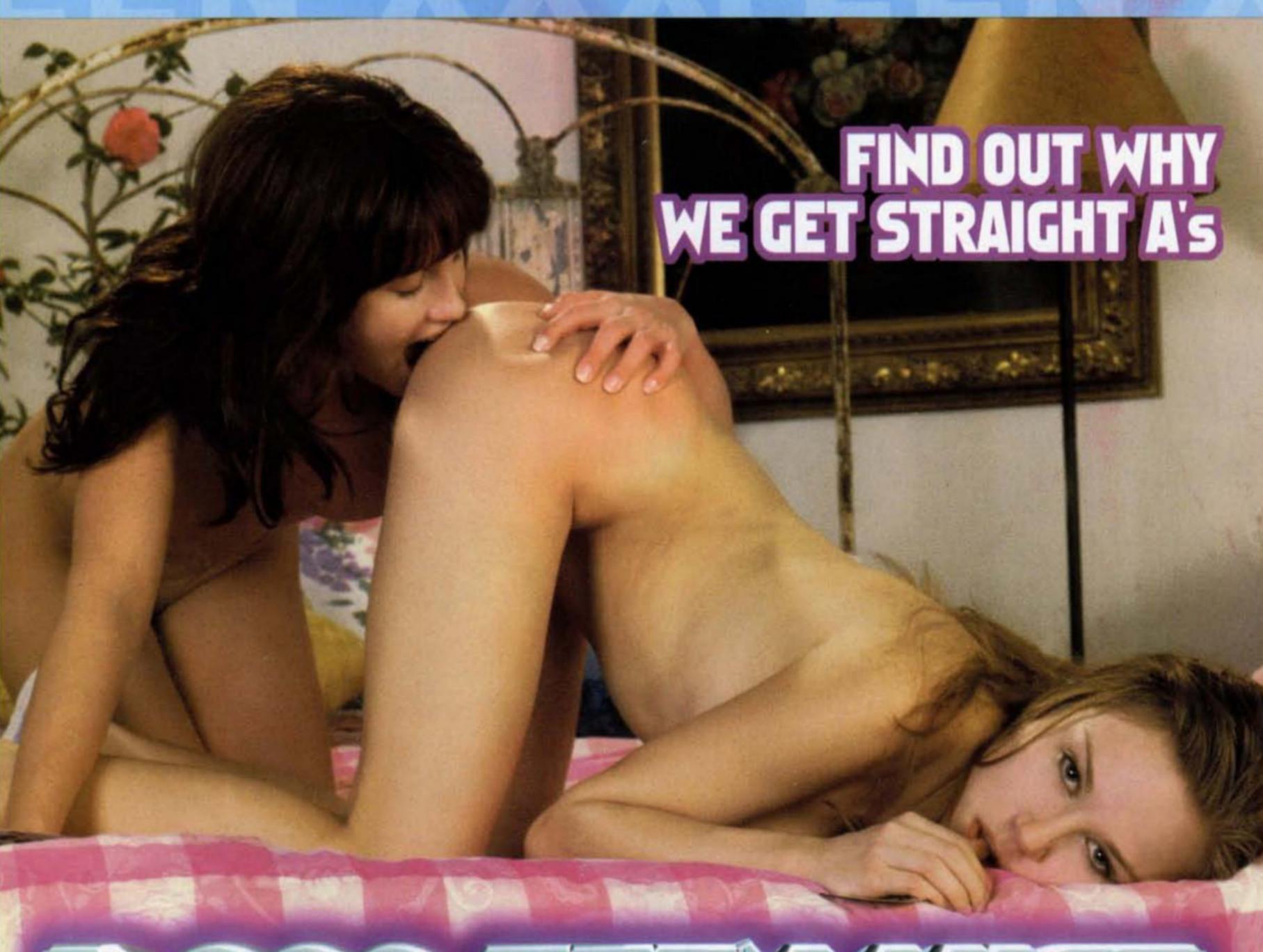
Another tasteless installment of Bits & Pieces promises yucks and pleasure to burn. Erotic Entertainment guides readers to the end of the rainbow for a prized pot o' porn, and 17 local ginches come out of hibernation for the spring Beaver Hunt. The madness is coming in the March 2001 HUSTLER.

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